This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

PRESENTED
TO
HARVARD COLLEGE
LIBRARY

BOHN'S CLASSICAL LIBRARY.

THE

EPIGRAMS OF MARTIAL.

GEORGE BELL & SONS

LONDON: YORK ST., COVENT GARDEN
NEW YORK: 66 FIFTH AVENUE, AND
BOMBAY: 53 ESPLANADE ROAD
CAMBRIDGE: DEIGHTON BELL & CO.

THE EPIGRAMS

OF

M A R T I A L.

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH PROSE.

EACH ACCOMPANIED BY ONE OR MORE VERSE TRANSLATIONS,
FROM THE WORKS OF ENGLISH POETS, AND VARIOUS
OTHER SOURCES.

LONDON
GEORGE BELL AND SONS
1897

Reprinted from Stereotype plates.

PREFACE.

It is a singular fact that Martial is the only Latin poet of mark who has not hitherto been completely translated into the English language. If not so interesting as Poets of the Augustan Age for his latinity, he is more so for his pictures of the manners and customs of Rome at that very interesting period, the commencement of the Christian era. It must be premised that his constant and severe castigation of the two great vices which prevailed in his time, and the unflinching boldness with which he proclaims them, has given him the reputation of an obscene poet; but his lashings were well directed, and, no doubt, had a beneficial effect.

Elphinston, in his preface, ventures to assert that Martial laboured in the detection of error, the vindication of innocence, the diffusion of knowledge, and the display of truth; and that he communicates more life, and more literature, more wisdom, and more wit, than any other

of the ancient poets, or perhaps than all of them put together. This is stronger language in his favour than other writers have used, and perhaps more than is borne out by facts, but the English reader may now judge for himself.

The plan of the present edition has been to give every Epigram hitherto ascribed to Martial, in English prose, accompanied, as far as they could be found, by metrical versions. In those instances where an English translation given faithfully would not be tolerable, the Latin has been retained, accompanied by the Italian version of Graglia, who has been rather dexterous in refining impurities. He was an Italian teacher in London, where his book was printed in 1782 and 1791, and it then had, and still has, a very general and unrestricted sale. There have been seven complete French versions of Martial,[1] some very recent, and it would have been equally, if not more, convenient to select from these, but that none of them have used the least refinement, and indeed, have sometimes rather exceeded their author in his worst properties.

This translation will at least be found to possess one singular advantage, that is, the metrical versions. For

[1] Trad. en prose par Michel de Marolles, Paris, 1655. En vers par M. de Marolles, Paris, 1671 and 1675. En vers par le Baron Simon et P. R. Auguis, Paris, 1819. En prose par Verger, Dubois et Mangeart, Paris, 1834–5. En vers par Dubos et Jules Janin, Paris, 1841. En prose par Denis Volland, Paris, 1807. En prose par M. Nisard, Paris, 1843.

these several rare volumes were brought into requisition by the editor, amongst others, a very interesting MS. of the age of Elizabeth, which versifies with considerable ability a great proportion of the Epigrams. The only metrical versions introduced which may be deemed unworthy of being reprinted, are those of Elphinston, which, it must be confessed, are very indifferent. But he has always stood to the public as the accepted English versifier of Martial, and his pompous quarto, dignified by a long array of subscribers' names, still occupies a prominent place in many libraries; we may therefore stand excused for using him in places where no better could be found.

H. G. B.

INTRODUCTION.

The literature of imperial Rome has powerfully influenced the civilization of the Western world; and, amid the vast changes of our social system, still continues to maintain its high place in the republic of letters. This is due partly to the grandeur of the people by whom the language was spoken, but more so to the illustrious writers who wedded it to intellectual creations that must ever be models for study and admiration.

Among these writers, Martial stands as the first Epigrammatist, not only of his own, but of every succeeding age. The bent of his genius seems to have lain entirely in this direction. Everything he penned, whether begging a favour, satirizing a fault, writing an inscription, or paying a compliment, was an epigram.

The word epigram originally signified, as its etymology implies, nothing more than an inscription. But in the development which it received in the progress of literature, and especially at the hands of Martial, it assumed an entirely new character, and may be defined as the concentration of satire and pointed invective in a short poem. One idea is selected, and to this all the powers of the poet's mind are directed, and made to converge as to a point.

To the gracefulness of the Greek epigram the Romans superadded shrewdness and an acute observation of human nature: the shafts of Martial are pointed by the same sarcastic feeling which inspired the Epodes of Horace, and the Satires of Juvenal.

In the essentials of brevity and smartness our author seldom or never failed. Some of his epigrams are, it is true, very obscure to us now, owing to our imperfect acquaintance with the subject of his satire. And in such a mass it is to be expected that many would be of indifferent merit. Of this the poet himself was well aware, as we learn from his own words, Book i. Ep. 16:

> Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura
> Quæ legis hic: aliter non fit, Avite, liber.

Of the epigrams which you read here, some are good, some middling, many bad: a book, Avitus, cannot be made in any other way.

But the greater part are unquestionably full of profound wit and humour, and it is only to be regretted that they should be associated with so many that must be intolerable to any but an impure taste.

The age of Martial, which just preceded the decline of Roman literature, allowed full scope for epigrammatic satire. The city of Rome appears, as we learn from Juvenal, and other contemporary writers, to have presented one universal scene of villany. The despotism of the Emperors, the luxury of the patricians, the dissipation of the citizens, and the corruption of public men, had then arrived at a climax. Every feature of depravity started from the canvass. The laws of nature were everywhere violated, and iniquity itself acquired a kind of legal acknowledgment.

> "In every street were found
> Voluptuous Sybarites with roses crown'd;
> The rank Miletan and the Tarentine,
> Lewd, petulant, and reeling ripe with wine."

The biography of MARCUS VALERIUS MARTIALIS is involved in some obscurity; and the little we know of him is chiefly derived from his own writings. With the exception of Ælius Verus, who designated him as "his Virgil," and the younger Pliny, he does not appear to have been especially noticed by any contemporary writers. Pliny describes him as a man of acute and lively genius, whose writings abound with an agreeable spirit of wit and satire, conducted at the same time with great candour and good nature. He also informs us that when Martial left Rome, he made him a present to defray the expenses of his journey, "not only as a testimony of his friendship, but in return for the verses with which he had complimented him."

From the above, and occasional allusions made by Spartianus, Lampridius, and the grammarians of the later period, we are enabled to glean so much of Martial's personal history, as that he was born at Bilbilis, in Spain, on the 1st of March, in the third year of Claudius, A. D. 43. This Bilbilis (the modern Bubiera) was a town of ancient Celtiberia, now known as Arragon, and situated on the river Salo, or Halo, which falls into the Ebro, above Saragossa. The name of our poet's father (as we learn from the 34th Epigram of his 5th Book) was Fronto, and of his mother Flaccilla.[1] At the age of twenty-one or twenty-two he came to

[1] Prof. Ramsay (Smith's Dict., art. Martial) treats this as a misconception.

Rome, in the reign of Nero, A. D. 66; and there he continued to reside during a period of thirty-five years, under the Emperors Galba, Otho, Vitellius, Vespasian, Titus, and Domitian. His first intention was to qualify himself for the bar: but on discovering that he had no genius or inclination for this profession, he applied himself to the study of literature and poesy. In this pursuit he happily succeeded, and acquired an elegant and versatile style of writing, which introduced him to Silius Italicus, Juvenal, Pliny, and many of the first wits of the age. It appears that a nobleman, named Stertinius, conceived so great an esteem for Martial's compositions, that he placed a statue of him, while living, in his library—at that time an unusual honour.

Domitian, the last of the twelve Cæsars, whose name has obtained an infamous notoriety in the annals of imperial Rome, conferred many especial favours on Martial, which may be attributed to the adulations bestowed upon him by the poet. Among other honours Martial was advanced to the tribunate and equestrian dignity, and, at the same time, invested with the *jus trium liberorum*, which conferred on him all the important privileges of a citizen who had three children. The poet's humiliating petition for this honour is recorded in Epigram 91 of Book ii.

Martial's continued flattery of the brutal despot of Rome is a drawback on his fame. His praises of the imperial monster were boundless and unqualified. Thus in one of his epigrams he invokes Jupiter not to confer favours on himself, but upon the representative of the gods (Cæsar), who, in his munificence, was certain to transfer them to his favoured bard. And sure enough Domitian rewarded the poet not only with wealth, but with the highest honours; and this at the very time, as Juvenal, the friend of Martial, expresses it, when the tyrant

> "daily drain'd, by none withstood,
> The city of its best and noblest blood."

On the assassination of Domitian, to whom the senate refused funereal honours, the true character of Martial developed itself. After having portrayed the emperor, while living, as the pattern of every virtue, he undertook, after death, to expose his fiendlike abominations, and represented him as

> "the monster of the times,
> Without one virtue to redeem his crimes."

Martial afterwards attempted to pay his court to Trajan; but that virtuous monarch turned a deaf ear to him. Being forsaken

by his friends, he directed his thoughts towards his native country which he was enabled to revisit through the liberality of his friend Pliny; for it appears, according to his own showing, that he was then reduced to great distress. See Ep. 13, Book v

"Sum, fateor, semperque fui—pauper."

He there succeeded in gaining the affections of a woman of fortune, named Marcella, whom he eventually married. He speaks very highly of this lady, who, it appears, was in possession of a magnificent house and gardens, which she settled upon her husband. After his marriage he completed his 12th Book of Epigrams, at the desire of his friend Priscus, a man of consular dignity, to whom the book is inscribed as his patron. The other two books, which constitute the 13th and 14th of the series, are entitled "Xenia" and "Apophoreta," and so called from their containing mottoes or devices to be affixed to presents offered to friends, or distributed at the Saturnalia and other festivals. These fourteen books are preceded by "Spectacula," which are a series of epigrams on the shows exhibited by Titus and Domitian; though, as it appears, not all written by Martial himself.

Martial lived in comparative affluence and ease to an advanced period of life; and died about the 75th year of his age, the 104th of the Christian era.

Many difficulties exist in the chronology of Martial's Epigrams; but the researches of Lloyd, Dodwell, and Clinton have done much towards their satisfactory elucidation. It appears that the different books were collected and published by Martial, sometimes singly, and at other times several together. Their chronology and order of publication are thus stated in Dr. Smith's Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography:

"The 'Liber de Spectaculis,' and the first nine books of the regular series, involve a great number of historical allusions, extending from the games of Titus, A. D. 80, to the return of Domitian from the Sarmatian expedition, in January, A. D. 94. The second book could not have been written until after the commencement of the Dacian war (ii. 2), that is, not before A. D. 86, nor the sixth until after the triumph over the Dacians and Germans (A. D. 91); the seventh was written while the Sarmatian war, which began in A. D. 93, was still in progress, and reaches to the end of that year. The eighth book opens in January, A. D. 94; the ninth also refers to the same epoch, but may, as Clinton supposes, have

been written in A. D. 95. The whole of these were composed at Rome, except the third, which was written during a tour in Gallia Togata. The tenth book was published twice: the first edition was given hastily to the world; the second edition, that which we now read (x. 2), celebrates the arrival of Trajan at Rome, after his accession to the throne (x. 6, 7, 34, 72). Now since this event took place A. D. 99, and since the twenty-fourth epigram of this book was written in honour of the author's fifty-seventh birth-day, we are thus supplied with the data requisite for fixing the epoch of his birth; and since at the close of the book (x. 104) he had been thirty-four years at Rome, we can thence calculate the time when he left Spain. The eleventh book seems to have been published at Rome early in A. D. 100, and at the close of the year he returned to Bilbilis. After keeping silence for three years (xii. proem.), the twelfth book was despatched from Bilbilis to Rome (xii. 8, 18), and in this he refers (xii. 5) to the two preceding books, published, as we have seen, in A. D. 99 and 100."

Martial, though he often offends by gross indelicacies of expression, or pruriency of thought, stands preëminent, not only as an epigrammatist, but as one of the purest Latin writers of his age; and his style and manner have been generally copied by the wits of all succeeding periods. Yet there are few authors who have been more exposed to criticism. Some have bestowed upon him the most unqualified praise, while others have treated him with the grossest scurrility. The learned Scaliger declares that many of his epigrams "are divine, and his style pure and exact," and Morhofius, in his "Polyhistor," speaks of his "elegant knowledge of the Latin tongue." Vossius, on the contrary, contends that Martial was one of those authors who taught vice while reproving it; and that, though he deserves commendation for many of his epigrams, yet by those which are obscene he did more harm than by others he had done good.

Notwithstanding the conflicting opinions of his numerous critics, it is perhaps not too much to say, that the writings of Martial will be read and admired so long as the Latin language shall continue to be understood. They are pervaded by a vein of wit and fund of information concerning the manners and customs of the important age in which he lived, that will always render him valuable and interesting both to the archeologist and the student of human nature.

MARTIAL.

ON THE PUBLIC SHOWS OF DOMITIAN.

I. ON THE AMPHITHEATRE.

Let barbarian[1] Memphis keep silence concerning the wonders[2] of her pyramids, and let not Assyrian toil vaunt its Babylon. Let not the effeminate Ionians claim praise for their temple of the Trivian goddess; and let the altar, bristling with horns, speak modestly of the name of Delos.[3] Their mausoleum too, hanging in empty air, let not the Carians with immoderate pr[illegible] extol to the skies. Every work of toil yields to Cæsar's amphitheatre; fame shall tell of one work for all.

[1] The word *barbara* may agree either with *Memphis* or *miracula*. Most probably it is meant to be taken with the former. It was a habit of the Greeks, and from them copied by the Romans (see Plaut. Mil. Glor. ii. 2. 58), to speak of all those who were not of their own nation as *barbari*; which word consequently signifies nothing more than *foreign, strange, outlandish*.

[2] *Miracula*. — The wonders of the ancient world were usually considered to be seven: viz. — 1. The Egyptian pyramids; 2. The temple of Diana at Ephesus; 3. The tomb erected by Artemisia, queen of Caria, in memory of her deceased husband Mausolus, from whom it derived its name of Mausoleum; 4. The Colossus of Rhodes; 5. Phidias' Jupiter Olympius, a statue of ivory and gold; 6. The hanging gardens of Babylon, laid out upon the walls of that capital; 7. The palace of Cyrus, king of Persia.

[3] There was an altar in Delos, said to have been constructed by Apollo of the horns of the stags slain by Diana, or "the Trivian goddess."

No more let sun-burnt Cairo vaunt, that she
Bequeaths her wonders to eternity.
Let not Euphrates, in a superb style,
Brag her wall-girdle unto sixty mile.
Who lends Diana confidence to tell
Her cedar statues scorn a parallel?
What if Apollo's horned altar stands
Unimitable by Lysippus' hands?
Let Carian impudence presume so far
As to make Mausoleum kiss a star,
Dame Tellus! and thy prodigies confer;
They must kneel to the Amphitheatre.
This miracle, graced by Vespasian's name,
Hath the monopoly of checquer'd fame.

Pecke, 1659.

Egypt, forbear thy pyramids to praise,
A barb'rous work up to a wonder raise;
Let Babylon cease th' incessant toil to prize,
Which made her walls to such immenseness rise;
Nor let th' Ephesians boast the curious art
Which wonder to their temple does impart.
Delos, dissemble, too, the high renown
Which did thy horn-framed altar lately crown;
Caria, to vaunt thy Mausoleum spare,
Sumptuous for cost, and yet for art more rare,
As not borne up, but pendulous i' th' air.
All works to Cæsar's theatre give place;
This wonder Fame above the rest does grace.

Anon. 1695.

Why sing the wonders of th' Egyptian shore?
Let far-famed Babylon be praised no more;
Let not Ionia vaunt Diana's fane;
* * * * * *
Nor let the Carian town exalt so high
Its mausoleum, hanging in the sky;
In Cæsar's amphitheatre are shown
Those rival glories all combined in one:
Let Fame henceforth her clam'rous tongue confine
To sing the beauties of that dome divine. *Eustace*

II. ON THE PUBLIC WORKS OF DOMITIAN.

Here, where the starry Colossus[1] surveys the skies fro
nearer point than we, and where lofty scaffoldings[2] now ris

[1] A colossal statue of himself, raised by Nero as an ornament to vestibule of his "golden house," 120 feet in height (Suet. Ner. c. On the fate of this Colossus, see Gifford, Juv. viii. 230.

[2] Scaffoldings, or pageants, consisting of several stories

the midst of the street, the detested halls of a cruel king lately glistened,[1] and one single mansion began to occupy the whole space of the city. Here, where the venerable[2] mass of the far-seen Amphitheatre now rises, were the ponds of Nero. Here, where we gaze with admiration at the Thermæ, a boon so suddenly bestowed,[3] a proud lawn had deprived poor wretches of their homes. Where the Claudian portico now throws its wide-spreading shadows, was the last remnant of a falling court. Rome has been restored to herself, and what were formerly the delights of the master, are now, under thy rule, Cæsar, those of the people.

Where the ethereal Coloss does appear,
The tow'ring Machine to the stars draw near,
The hated court, which so much blood did spill,
Late stood: one house the city seem'd to fill!
Where the stupendous theatre's great pile
Is rear'd, there Nero's fish-ponds were erewhile.
Here, where the Baths, a great yet speedy gift,
All men admire (the people left to shift
For dwellings) late was a proud ample space,
Reserved to boast an insolent state and grace.
Where now a goodly terrace does extend,
The city both with shade and walks befriend,
Was but the court's fag and expiring end.
Rome 's to itself restored; in Cæsar's reign
The prince's pleasures now the people gain. *Anon.* 1695.

Where the Colossal star would stars survey,
And rising machinations maze the way,
Diverged the courts of an invidious crown,
And one vast house monopolized the town.
Here, where the awful pile displays the show,
A pond of Nero could presume to flow.
We there the Baths, the sudden boons, admire,
Where the proud lawn bade wretches' homes retire.
Where Claudius' portico expands her shade,
Was the last stand a falling palace made.
Hail, Rome restored! hail, Cæsar, thy rewards;
Those are the people s joys, that were its lord's.
Elphinston.

[1] The horror with which a Roman, after the expulsion of the Tarquins, regarded a king, is well known.

[2] Because dedicated to Mars.

[3] Hastily erected by Titus; see Suetonius, Life of Titus, c. 7, and note. *Bohn's edit.* p. 470.

III. TO CÆSAR, ON THE CONCOURSE OF STRANGERS TO ROME.

What race is so distant from us, what race so barbarous, Cæsar, as that from it no spectator is present in thy city? The cultivator of Rhodope is here from Orpheus' Hæmus:[1] the Sarmatian nourished by the blood drawn from his steed, is here. He too who drinks the waters of the Nile where it first becomes known to us, and he whose shores the surge of the remotest ocean laves. The Arabian has hastened hither, the Sabæans have hastened, and Cilicians have here dripped with showers of their own perfume. With locks twisted into a knot, are come the Sicambrians; and with hair twisted in other forms, the Æthiopians. Though different the speech of the various races, there is but one utterance, when thou art hailed as the true father of thy country.

Most potent sir! what region is so rude
From whence into your city none intrude?
The Rhodopeian farmer leaves cold Thrace,
And to banquet his eyes elects this place:
Tartarians, who quaff horses' blood at home
Are much impatient till they have view'd Rome.
They who first give a welcome to the Nile;
And they on whom sweet Zephyrus doth smile.
Both the Arabias are in rapid haste;
For perfumed water Asia comes not last.
Shall we omit knot-hair'd Sicambrians,
And nature's frizzled Æthiopians?
Their languages are discrepant; yet all
The father of your country can you call. *Pecke.*

What land's so barb'rous, Cæsar, so remote,
Whose natives come not to admire thy court?
Rough Thracians hither from Mount Hæmus speed;
Fierce Tartars, who on flesh of horses feed;
Who the Nile drink at the first spring and head;
Britons from utmost Thule hither led.
Arabs make haste, Cilicians posting come,
And in their saffron showers are drench'd at Rome;
Germans with rolling locks in knots upfurl'd;
Ethiops after a diff'rent manner curl'd.

[1] *Rhodope* and *Hæmus*. Two of the highest mountains in Thrace.

Various their voices sound, but hearts, we see,
And the whole jargon, does in one agree
When *Father of thy Country* all style thee.

Anon. 1695.

What scene sequester'd, or what rude renown,
Sends no spectators to th' imperial town?
The Rhodopeian hind here scours the plains,
And tunes from Hæmus his Orphean strains;
Sarmatians, Cæsar, hie thy works to see,
And their proud horses share their master's glee;
They come who first the rising Nile explore,
And they who hear remotest Tethys' roar;
The Arab hastes, the Sabean hither flies,
And the Cilician spurns his native skies;
With tortured tresses, here Sicambrians gay,
There Ethiops stroll along the crowded way.
'Mid various tongues, but one glad voice we find,
Which hails thee father of converged mankind.

Westminster Review, Apr. 1853.

IV. TO CÆSAR,[1] UPON HIS BANISHING INFORMERS.

That crowd, hostile to peace, and foe to calm repose; that crowd, which was ever molesting unfortunate opulence, has been handed over to the Gætulians. The arena did not suffice for the number of the guilty:[2] and the informer now suffers that exile which he sought to give to others.

Those caterpillars of the commonwealth,
The poor man's wolf, whose livelihood was stealth,
Growing too numerous, are shipp'd away,
To feast the lions of Getulia:
And those informers, who have many sent
Into exile, now suffer banishment. *Peckc.*

The hateful crew to peace and sweet repose,
Informers, anxious wealth's molesting foes
(The lions not sufficing to destroy
The num'rous caitiffs that did all annoy),

[1] Who is meant? Titus or Domitian? It is equally applicable to either of them. See Suetonius, Tit. 8, and Domit. 9.

[2] *Nec capit arena nocentes* is rendered by some translators, "and the sandy desert was not large enough to contain the number of the guilty." Others, with greater probability, suppose that the informers were exposed to the public gaze in the arena of the Amphitheatre, before they were sent into exile; see Sueton. Tit. c. 8.

T: th' Isles and furthest Africa are sent;
And those that caused now suffer banishment.

Anon. 1695.

IV. B. ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

The informer now wanders an outcast from the Ausonian city: this you may add to the other boons of our prince.

The head of Italy Cæsar acquits
From sycophants. New days, fresh benefits.

Anon. 1695.

V. ON THE SPECTACLE OF PASIPHAE.

Believe that Pasiphaë was enamoured of a Cretan bull: we have seen it. The old story has been confirmed. Let not venerable antiquity boast itself, Cæsar; whatever fame celebrates, thy arena reproduces for thee.[1]

Enamour'd of a bull a Cretan queen
We oft have heard, but now the thing have seen.
Then, Cæsar, let not age her pride display:
What fable feign'd, thy Cirque has shown to-day.

Elphinston.

VI. TO CÆSAR, ON A WOMAN'S FIGHTING WITH A LION.

That the warrior Mars serves thee in arms, suffices not, Cæsar; Venus, too, herself serves thee.

VI. B. ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

A lion laid low in the vast vale of Nemea fame trumpeted abroad as a noble exploit, and worthy of Hercules. Let ancient tales be silent; for since thy shows have been exhibited, Cæsar, we have seen this accomplished by a woman's hand.[2]

'T is not enough in this our martial age
That men, but women, in fierce combat 'gage.
Among the noblest acts fame does resound,
Alcides laid a lion on the ground.
Let fables cease: Cæsar, at thy command,
This hath been acted by a woman's hand. *Anon.* 1695.

[1] See Suetonius, Nero, c. 12.

[2] The last words are a conjectural mode of filling up a lacuna in the MSS. In some editions, these two epigrams are given as one.

Not Mars alone enjoys unvanquish'd arms,
For thee, great Cæsar, Venus shares th' alarms;
A lion foil'd, and in a vasty vale,
The task Herculean rear'd a lofty tale.
Old faith be mute: at thine august command
Such deeds we saw achiev'd by female hand.

Elphinston.

VII. ON LAUREOLUS.[1]

As erst, bound down upon the Scythian rock, Prometheus with ever-renewed vitals feasted the untiring vulture, so has Laureolus, suspended on no feigned cross, offered his defenceless entrails to a Caledonian bear. His mangled limbs quivered, every part dripping with gore, and in his whole body no shape was to be found. In short, he suffered such punishment as one who had been guilty of parricide, or who had cut his master's throat, or had insanely despoiled the temples of their hidden gold,[2] or had applied the incendiary torch to thee, O Rome. This criminal had surpassed the crimes of ancient story, and what had been fabulous, was in his case a real punishment.

Prometheus to cold Caucasus is chain'd,
Whilst by his entrails vultures are sustain'd:
Wretched Laureolus a northern bear
Very sincerely did asunder tear.
Every vein to weep blood was inclined;
Strict search in 's carcass could no body find.
Thus one that stabb'd his master must have died,
Or actors of infernal parricide.
This torment is his due who dares Rome fire,
Or who deflowers the gods' most sacred choir.
Obsolete mischiefs resalute the stage:
Fables prove true in this our conscious age. *Pecke.*

[1] This epigram refers to a Ballet or Drama of Action, composed either by Nævius or by Ennius,—for on this point the learned disagree,—in which a certain Laureolus, a noted robber, was crucified on the stage. Usually the death was simply a *stage*-death, without harm to the actor. Domitian has the honour of introducing a real death—that of an unfortunate wretch already condemned "for the *amusement* of this detestable people."—See Gifford and Mayor on Juv. viii. 187; and for a curious comment, compare what Martial says of the tigress in Ep. 18. 6: "Postquam inter nos est, plus feritatis habet!"

[2] It was a common practice for the ancients to deposit their private property in the temples for greater security.

VIII. ON DÆDALUS.[1]

Dædalus, while thou wast being thus torn by a Lucanian bear, how must thou have desired to have those wings of thine.

Now, Dædalus, thou thus art torn
By the Lucanian bear,
How dost thou wish thy waxen wings,
Again to cut the air! *Fletcher.*

So torn, O Dædal, by Lucanian bear,
Thou well might'st wish thy wonted wings to wear.
Elphinston.

IX. ON THE RHINOCEROS.

The rhinoceros, exhibited for thee, Cæsar, in the whole space of the arena, fought battles of which he gave no promise. Oh, into what terrible wrath did he with lowered head blaze forth! How powerful was that tusk to whom a bull was a mere ball![2]

He who with armed nostril wildly glared,
Has fought the battles he had not declared.
How did his headlong rage the pit appal!
How flash'd the horn that made a bull a ball!
Elphinston.

X. ON A LION THAT HURT HIS KEEPER.

A perfidious lion with ungrateful jaws had wounded his keeper, having dared to attack with violence the hands so well known to him. But worthy of such a crime was the offender's punishment, and he who would not submit to correction, succumbed to weapons. What should be the characters of men under such a prince, who bids the savage nature of brutes become more gentle!

[1] A similar argument to the preceding, a criminal being compelled to act the part of Dædalus, and precipitated by the failure of his wings among a crowd of hungry bears. On the bear-fights in the arena, see below, Ep. 11; Juv. iv. 99.

[2] A ball covered with red cloth, used for the purpose of irritating the animals; see below, Ep. 19; B. ii. Ep. 43; B. xiv. Ep. 53, in which last epigram reference is made to the same contest between the rhinoceros and a bull.

With deep ingratitude, a lion flew
At 's keeper's throat; thus his acquaintance slew.
But he received his wages; since he could
Endure no blows, the hunting-spears he should.
Men must be cautelous in carriage, since
Beasts are taught morals by our gracious prince. *Pecke.*

A trait'rous lion on his keeper flew,
In him that fed him durst his teeth imbue.
But vengeance worthy of his crime he found:
Who bore not stripes, was forced to bear the wound.
To such a prince what manners ought men show,
Who beasts commands a gratitude to know! *Anon.* 1695.

XI. ON A LIMED BEAR.

Whilst Bruin was rolling himself impetuously on the blood-stained arena, he lost the power of flight, entangled in bird-lime. Henceforth let glittering hunting-spears lie neglected, and their iron points be hid; no more let the dart fly forth, lanced by the exerted arm. Let the huntsman surprise his prey in the open air, if beasts are to be caught by the fowler's art.[1]

A bear roll'd barrels on the bloody sand,
And was arrested at bird-lime's command:
There 's no more need to throw the letal spear,
Or that a lance should forbid coming near.
Huntsmen may chase the birds unto a bay,
If fowlers to catch beasts conceive fair play. *Pecke.*

While Bruin wallow'd in th' ensanguin'd sand,
He lost, belimed, the needful flight's command.
Now let the gleaming spears in darkness lie,
Nor from the twisted arm the jav'lins fly;
In fields of air the huntsman seize his prey,
If by the fowler's art we beasts betray. *Elphinston.*

[1] *Deprehenders* is the proper word for capturing *beasts of the field; captare*, for snaring *the fowls of the air*. So that Martial's meaning may be this: the huntsman had better use his arts in trying to capture the fowls of the air, since the beasts of the field are now taken by arts borrowed from bird-catchers. Or rather, that the huntsman need no longer conceal himself in thickets, or aim spears at wild beasts from a distance, since he may catch them on the open plains with bird-lime, and despatch them with his hunting-knife at his ease.

XII. ON A SHE-BOAR, THAT BROUGHT FORTH YOUNG IN CONSEQUENCE OF A WOUND.

Amidst the terrible contests by which Cæsar imitates the sports of Diana, a light spear having pierced a pregnant she-boar, one of her litter leaped forth from the wound of its wretched mother. Oh! cruel Lucina! was this a delivery? She would willingly have died wounded by more weapons, that this sad way to life might have been opened to all her young ones. Who will now deny that Bacchus owed his birth to the death of his mother? you may believe that a deity was so produced; for thus has a beast been born.

I' th' public huntings Cæsar did allow,
A jav'lin swift transfix'd a pregnant sow:
Straight from the wounded dam the litter sprung;
Lucina, call'st thou this to bring forth young?
The dying sow wish'd that her wounds were more,
That issues had been made for all her store.
Who denies Bacchus from the womb was torn?
A god might well, when beasts were this way born.

Anon. 1695

XIII. ON THE SAME.

Stricken with deadly weapon, and pierced with a mortal wound, the pregnant sow at once lost life and gave it. Oh! how unerring was the hand with the well-poised dart! This I believe to have been Lucina's stroke. Dying, she experienced the power of either Diana;[1] hers, by whom the mother was delivered, and hers, by whom the savage beast was destroyed.

Pierced with a deadly dart, the wounded mother
At one time lost one life and gave another.
How sure the levell'd steel the right hand throws!
This was Lucina's arm, I do suppose.
Diana's double power she did sustain,
When th' parent was deliver'd and yet slain.

Fletcher.

A pregnant sow, pierced with a deadly blow,
Her life at once did lose and life bestow.

[1] Diana in her two characters; that of huntress, and that of the goddess presiding over childbirth.

How sure an alm did the dire steel command!
Lucina, 't was believed to be thy hand:
For dying both thy deities she found,
The huntress and the midwife in her wound.

Anon. 1695.

XIV. ON THE SAME.

A wild she-boar, just about to be delivered of the pledge of her ripen'd womb, gave birth to her offspring, being made a parent by a wound; nor did the litter lie still-born, but ran about while its mother was falling. Oh! how great invention is evoked by sudden chances!

A sow, now great with pig, died of a wound
Through which her litter tumbled to the ground;
While the dam stagger'd, that stay'd not behind:
Distress will force a pig some wit to find. *Peeke.*

A sow, her litter ready to have laid,
Was by a fatal stroke a mother made:
The young, not staying birth, ran forth the womb.
How quick a wit in sudden straits is found!

Anon. 1695.

The pregnant boar, with ripen'd honours crown'd,
Became a parent from her mortal wound.
Soon as the mother fell, the gricelings flew:
What th' ingenuity of chance can do! *Elphinston.*

XV. ON CARPOPHORUS.

That which was the utmost glory of thy renown, Meleager, a boar put to flight, what is it? a mere portion of that of Carpophorus. He, in addition, planted his hunting-spear in a fierce rushing bear, the monarch in the realm of the northern pole; he also laid low a lion remarkable for its unheard-of size,—a lion, which might have become the hands of Hercules; and he then, with a wound from a distance, stretched lifeless a fleet leopard. And when at length he carried off his prizes, he was still in a condition to engage in new combats.

A boar, Meleager, which gave thee a name,
Adds little to Carpophorus's fame:
Who a vast bear, rushing upon him, slew;
The northern clime a fiercer never knew;

A lion which became Alcides' hand,
Of immense bulk, he laid upon the sand;
Also a pard: and when the prize was won,
He still was fresh, and could yet more have done.
Anon. 1695.

XVI. ON A BULL BEARING HERCULES TO THE SKIES.

That a bull, snatched up from the midst of the arena, ascended to the skies, was a work, not of art, but of piety.

XVI. B. ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

A bull[1] had carried Europa through his brother's waves; but now a bull has borne Alcides to the stars. Compare now, Fame, the bulls of Cæsar and of Jove:[2] grant that they carried an equal weight, Cæsar's bore it to a greater height.[3]

That the bull was snatch'd up into the sky
Seems not a pageant, but true piety:
On a bull's back Europa rid at ease,
But not to heaven, as did Hercules.
Let Jove and Cæsar's bulls for credit vie;
Jove's did but swim, and Cæsar's bull can fly. *Pecke.*

That from the stage a bull towards heaven did fly
Was not th' exploit of art, but deity:
A bull Europa through the surges bore,
But with Alcides now 'bove clouds doth soar.
The fact of Cæsar and of Jove compare,
Which of the two shall we pronounce most rare?
Suppose the burdens even; were that true,
The lighter-loaded swam; the heavier flew. *Anon.* 1695.

Rapt from the sand, a bull ascends the skies;
Let not the act, but piety, surprise:
One bore Europa through fraternal main,
And one Alcides to th' ethereal reign.
Compare the steers of Cæsar and of Jove:
What diff'rent loads through diff'rent mediums rove!
Elphinston.

XVII. ON AN ELEPHANT'S KNEELING TO CÆSAR.

Whereas piously and in suppliant guise the elephant kneels

[1] That is, Jupiter in the shape of a bull. [2] See Juvenal iv 121.
[3] Compare B. I. Ep. 6.

to thee, Cæsar,—that elephant which erewhile was so formidable to the bull his antagonist,—this he does without command, and with no keeper to teach him: believe me, he too feels our present deity.

That thee an elephant suppliant did adore,
Who struck with terror a fierce bull before,
T' his keeper's art cannot imputed be;
We must ascribe it to thy deity. *Anon.* 1695.

* * *

None taught him homage, but by instinct he
Kneel'd down to you, because a deity. *Pecke.*

XVIII. ON A TIGRESS MATCHED WITH A LION.

A tigress that had been accustomed to lick the hand of her unsuspecting keeper, an animal of rare beauty from the Hyrcanian mountains, being enraged, lacerated with maddened tooth a fierce lion; a strange occurrence, such as had never been known in any age. She attempted nothing of the sort while she lived in the depth of the forests; but since she has been amongst us, she has acquired greater ferocity.

The rare-seen glory of th' Hyrcanian land,
A tiger, wont to lick his master's hand,
In pieces tore a lion in his rage;
A thing not known before in any age.
He durst not this attempt in forests high:
Beasts among men learn greater cruelty. *Anon.* 1695.

XIX. ON THE BULL AND THE ELEPHANT.

The bull, which, lately goaded by flames through the whole arena, had caught up and cast aloft the balls,[1] succumbed at length, being struck by a more powerful horn, while he imagined the elephant might easily be thus tossed.

When the strong bull, enraged by fire, did eye
Puppies like men, he mounted them on high;
But dreaming thus an elephant to toss,
He was struck dead by the flinty proboss. *Pecke.*

[1] *Pilas.* See note on Ep. 9.

XX. ON MYRINUS AND TRIUMPHUS, TWO GLADIATORS.

When one faction[1] was calling for Myrinus, the other for Triumphus, Cæsar promised them both with either hand. He could not have terminated the amusing contention in a better way. Oh, the charming wit of our unrivalled prince

These Myrinus, Triumphus these demand:
Indulgent Cæsar waves his either hand.
Who better could the nice decision hit?
Unrivall'd prince, how gracious is thy wit! *Elphinston.*

XXI. ON ORPHEUS.

Whatever Rhodope is said to have beheld upon Orpheus' stage, your arena, Cæsar, has exhibited to you. Rocks have crept along, and, marvellous sight! a wood, such as the grove of the Hesperides is believed to have been, has run. There was to be seen every species of wild beast mingled with flocks, and above the poet hung many a bird. But he himself was laid low, torn by an ungrateful bear. Thus, however, this story, which was before but a fiction, has now become a fact.[2]

What Thrace on Orpheus' stage was said to see,
Cæsar, the sand exhibits here to thee.
The rocks have crept, and the strange wood did move,
Such as was once believed th' Hesperian grove.
A mingled troop of all wild beasts were there,
And o'er the bard a cloud of birds in th' air;
But he lay torn by the ungrateful bear:
As it came feigned thence, so 't was true here. *Fletcher.*

What in the Thracian mount 's of Orpheus told,
Thy theatre, great Cæsar, did unfold:
The rocks were seen to move, the woods to run,
When to his harp the wondrous minstrel sung:
Together with the trees the beasts were led,
And hovering birds circled his sacred head.
At last a bear the prophet piecemeal tore,
Acted in truth what fabled was before. *Anon.* 1695.

[1] *Pars*, that is, "a faction of the people in the Amphitheatre." As to the subject of the epigram, see Sueton. *Domit.* c. 4, *Bohn's Transl.* p. 481. Myrinus is mentioned again, B. xii. Ep. 29.

[2] Compare the story in Eps. 7 and 8, where a criminal, being obliged to act an assumed part in a show, was killed by a bear.

XXI. B. ON ORPHEUS.

Do we wonder that the ground with sudden opening sent forth Orpheus? He came from Eurydice who was compelled to return to the shades.[1]

IMITATION.[2]

When Orpheus went down to the regions below,
Which men are forbidden to see,
He tuned up his lyre, as old histories show,
To set his Eurydice free.

All hell was astonish'd a person so wise
Should rashly endanger his life,
And venture so far—but how vast their surprise,
When they heard that he came for his wife!

To find out a punishment due to his fault
Old Pluto long puzzled his brain,
But hell had not torments sufficient, he thought—
So he gave him his wife back again.

But pity succeeding soon vanquish'd his heart,
And, pleased with his playing so well,
He took her again in reward of his art;
Such merit had music in hell.

XXII. ON A RHINOCEROS.

While the trembling keepers were exciting the rhinoceros, and the wrath of the huge animal had been long arousing itself, the conflicts of the promised engagement were beginning to be despaired of; but at length his fury, well-known of old, returned. For easily as a bull tosses to the skies the balls[3] placed upon *his horns*, so with his double horn did he hurl aloft the heavy bear.

While long they roused the hero to engage,
And bid his nostrils gather all their rage,
In vain the timid guides for battle burn'd;
When lo! the glory of his power return'd:

[1] This Epigram, which many of the books and editions omit, is very corrupt. The text followed is, as usual, that of Shneidewin. For *vered* in the second line, Heinsius and others after him propose *Thressâ*.

[2] This curious and humorous epigram is a translation from the Spanish, by Dr. Lisle.

[3] *Pilas*. See note on Ep. 9.

High a huge bear he heaved with double horn,
As a bull sends aloft the balls that brave his scorn.
Elphinston.

XXIII. ON CARPOPHORUS.

The bold right hand of the still youthful Carpophorus now directs with unerring blow the Noric hunting-spears. He carried two steers on his shoulder with ease; to him succumbed the bubalus[1] and the bison. Fleeing from him, the lion fell headlong among the darts of others.[2] Go now, impatient crowd, and complain of the tardy delay to which you are exposed.

The Doric spears, with aim unerring, bore
The gallant arm of youthful Carpophore:
Well might two soft-neck'd steers resign the field;
To him the buffalo and bison yield.
The lion fled; but headlong rush'd a prey.
Fly, madding mob, and chasten dull delay.
Elphinston.

XXIV. ON THE EXHIBITION OF A SEA-FIGHT.

Whoever thou mayst be, who art here a lately arrived spectator from distant lands, upon whom for the first time has shone the vision of the sacred show,—that the goddess of naval warfare may not deceive thee with these ships, nor the water so like to the waves of the sea,—here, awhile since, was the dry land. Dost thou hesitate to believe it? look on, whilst the waves fatigue the god of war. A short interval, and thou wilt say, "Here but a while since was the sea."

Thou, late spectator, from a distant shore,
Who com'st this day our festal shows t' explore,
Be not deceived though naval battles here,
And billows like the rolling main appear;
The sea thou now behold'st was land of late:
Believ'st thou not? A few short moments wait,
Till cease the ships to war, the waves to flow,
And thou shalt say, 'Twas sea not long ago.
Amos, Gems of Latin Poetry, p. 36.

[1] It is uncertain what animal we are to understand by *bubalus*. Pliny, H. N. viii. 15, speaks of it as resembling a stag or a cow. Many suppose it to be the buffalo.

[2] That is, the darts of the *subsessores*, or liers-in-wait; those who were ready to support Carpophorus, if he should be in danger.

XXV. ON THE EXHIBITION OF THE STORY OF LEANDER.

That the wave in thy nocturnal journey should have spared thee, Leander, cease to wonder: it was Cæsar's wave.

XXV. B. ON LEANDER.

While the daring Leander was seeking the sweet object of his love, and, exhausted, was just being ingulfed by the swelling waves, the unfortunate adventurer is said to have thus addressed the menacing surges: "Spare me on my way; drown me on my return."[1]

Leander, wonder not curl'd waves thee spare;
These inoffensive surges Cæsar's are.
When Tethys stopp'd love-sick Leander's breath,
And some few drops would hurry him to death,
The poor wretch begg'd: O waft me safe to ground;
When I have seen my dear, let me be drown'd. *Pecke.*

XXVI. ON A SWIMMING EXHIBITION.

The gentle band of Nereids sported throughout the sea, and adorned the yielding waves with many an antic. There was the trident threatening with its barbs, the anchor with its curved prong: we thought that we looked sometimes on an oar, sometimes on a ship; that the constellation of the Laconian twins,[2] welcome to sailors, was shining, and that wide-spreading sails were clearly swelling before us. Who invented such arts in the liquid waves? Thetis either taught these gambols, or learned them.[3]

The docile crew of wat'ry nymphs did vie
To paint the waves with their vivacity.
A threatening trident, anchor, scalding oar,
A stately ship, we beheld from the shore;
Castor and Pollux, the Pilot's delight,
And tumid sailcloths, gratified our sight.
To whose invention should we this refer?
Did Thetis instruct us, or we teach her? *Pecke.*

[1] Probably this Epigram is not genuine. It seems made up from B. xiv. Ep. 181.

[2] *Sidus Laconum*, i. e. the constellation of Castor and Pollux, so called because their mother Leda was a Lacedæmonian.

[3] The meaning is, she either learned them of Cæsar, or taught them to him.

XXVII. ON CARPOPHORUS.

Had the ages of yore, Cæsar, given birth to Carpophorus, [barbarian lands would not have boasted of their monsters].[1] Marathon would not have feared the bull, the woods of Nemea the lion, Arcadia the Mænalian boar. Had Carpophorus armed his hands, one deadly stroke would have sufficed for the hydra; by him would the whole of the Chimæra have been stricken down at once. He would have yoked together the fire-breathing bulls without the assistance of the Colchian princess; he could have conquered either monster of Pasiphae. Could the fable of the marine prodigy be revived, he alone would release Hesione and Andromeda. Let all the glories of the praise bestowed on Hercules be counted up; it is more to have subdued twenty animals at one time.[2]

If former ages had Carpophorus known,
Beside himself there would have needed none
The monsters through the world to have subdued;
Being in truth with all that might endued
Which to the fab'lous heroes gave a name,
Raised Jason's, Perseus', Meleager's fame.
Theseus for th' Minotaur had ne'er been crown'd;
For the Nemean lion Hercules renown'd;
The Hydra which so oft renew'd the fight,
At first assault he would have slain outright;
Chimæra, of such various figures formed,
His powerful hand would all at once have storm'd;
The bulls, which from their nostrils breathed a flame,
Without a charm, his courage knew to tame:
Hesione's devouring orc to quail,
Andromeda to rescue from the whale.

Let poets then their specious lies relate,
How Jove, a matchless hero to create,
Two nights did turn to one; to him allow
A term of life twelve labours to go through;
Carpoph'rus' glory yet does his excel,
By whom in one day twenty monsters fell.

Anon. 1695.

[1] Ver. 2 is entirely corrupt, although the sense, as given in the text, is manifestly that intended by the author.

[2] The meaning is, there were only twelve labours of Hercules, whereas Carpophorus slew twenty animals on the same occasion.

XXVIII. ON THE EXHIBITION OF A SEA-FIGHT.

The task of Augustus had been to embattle fleets, and to arouse the waves with the sound of the naval trumpet. How inferior is this to what our Cæsar accomplishes! Thetis and Galatea have beheld in the waves wild animals previously unknown to them. Triton has seen chariots glowing along the foaming ocean course,[1] and thought the steeds of his master[2] were passing before him; and Nereus, while he was preparing fierce contests with bold vessels, shrunk from going on foot through the liquid ways.[3] Whatever is seen in the circus and the amphitheatre, the rich lake of Cæsar has shown to thee. Let Fucinus, and the ponds of the dire Nero, be vaunted no more; and let ages to come remember but this one sea-fight.

The palm of glory to Augustus yield,
For framing sea into a pitched field.
How then may Cæsar triumph! Such beasts are
Guests to the waves as sea-queen Thetis scare.
Swift chariots track the main, at whose approach
Triton cried out—Here comes King Neptune's coach:
Whilst Nereus for the skirmishes provides,
And a whale's back victoriously bestrides.
What Cæsar's pleasure, shall the Cirque command;
The floods reäct, as mimics to the land.
On Claudius', Nero's lake, let scorn reflect:
Domitian's shows merit entire respect. *Pecke.*

T' embattle fleets exalts Augustus' reign,
And with the naval trump to rouse the main:
Yet what is his to our Augustus' praise?
Or what the ancient to the modern days?
Thetis and Galatea stared to own
Such savages as they had never known.
Triton beheld, nor to behold abhorr'd,
The steeds he thought the coursers of his lord;
He saw with glee the flying axle glow,
Though cover'd with the dust of spray below:
For, when to furious fight a Nereus strains,
He scorns on foot to scour the liquid plains,

[1] *In æquoreo pulvere.* By *pulvis* most commentators suppose that the spume of the sea is meant, *catachrestice*.
[2] *Domini*, i. e. Neptune.
[3] That is, he chose a chariot drawn by sea-horses.

Whate'er the Cirque or Theatre surveys,
To bless the eyes impartial water plays;
Absorb'd the Fucine in the Marsian land,
The pools of Nero duly still shall stand.
Sunk every scene that wondrous waves bestow,
This single sea-fight shall the ages know. *Elphinston.*

XXIX. ON PRISCUS AND VERUS.

While Verus and Priscus were prolonging the combat, and the valour of each had been for a long time equal, quarter for the combatants was demanded with great clamour. But Cæsar obeyed his own law. The law was to fight with a stated reward in view, till by his thumb *one of the pair proclaimed himself vanquished:*[1] but, as was allowed, he frequently gave them dishes and gifts.[2] An end, however, was found for the well-matched contest: equal they fought, equal they resigned. Cæsar sent wands to each,[3] to each the meed of victory. Such was the reward that adroit valour received. Under no other prince save thee, Cæsar, has this ever happened, that, when two fought with each other, both were victors.

When Priscus, Verus, did prolong their fight,
Characterized by Mars with equal spite,
For their discharge a joint consent applied
Itself to Cæsar; by whom 't was denied.
It was the fashion so long to contend
Till the vanquish'd made signs the fight should end:
And to detain the people to the last,
Gifts were provided, and a slight repast.
Even wounds the sword-players did engrave;
They fought alike; or equal scores did leave.
Cæsar acquitted both, gave both the palm:
Thus prowess for her cure acquired a balm.

[1] *Ad digitum concurrere.* There has been much doubt about the sense of these words. Ramiresius supposes that the gladiators were to fight till one of them, *sublato digito*, by holding up his thumb or finger, acknowledged himself conquered. See note on Quint. viii. 5, 20, *Bohn's Cl. Library.*

[2] It was the custom to distribute dishes of various kinds of food to the combatants, to reïnvigorate them to continue the contest; and to the people, to keep them quiet till its conclusion.

[3] *Misit utrisque rudes.* This *rudis* or wand was the sign of their acquittal from all further service as gladiators. See Hor. i. Ep. 1, 2, &c.

Before your reign, Cæsar, who thought to see,
When champions fight, that both should victors be?
Peckc.

XXX. ON A HIND AND DOGS.

A hunted hind, as she was fleeing from swift Molossian hounds, and was by various turns contriving a lingering protraction of the fatal moment, halted before Cæsar's feet, suppliant and in pleading guise; and the hounds touched not their prey.....[1] Such was the boon which she derived from recognising the emperor. Cæsar is a divinity: sacred, sacred is his power · believe it; the beasts of the field have not learned to lie.

The panting doe flung out the headlong hounds,
By various doublings on the various grounds.
Spent at th' imperial feet the suppliant stood;
Her fell pursuers, awed, no more pursued.
'Mid foes, now friends, surrounding safety bless'd;
Instinctive piety that power confess'd.
Cæsarean power let miscreants blind deny:
Believe we those who have not learn'd to lie. *Elphinston.*

XXXI. ON AN UNEQUAL COMBAT.

To yield to superior force is the second honour. That is an insupportable victory, which an inferior enemy gains.

To bow to nobler foes is almost fame;
The basely-yielded palm alone is shame. *W. S. B.*

XXXII. TO CÆSAR.

Be indulgent to impromptus: he does not deserve to displease, whose haste, Cæsar, was to please thee.

My haste, though faulty, ought thee to appease:
Pardon his haste, who hasted thee to please. *Anon.* 1695.

XXXIII. AGAINST DOMITIAN.

Race of the Flavii, how much has the third of thy name taken from thee! It had been almost as well not to have had the other two.[2]

How much thy third has wrong'd thee, Flavian race!
'T were better ne'er to have bred the previous brace. *Anon.*

[1] A line *is* here wanting in the original.

[2] Sc. Vespasian and Titus. As this Epigram is written *against* Domitian, it appears either not to be Martial's, or to be out of place here. The only authority for ascribing it to Martial is a scholiast on Juvenal, iv 38.

EPIGRAMS.

BOOK I.

TO THE READER

I TRUST that, in these little books of mine, I have observed such self-control, that whoever forms a fair judgment from his own mind can make no complaint of them, since they indulge their sportive fancies without violating the respect due even to persons of the humblest station; a respect which was so far disregarded by the authors of antiquity, that they made free use, not only of real, but of great names. For me, let fame be held in less estimation, and let such talent be the last thing commended in me.

Let the ill-natured interpreter, too, keep himself from meddling with the simple meaning of my jests, and not write my epigrams for me.[1] He acts dishonourably who exercises perverse ingenuity on another man's book. For the free plainness of expression, that is, for the language of epigram, I would apologize, if I were introducing the practice; but it is thus that Catullus writes, and Marsus, and Pedo, and Getulicus, and every one whose writings are read through. If any assumes to be so scrupulously nice, however, that it is not allowable to address him, in a single page, in plain language, he may confine himself to this address, or rather to the title of the book. Epigrams are written for those who are accustomed to be spectators at the games of Flora. Let not Cato enter my theatre; or, if he do enter, let him look on. It appears to me that I shall do only what I have a right to do, if I close my address with the following verses:—

[1] Let him not make them his own, by the false interpretation which he puts upon them.

TO CATO.

Since you knew the lascivious nature of the rites of sportive Flora, as well as the dissoluteness of the games, and the license of the populace, why, stern Cato, did you enter the theatre? Did you come in only that you might go out again?

When thou didst know the merry feast
Of jocund Flora was at best,
Our solemn sports, how loosely free
And debonair the vulgar be,
Strict Cato, why dost thou intrude
Into the seated multitude?
Was it thy frolic here alone
Only to enter and begone? *Fletcher.*

When thou the wanton rites of Flora's feast
Didst know, the people's license then express'd,
Why cam'st thou in, sour Cato, 'mong the rout?
Didst enter only that thou might'st go out?
Anon. 1695.

Why dost thou come, great censor of the age,
To see the loose diversions of the stage?
With awful countenance and brow severe,
What in the name of goodness dost thou here?
See the mix'd crowd! how giddy, lewd, and vain!
Didst thou come in but to go out again?
Spectator, No. 446.

I. TO THE READER.

The man whom you are reading is the very man that you want,—Martial, known over the whole world for his humorous books of epigrams; to whom, studious reader, you have accorded such honours, while he is alive and has a sense of them, as few poets receive after their death.

This whom thou read'st is he by thee required,—
Martial, through all the world famed and desired
For sharpest books of epigrams, on whom
(Ingenious reader) living, without tomb,
Thou hast bestow'd that high and glorious wreath,
Which seldom poets after death receive. *Fletcher.*

He unto whom thou art so partial,
O reader, is the well-known Martial,
The epigrammatist: while living,
Give him the fame thou wouldst be giving
So shall he hear, and feel, and know it:
Post-obits rarely reach a poet. *Byron.*

II. TO THE READER; SHOWING WHERE THE AUTHOR'S BOOKS MAY BE PURCHASED.

You who are anxious that my books should be with you everywhere, and desire to have them as companions on a long journey, buy a copy of which the parchment leaves are compressed into a small compass.[1] Bestow book-cases upon large volumes; one hand will hold me. But that you may not be ignorant where I am to be bought, and wander in uncertainty over the whole town, you shall, under my guidance, be sure of obtaining me. Seek Secundus, the freedman of the learned Lucensis, behind the Temple of Peace and the Forum of Pallas.

Where you go, if you 'd have a few books to befriend you,
And on a long journey have one to attend you,
Buy those whose short sides a small skin does go over,—
As for great ones, lock up,—me your one hand will cover.
And if you can be struck with such foibles as these,
I hope that my trifles their readers will please.
But that you may know where I 'm sold, and may n't stray
All over the city, I 'll show you the way:
Ask for Wilkie's fam'd shop, near the church of St Paul,
Where this book may be had by whoever will call.
Rev. Mr Scott, 1773.

Whoe'er thou be, that wouldst my Muse convey,
The light companion of the lengthen'd way;
Purchase the petty skin that crams her strains:
A case huge bodies, her a hand contains.
But, lest thou doubt where she displays her pride,
And roam the town, accept herself thy guide.
The learn'd Lucensian's libertine thou 'lt find
The Fane of Peace and Pallas' Square behind.
Elphinston.

III. THE AUTHOR TO HIS BOOK.

Thou preferrest, little book, to dwell in the shops in the

[1] That is, a copy with small pages; a small copy.

Argiletum,[1] though my book-case has plenty of room for thee. Thou art ignorant, alas! thou art ignorant of the fastidiousness of Rome, the mistress of the world; the sons of Mars, believe me, are much too critical. Nowhere are there louder sneers; young men and old, and even boys, have the nose of the rhinoceros.[2] After thou hast heard a loud "Bravo!" and art expecting kisses, thou wilt go, tossed to the skies, from the jerked toga.[3] Yet, that thou mayst not so often suffer the corrections of thy master, and that his relentless pen may not so often mark thy vagaries, thou desirest, frolicsome little book, to fly through the air of heaven. Go, fly; but thou wouldst have been safer at home.

Among the stationers th' hadst rather be,
My little book, though my shelf 's void for thee:
Alas! thou know'st not Madam Rome's disdain;
Great Mars's sons are of a fiery brain;
Gibes nowhere are more free; young men, and old,
And boys, their nose up in derision hold:
While thou shalt hear thy praise, and kisses have,
Thou shalt be toss'd from th' bosom to the grave.
But thou, for fear thou feel'st thy master's hand,
And thy loose sport should by his reed be scann'd,
(Lascivious book!) thou seek'st to mount abroad:
Go, fly; but home were yet thy safer road.

Fletcher.

Why in Pall-mall with Dodsley will you dwell,
When in my desk you still might lodge so well?
Little you know, how nice the taste in town:
The meanest of mankind are critics grown.
Sneerers abound; the beau, the man in years,
The boy at school, the scoff of Bentley wears.
They cry, "Extremely fine!" You gorge the lie;
But soon in rockets to the stars shall fly.
You, who castration dread, who hate my strokes,
And grave correction of your idle jokes,
On wanton wing now sigh abroad to roam:
Away:—but you might safer be at home.

Hay.

In the booksellers' windows you long to be shown,
Little book, though my desk be entirely your own.

[1] An open place, or square, in Rome, where tradesmen had shops.

[2] Have great powers of ridicule, which the Romans often expressed by turning up or wrinkling the nose.

[3] People will take thee into their lap, and then jerk thee out of it, as if thou wast tossed in a blanket.

You know not our critics have nice judging eyes,
And, believe me, the town is prodigiously wise.
Men are loud both their censure and scorn to disclose
Young and old, even children, all turn up their nose.
While you fondly expect on Fame's pinions to rise,
'T is a blanket will toss you, my book, to the skies.
But you, that your master may cease to condemn,
Nor your sallies be quench'd any more by his phlegm,
Are ambitious to leave me, and largely to roam.
Go, fly;—but you might have been safer at home. *Anon.*

IV. TO CÆSAR.

If you should chance, Cæsar, to light upon my books, lay aside that look which awes the world. Even your triumphs have been accustomed to endure jests,[1] nor is it any shame to a general to be a subject for witticisms. Read my verses, I pray you, with that brow with which you behold Thymele[2] and Latinus[3] the buffoon. The censorship[4] may tolerate innocent jokes: my page indulges in freedoms, but my life is pure.

Cæsar, whene'er you take in hand my books,
Awe of the world! lay by your sterner looks.
Your very triumphs mirth used to admit,
Though you yourself were subject of the wit.
With such a face look on my verses, pray,
As you 'd an antick dance or mimick play.
Let not these harmless sports your censure taste:
My lines are wanton, but my life is chaste.
Old MS. 17th Cent.

V. THE EMPEROR'S REPLY.

I give you a sea-fight, and you give me epigrams: you wish, I suppose, Marcus, to be set afloat with your book.

I give thee sea-fights, thou a book giv'st me:
Wouldst have me set afloat both it and thee? *L. H. S.*

VI. ON A LION OF CÆSAR'S THAT SPARED A HARE.

While through the air of heaven the eagle was carrying

[1] In allusion to the jests which the soldiers threw out on their generals, while they were riding in the triumphal procession.
[2] A female dancer.
[3] A dancer in pantomime; a sort of harlequin.
[4] Alluding to Domitian having made himself perpetual censor.

the youth,[1] the burden unhurt clung to its anxious talons. From Cæsar's lions their own prey now succeeds in obtaining mercy, and the hare plays safe in their huge jaws. Which miracle do you think the greater? The author of each is a supreme being: the one is the work of Cæsar; the other,[2] of Jove.

While with the stripling's cries the welkin rung,
The prize, unhurt, in trembling talons hung.
Now the imperial whelps compress no prey:
Safe in the lion's jaws the leverets play.
Say, whether gives thy wonder more to rove,
The power of Cæsar, or the pounce of Jove? *Elphinston.*

VII. TO MAXIMUS.

The dove, the delight of my friend Stella,[3]—even with Verona[4] listening will I say it, — has surpassed, Maximus, the sparrow of Catullus. By so much is my Stella greater than your Catullus, as a dove is greater than a sparrow.

The biller, that my Stella sings
(I care not, though Verona hear),
We, Maximus, must own, outsprings
The chirper to Catullus dear.

My songster soars as far beyond
The genius you so justly love
(Be counted whether bird more fond),
As less the sparrow than the dove. *Elphinston.*

VIII. TO DECIANUS.

In that you so far only follow the opinions of the great Thrasea and Cato of consummate virtue, that you still wish to preserve your life, and do not with bared breast rush upon drawn swords, you do, Decianus, what I should wish you to do. I do not approve of a man who purchases fame with life-blood, easy to be shed: I like him who can be praised without dying to obtain it.

[1] Ganymede. [2] Comp. Eps. 14, 22.
[3] A poet of Patavium, who wrote an elegy on the dove of his mistress Ianthis. See B. vi. Ep. 21; B. vii. Ep. 13.
[4] The birth-place of Catullus.

That you great Pætus' maxims so approve,
Or gallant Cato's, as still life to love,
Nor run on naked swords with bared breast,
You do, my Decian, what I think is best.
I like no squanderers of life for fame:
Give me the man that living makes a name!
Old MS. 17th Century.

Consummate Cato's and great Thrasea's strain,
As far as prudence goes, thou dost maintain,
And not thy breast on naked swords dost run;
What men judge best, that, Decian, thou hast done.
He 's not approved, who cheaply dies for fame,
But, without death, who gets a glorious name.
Anon. 1695.

That you, like Thrasea, or like Cato, great,
Pursue their maxims, but decline their fate;
Nor rashly point the dagger to your heart;
More to my wish you act a Roman's part.
I like not him, who fame by death retrieves;
Give me the man who merits praise, and lives. *Hay.*

IX. TO COTTA.

You wish to appear, Cotta, a pretty man and a great man at one and the same time: but he who is a pretty man, Cotta, is a very small man.

A pretty and a great man thou 'dst be deem'd:
But prettiness is littleness esteem'd. *Anon.* 1695.

X. ON GEMELLUS AND MARONILLA.

Gemellus is seeking the hand of Maronilla, and is earnest, and lays siege to her, and beseeches her, and makes presents to her. Is she then so pretty? Nay; nothing can be more ugly. What then is the great object and attraction in her? —Her cough.

Gemellus seeks old Maronilla to wed,
Desires it much, is instant, prays, and fees.
Is she so fair?—Nought 's more ill-favoured.
What then provokes?—Oh, she doth cough and wheeze!
Fletcher.

Curmudgeon the rich widow courts;
Nor lovely she, nor made for sports.
'T is to Curmudgeon charm enough
That she has got a church-yard cough.
Dr Hoadley.

To Lady Mary, Bellair makes addresses;
Presents he makes; sighs, presses, and professes.
Is she so fair?—No lady so ill off.
What is so captivating then?—Her cough. *Hay.*

Strephon most fierce besieges Cloe,
A nymph not over young nor showy.
What then can Strephon's love provoke?—
A charming paralytic stroke.
Westminster Review, Apr. 1853.

XI. TO SEXTILIANUS.

Seeing that there are given to a knight twice five pieces,[1] wherefore is twice ten the amount which you spend by yourself, Sextilianus, in drink? Long since would the warm water have failed the attendants who carried it, had you not, Sextilianus, been drinking your wine unmixed.[2]

When twice five copper coins to a knight are allotted,
With twice ten must Sextilian alone be besotted?
Wave the tepid had fail'd the meek ministers sure,
If Sextilian's good nature had scrupled the pure.
Elphinston.

XII. ON REGULUS.

Where the road runs to the towers of the cool Tivoli, sacred to Hercules, and the hoary Albula[3] smokes with sulphureous waters, a milestone, the fourth from the neighbouring city, points out a country retreat, and a hallowed grove, and a domain well beloved of the Muses. Here a rude portico used to afford cool shade in summer; a portico, ah! how nearly the desperate cause of an unheard-of calamity: for suddenly it fell in ruins, after Regulus had just been conveyed in a carriage and pair from under its high fabric. Truly Dame Fortune feared our complaints, as she would have been unable to withstand so great odium. Now even our loss delights us; so beneficial is the impression which the very danger produces; since, while standing, the edifice could not have proved to us the existence of the gods.

[1] Ten sesterces, the usual *sportula*, or donation from the emperor.
[2] The Romans used to drink their wine mixed with warm water.
[3] A plain near Tivoli.
[4] See Addison, Letter from Italy:—

And hoary Albula's infected tide
O'er the warm bed of smoking sulphur glide.

Near Hercules' fane, and Tibur's cooling streams,
Where Albu vapours forth pale sulphurous streams,
Meadows and lands are seen, a sacred grove,
Four miles from Rome, the Muses' care and love:
A rude old portico, near these high-raised,
For grateful shade in heats of summer praised,
A monstrous fact committed had well nigh;
As Regulus in 's chariot passed by,
The ponderous fabric rush'd unto the ground,
And him and 's train did only not confound;
But Fortune did our plaints and curses fear,
Nor equal was the odious crime to bear.
The ruin pleases now; which did not prove,
While yet it stood, what care the gods above
Have of good men,—their guardianship and love.

Anon. 1695.

On Tibur's road, to where Alcides towers,
And hoary Anio smoking sulphur pours;
Where laugh the lawns, and groves to Muses dear,
And the fourth stone bespeaks Augusta near,
An antique porch prolong'd the summer shade:
What a new deed her dotage half essay'd!
Reeling, herself she threw with instant crash,
Where Regulus scarce pass'd in his calash.
Sly Fortune started, for herself aware;
Nor could the overwhelming odium bear.
Thus ruins ravish us, and dangers teach:
Still-standing piles could no protection preach.

Elphinston.

XIII. ON ARRIA AND PÆTUS.

When the chaste Arria handed to her Pætus the sword which she had with her own hand drawn forth from her heart, "If you believe me," said she, "the wound which I have made gives me no pain; but it is that which *you* will make, Pætus, that pains me."

When Arria to her Pætus gave the sword,
With which her chaste and faithful breast she 'd gored,
"Trust me," said she, "that I myself have slain
I do not grieve; 't is thy death gives me pain."

Anon. 1695.

When the chaste Arria drew the reeking sword
From her own breast, and gave it to her lord,
"This wound," she said, "believe me, I despise;
I feel the dagger by which Pætus dies." *Hay.*

When the chaste Arria gave the reeking sword,
Drawn from her bowels, to her honour'd lord,
"Pætus," she cried, "for this I do not grieve,
But for the wound that Pætus must receive."
Rev. Mr Scott, 1773.

Thus to her much-loved virtuous lord,
With tender grief oppress'd,
Chaste Arria said, and gave the sword
Drawn reeking from her breast:
"Believe me, Pætus, void of pain
I 've found the pointed steel;
But, oh! the wound that you 'll sustain,
That wound I doubly feel."
Bouquet, Dublin, 1784.

When from her breast chaste Arria snatch'd the sword,
And gave the deathful weapon to her lord,
"My wound," she said, "believe me, does not smart;
But thine alone, my Pætus, pains my heart." *Melmoth.*

When Arria to her Pætus gave the steel
Which from her bleeding side did newly part,
"For my own wound," she said, "no pain I feel;
And yet thy wound will stab me to the heart." *Sedley.*

When Arria, from her wounded side,
To Pætus gave the reeking steel,
"I feel not what I 've done," she cried;—
"What Pætus is to do, I feel." *Dr Hoadley.*

XIV. TO DOMITIAN.

The pastimes, Cæsar, the sports and the play of the lions, we have seen: your arena affords you the additional sight of the captured hare returning often in safety from the kindly tooth, and running at large through the open jaws. Whence is it that the greedy lion can spare his captured prey? He is said to be yours: thence it is that he can show mercy.

Thy lions, mighty Cæsar, shed the glee
On serried nations, they but mean for thee,
When with the gentle tooth and generous jaws
The captive wantons, conscious of applause.
Whence has the savage learn'd his prey to spare?
Thine, Cæsar, is the lion; thine the hare. *Elphinston.*

XV. TO JULIUS.

Oh! thou who art regarded by me, Julius, as second to none of my companions, if well-tried friendship and long-standing ties are worth anything, already nearly a sixtieth consul is pressing upon thee, and thy life numbers but a few more uncertain days. Not wisely wouldst thou defer the enjoyment which thou seest may be denied thee, or consider the past alone as thine own. Cares and linked chains of disaster are in store; joys abide not, but take flight with winged speed. Seize them with either hand, and with thy full grasp; even thus they will oft-times pass away and glide from thy closest embrace. 'T is not, believe me, a wise man's part to say, "I will live." To-morrow's life is too late: live to-day.

Thou, whom (if faith or honour recommends
A friend) I rank amongst my dearest friends,
Remember, you are now almost threescore;
Few days of life remain, if any more.
Defer not, what no future time insures:
And only what is past, esteem that yours.
Successive cares and trouble for you stay;
Pleasure not so; it nimbly fleets away.
Then seize it fast; embrace it ere it flies;
In the embrace it vanishes and dies.
"I 'll live to-morrow," will a wise man say?
To-morrow is too late, then live to-day. *Hay.*

Julius, my friend,—for well thy worth may claim,
And long-tried faith, that highly honour'd name,—
The sixtieth winter wreaths with grey thy brows,
And fewer grow the days that Fate allows.
Then reckon not on years thou ne'er mayst see
Nor be the past alone enjoy'd by thee.
For cares await thee and fell sorrow's sting,
While Pleasure flies, for ever on the wing.
Then seize her, if thou canst, with both thy hands,
And firmly, for she 'scapes the tightest bands.
No sage will e'er "I 'll live to-morrow" say:
To-morrow is too late: live thou to-day. *W. S. B.*

XVI. TO AVITUS.

Of the epigrams which you read here, some are good, some

middling, many bad: a book, Avitus, cannot be made in any other way.

Some good, and some so-so, most of them naught!
Well, if no worse, the book may still be bought. *Anon.*

Some things are good, indifferent some, some naught,
You read: a book can't otherwise be wrote. *Anon.* 1695.

Here some good things, some middling, more bad, you will see:
Else a book, my Avitus, it never could be. *Elphinston.*

XVII. TO TITUS.

Titus urges me to go to the Bar, and often tells me, "The gains are large." The gains of the husbandman, Titus, are likewise large.[1]

Thou urgest me to plead; dost oft repeat,
"How great it is a wrong cause to defeat!"
That which the ploughman does is also great.
Anon. 1695.

XVIII. TO TUCCA, ON HIS PARSIMONY.

What pleasure can it give you, Tucca, to mix with old Falernian wine new wine stored up in Vatican casks? What vast amount of good has the most worthless of wine done you? or what amount of evil has the best wine done you? As for us, it is a small matter; but to murder Falernian, and to put poisonous wine in a Campanian cask, is an atrocity. Your guests may possibly have deserved to perish: a wine-jar of such value has not deserved to die.

Tucca, what strange delight is this of thine,
To mix the noblest with the vilest wine?
What so great good, from bad, didst e'er receive?
Or of what good did thee the good bereave?
Our throats to cut may no great matter be;
To slay Falernian is a high degree
Of murder; rich Campanian wine t' abuse,
I' th' generous grape rank poison to infuse.
Thy guests may possibly deserve their bane;
Such precious liquor cannot to be slain. *Anon.* 1695.

[1] Martial intimates that he should like the Bar as little as he likes agriculture.

XIX. TO ÆLIA.

If I remember right, Ælia, you had four teeth; a cough displaced two, another two more. You can now cough without anxiety all the day long. A third cough can find nothing to do in your mouth.

Ælia just four teeth had, if I told right;
One cough ejected two, another two:
Now she may cough securely day and night;
There 's nothing left for the third cough to do.
Fletcher.

When Gammer Gurton first I knew,
Four teeth in all she reckon'd:
Comes a damn'd cough and whips out two,
And t' other two a second.

Courage, old Dame, and never fear
The third whene'er it comes;
Give me but t' other jug of beer,
And I 'll insure your gums. *Tom Brown.*

XX. TO CÆCILIANUS.

Tell me, what madness is this? While a whole crowd of invited guests is looking on, you alone, Cæcilianus, devour the truffles. What shall I imprecate on you worthy of so large a stomach and throat? That you may eat a truffle such as Claudius ate.

What brutishness is this? When friends you treat,
They looking on, alone you mushrooms eat;
What on such gluttony shall I implore?
May'st Claudius' mushrooms eat, and ne'er eat more!
Anon. 1695.

XXI. ON PORSENA AND MUCIUS SCÆVOLA.

When the hand that aimed at the king mistook for him his secretary, it thrust itself to perish into the sacred fire but the generous foe could not endure so cruel a sight, and bade the hero, snatched from the flame, to be set free. The hand which, despising the fire, Mucius dared to burn, Porsena could not bear to look on. Greater was the fame and glory of that right hand from being deceived; had it not missed its aim, it had accomplished less.

When that right hand which aim'd a royal blow
Spent on a worthless slave its baffled ire,
It rush'd into the flames; but e'en the foe
Admiring snatch'd it from the sacred fire.
The pangs that fearless Scævola sustain'd,
Porsenna's eye endured not to behold:
Had it not err'd, that hand had never gain'd
So great a fame, or done a deed so bold. *Hodgson.*

The hand, which struck the servant for the king,
Did in the fire itself a victim fling.
The dreadful wonder moved the pious foe:
He snatch'd the man from flames, and let him go.
Mucius unmoved the hand to burn decreed;
Porsena could not view the tragic deed.
That hand by failing gain'd a nobler fame;
And less had done, had it not miss'd its aim. *Hay.*

XXII. TO A HARE.

Why, silly hare, are you fleeing from the fierce jaws of the lion now grown tame? They have not learned to crush such tiny animals. Those talons, which you fear, are reserved for mighty necks, nor does a thirst so great delight in so small a draught of blood. The hare is the prey of hounds; it does not fill large mouths: the Dacian boy should not fear Cæsar.

Why, gentle hare, the generous lion fly?
He has not learn'd to touch the tiny fry.
For brawny necks the griding claw remains:
Enormous thirst the petty draught disdains.
Filling no jaw, thou fall'st to dogs a prey:
Ne'er dread the Dacian boy that Cæsar slay.
Elphinston.

XXIII. TO COTTA.

You invite no one, Cotta, except those whom you meet at the bath; and the bath alone supplies you with guests. I used to wonder why you had never asked me, Cotta; I know now that my appearance in a state of nature was unpleasing in your eyes.[1]

Cotta, thou invitest none, but such with thee
Are bathed, and baths provide thee company:

[1] Compare B. iii. Ep. 50, 73; B. vii. Ep. 54.

I wonder'd long how I escaped thy call,
But now I see my naked truth spoil'd all. *Fletcher.*

XXIV. TO DECIANUS.

You see yonder individual, Decianus, with locks uncombed, whose grave brow even you fear; who talks incessantly of the Curii and Camilli, defenders of their country's liberties: do not trust his looks; he was taken to wife but yesterday.[1]

Behold the man, with careless hair,
Whose solemn supercilious air
Inspires a Decian's self with awe,
And so may well give others law;
Who talks a Curius too, and whom
A new Camillus worships Rome:
He, Decian (such the faith of face!)
Veil'd yesterday her new disgrace. *Elphinston.*

XXV. TO FAUSTINUS.

Issue at length your books to the public, Faustinus, and give to the light the work elaborated by your accomplished mind,—a work such as neither the Cecropian city of Pandion would condemn, nor our old men pass by in silence. Do you hesitate to admit Fame, who is standing before your door; and does it displease you to receive the reward of your labour? Let the writings, destined to live after you, begin to live through your means. Glory comes too late, when paid only to our ashes.

At length, Faustinus, let the world obtain
The polish'd pieces of thy learned brain,
Which the Athenian schools would highly praise,
And our old sages to the stars will raise.
Dost doubt t' admit Fame standing at thy gate?
Thy labour's just reward to bear, dost hate?
That which will *after, is* thy time let live:
Too late men praise unto our ashes give. *Anon.* 1695.

Your book, Sir George, now give to public use;
From your rich fund the polish'd piece produce:
Which will defy the Louvre's nicer laws;
And from our critics here command applause.

[1] Muliebria passus est.

Fame at your portal waits; the door why barr'd?
Why loth to take your labour's just reward?
Let works live with you, which will long survive;
For honours after death too late arrive. *Hay.*

XXVI. TO SEXTILIANUS.

Sextilianus, you drink as much as five rows of knights[1] alone: you might intoxicate yourself with water, if you so often drank as much. Nor is it the coin of those who sit near you alone that you consume in drink, but the money of those far removed from you, on the distant benches. This vintage has not been concerned with Pelignian presses, nor was this juice of the grape produced upon Tuscan heights; but it is the glorious jar of the long-departed Opimius[2] that is drained, and it is the Massic cellar that sends forth its blackened casks. Get dregs of Laletane wine from a tavern-keeper, Sextilianus, if you drink more than ten cups.[3]

In thee, the wine of five is sunk:
With as much water, thou wert drunk.
What for thy begging canst allege,
From nearest knight, and farthest wedge?
Nor owns thy grape Pelignian press;
Or vine the hardy Tuscan's dress.
Thy palate old Opimian asks;
From Massic cell the sable casks.
From tavern fetch Laletan dreg,
Above ten goblets if thou beg. *Elphinston.*

XXVII. TO PROCILLUS.

Last night I had invited you—after some fifty glasses, I suppose, had been despatched—to sup with me to-day. You immediately thought your fortune was made, and took note of my unsober words, with a precedent but too dangerous. I hate a boon companion whose memory is good, Procillus.

To sup with me, to thee I did propound,
But 't was when our full cups had oft gone round.

[1] Seated on the benches allotted them in the theatre. See Ep. 11.

[2] The vintage of B. C. 121, in which year L. Opimius was one of the consuls, was extremely celebrated, and is frequently mentioned by the Roman writers.

[3] The number to which persons at feasts usually restricted themselves

The thing thou straight concludest to be done,
Merry and sober words counting all one.
Th' example's dangerous at the highest rate;
A memorative drunkard all men hate. *Anon.* 1695.

XXVIII. ON ACERRA.

Whoever believes it is of yesterday's wine that Acerra smells, is mistaken: Acerra always drinks till morning.

Who says with last night's wine Acerra stinks,
Is much deceived: till day Acerra drinks. *Wright.*

Acerra smells of last night's wine, you say.
Don't wrong Acerra; he topes on till day. *Elphinston.*

XXIX. TO FIDENTINUS.

Report says that you, Fidentinus, recite my compositions in public as if they were your own. If you allow them to be called mine, I will send you my verses gratis; if you wish them to be called yours, pray buy them, that they may be mine no longer.

'T is said my books thou dost abroad recite,
As if my verses thou thyself didst write.
Verses I 'll gratis send, let them be mine;
Otherwise buy them, that they may be thine.
Anon. 1695.

Fame has, my Fidentine, made loudly known
That you recite my verses as your own.
If mine they be, I 'll send them you for nought:
To make them yours, by you they must be bought.
Elphinston.

XXX. ON DIAULUS.

Diaulus had been a surgeon, and is now an undertaker. He has begun to be useful to the sick in the only way that he could.

Diaulus, late who, void of skill,
Profess'd the healing art,
Now acts, in league with Pluto still,
The undertaker's part.
Bouquet, Dublin, 1782.

XXXI. TO APOLLO, ON ENCOLPUS.

Encolpus, the favourite of the centurion his master, consecrates these, the whole of the locks from his head, to thee, O Phœbus.[1] When Pudens shall have gained the pleasing honour of the chief-centurionship, which he has so well merited, cut these long tresses close, O Phœbus, as soon as possible, while the tender face is yet undisfigured with down, and while the flowing hair adorns the milk-white neck; and, that both master and favourite may long enjoy thy gifts, make him early shorn, but late a man.[2]

To thee, Apollo, vows his beauteous hair
Encolpus, minion of his master's care.
"Soon as the brave centurion shall attain
The primipilar honours, mine be slain!
While yet my modest cheeks confess no down,
While wavy ringlets snowy shoulders crown.
That lord and slave may long thy gifts enjoy,
Kind Phœbus, crop me soon; but keep me long a boy."
Elphinston.

XXXII. TO SABIDIUS.

I do not love thee, Sabidius, nor can I say why; I can only say this, I do not love thee.

I love thee not, but why, I can't display
I love thee not, is all that I can say.
Anon. 1695.

I love thee not, Sabidius; ask you why?
I do not love thee, let that satisfy! *Wright.*

The following lines, in imitation of this epigram, were made by some Oxford wit, on Dr John Fell, Bishop of Oxford, who died in 1686:

I do not love thee, Doctor Fell;
The reason why I cannot tell.
But this I 'm sure I know full well,
I do not love thee, Doctor Fell.

[1] Encolpus, a favourite of Aulus Pudens the centurion, had vowed his hair to Phœbus, in order that his master might soon be made chief centurion. Martial prays that they may both obtain what they desire.

[2] Extend his youth as long as possible.

XXXIII. ON GELLIA.

Gellia does not mourn for her deceased father, when she is alone; but if any one is present, obedient tears spring forth. He mourns not, Gellia, who seeks to be praised; he is the true mourner, who mourns without a witness.

When all alone, your tears withstand;
In company, can floods command.
Who mourns for fashion, bids us mark;
Who mourns indeed, mourns in the dark. *Anon.*

Gellia ne'er mourns her father's loss,
When no one 's by to see,
But yet her soon commanded tears
Flow in society:
To weep for praise is but a feigned moan;
He grieves most truly, that does grieve alone.
Fletcher.

Her father dead! Alone no grief she knows;
Th' obedient tear at every visit flows.
No mourner he, who must with praise be fee'd!
But he who mourns in secret, mourns indeed! *Hay.*

Gellia alone, alas! can never weep,
Though her fond father perish'd in the deep;
With company the tempest all appears,
And beauteous Gellia 's e'en dissolved in tears.
Through public grief though Gellia aims at praise,
'T is private sorrow which must merit raise.
Gentleman's Magazine, 1736.

XXXIV. TO LESBIA.

You always take your pleasure, Lesbia, with doors unguarded and open, nor are you at any pains to conceal your amusements. It is more the spectator, than the accomplice in your doings, that pleases you, nor are any pleasures grateful to your taste if they be secret. Yet the common courtesan excludes every witness by curtain and by bolt, and few are the chinks in a suburban brothel. Learn something at least of modesty from Chione, or from Alis: even the monumental edifices of the dead afford hiding-places for abandoned harlots. Does my censure seem too harsh? I do not exhort you to be chaste, Lesbia, but not to be caught.

Lesbia, thou sinn'st still with an unpinn'd door
And open, and ne'er cloak'st thy pleasure o'er;
Thy peepers more than active friends delight,
Nor are thy joys in kind, if out of sight.
But yet the common-wench, with veil and key,
Strives to expel the witness far away;
No chink doth in a brothel-house appear:
Of Alis learn, or Chione, this care.
They hide such filthiness; but, Lesbia, see
If this my censure seem too hard to be:
I do n't forbid thee to employ thy prime,—
But to be taken Lesbia, there 's the crime. *Fletcher.*

XXXV. TO CORNELIUS.

You complain, Cornelius, that the verses which I compose are little remarkable for their reserve, and not such as a master can read out in his school; but such effusions, as in the case of man and wife, cannot please without some spice of pleasantry in them. What if you were to bid me write a hymeneal song in words not suited to hymeneal occasions? Who enjoins the use of attire at the Floral-games, and imposes on the courtesan the reserve of the matron? This law has been allowed to frolicsome verses, that without tickling the fancy they cannot please. Lay aside, therefore, your severe look, I beseech you, and spare my jokes and gaiety, and do not desire to mutilate my compositions. Nothing is more disgusting than Priapus become a priest of Cybele.

My verses are too loose, you say:
Not such as a school-master may
Read to 's boys. But such books as these
(Like husbands with their wives) do n't please
Without the prick of wantonness.
Bid mee as well sing nuptials
In words befitting funerals!
Who would at Floral games permit
Whores clad in modest robes to sit?
This law to epigrams allow'd,
They may with lustfull itch go proud.
Therefore, severity, away!
Indulge my sportive Muse, I pray?
Nor seek to geld my wanton books:
A gelt Priapus ugly looks. *Old MS. 17th Cent.*

That I rhyme unchasten'd wrte,
Which a master may n't recite;
That I thus my muse deny
To the guiltless funny fry;
Thou, Cornelius, dost decree:
But shalt own thou injurest me.
Witty lays, like man and wife,
Must not always be at strife;
And, like them, but please by half,
If they do not often laugh.
Would'st thou bid Thalassus speak,
Not in Latin, but in Greek?
Who can clothe the Floral game?
Who allows a harlot shame?
Such the rule of jocund strains:
Wit no point, unsmiling, gains.
Count castration death by law:
Let the God of Gardens awe.
What a paltry god were he,
Dubb'd a sage of Cybele! *Elphinston.*

XXXVI. TO THE BROTHERS LUCANUS AND TULLUS.

If, Lucanus, to thee, or if to thee, Tullus, had been offered such fates as the Laconian children of Leda enjoy, there would have been this noble struggle of affection in both of you, that each would have wished to die first in place of his brother; and he who should have first descended to the nether realms of shade would have said, "Live, brother, thine own term of days; live also mine."

Fraternal love in such strong currents runs,
That, were your fate like that of Leda's sons,
This were the single, but the generous, strife,
Which for the other first should yield his life:
He first would cry, who first should breath resign,
Live thou, dear brother, both thy days and mine. *Hay.*

XXXVII. TO BASSUS.

You deposit your excretions, without any sense of shame, into an unfortunate vessel of gold, while you drink out of glass. The former operation, consequently, is the more expensive.

For nameless use, thou blushless usest go d;
But quaff'st in glass; frugality befool'd! *Elphinston.*

XXXVIII. TO FIDENTINUS.

The book which you are reading aloud is mine, Fidentinus but, while you read it so badly, it begins to be yours.

The book thou read'st is mine, my Fidentine;
But now thou read'st so ill, 't is surely thine. *Fletcher.*

The verses, friend, which thou hast read, are mine;
But, as thou read'st them, they may pass for thine.
Bouquet.

With faulty accents, and so vile a tone,
You quote my lines, I took them for your own. *Anon.*

XXXIX. TO DECIANUS.

If there be any man fit to be numbered among one's few choice friends, a man such as the honesty of past times and ancient renown would readily acknowledge; if any man thoroughly imbued with the accomplishments of the Athenian and Latin Minervas, and exemplary for true integrity; if there be any man who cherishes what is right, and admires what is honourable, and asks nothing of the gods but what all may hear; if there be any man sustained by the strength of a great mind, may I die, if that man is not Decianus.

Is there t' enroll among the friendly few,
Whose names pure faith and ancient fame renew?
Is there, enrich'd with virtue's honest store,
Deep versed in Latian and Athenian lore?
Is there who right maintains and truth pursues,
Nor knows a wish that Heaven can refuse?
Is there who can on his great self depend?
Now let me die, but Harris is this friend. *Dr Hoadley.*

Is there a friend, like those distinguish'd few,
Renown'd for faith, whom former ages knew;
Polish'd by art, in every science wise;
Truly sincere, and good without disguise;
Guardian of right, who doth by honour steer;
Who makes no prayer but all the world may hear;
Who doth on fortitude of mind depend?
I know indeed, but dare not name, that friend. *Hay.*

To Sir Theodore Janssen, Chamberlain of the City of London.

If there 's one shall arise among all his rare friends,
Whose famed honour and virtue knows no private ends;

If one whose great skill leaves us much at a strife,
If in arts he excels, or most simple in life;
If one who 's the guardian of honesty's cause,
And in secret asks nothing against divine laws;
If there 's one, who on greatness of mind builds his plan,
May I die if the Chamberlain won't be the man!
Rev. Mr Scott, 1763

XL. TO AN ENVIOUS MAN.

You who make grimaces, and read these verses of mine with an ill grace, you, victim of jealousy, may, if you please, envy everybody; nobody will envy you.

Who read'st these lines, from rancorous spleen not free,
May'st envy all, and none e'er envy thee! *Anon.* 1695

XLI. TO CÆCILIUS.

You imagine yourself, Cæcilius, a man of wit. You are no such thing, believe me. What then? A low buffoon; such a thing as wanders about in the quarters beyond the Tiber, and barters pale-coloured sulphur matches for broken glass; such a one as sells boiled peas and beans to the idle crowd; such as a lord and keeper of snakes; or as a common servant of the salt-meat-sellers; or a hoarse-voiced cook who carries round smoking sausages in steaming shops; or the worst of street poets; or a blackguard slave-dealer from Gades;[1] or a chattering old debauchee. Cease at length, therefore, to imagine yourself that which is imagined by you alone, Cæcilius, you who could have silenced Gabba, and even Testius Caballus, with your jokes. It is not given to every one to have taste;[2] he who jests with a stupid effrontery is not a Testius, but a Caballus.[3]

Thou think'st thyselfe a sparke o' th' towne,
But art in deed a fowle-mouth'd clowne:
Like those i' th' suburbs making cry;
For broaken glass who 'll matches buy?
Or those i' th' play-house goe about
Selling their ginger-bread to th' rout;
Or jugler that with snakes decoys
Men in, or rougy tumblers' boys:

[1] See Juvenal xi. 162, and Mayor's note.
[2] *Habere nasum*, i. e. be a good critic.
[3] A play on the word *Caballus*, which, as an appellative noun, meant a hack-horse.

Or hee with moving oven cries,
Till hee bee hoarse, hott pudding-pyes;
Or him makes farces, but not well;
Or the stern beadle of Bridewell;
Or an old lecher's beastly talke.
To thinke thyselfe a wit then bauke,
Since none but thine owne selfe thinks so:
Or that Will Davenant you outgoe,
Or Killegrew, in witty droleing.
All have not the right knack of fooling:
Who still with wittless rudeness jeasts
Playes horse-play, not for man, but beasts.
Old MS. 17th Cent

Cecil, thou a witty knave!
No: thou 'rt but a saucy slave,
And might'st 'yond the Tiber pass,
Trucking march with broken glass;
Or dispense the vetches drown'd,
To the gaping mob around:
Arch enough for viper-quack,
Master of the huckster's clack:
Nay, of croak full hoarre to cry,
"Smoking sausage, who will buy?"
Poet, for the city-scum;
Showman, fresh from Gades come:
Mouth effusing such delights,
As a doting catamite's.
Cecil, then, no more conceive,
What thou canst alone believe.
Jokes thou may'st with Galba spit,
Sexty Stallion may'st outwit.
But, on this assured repose:
Every face has not a nose;
Nor can every pert rascallion
Be a Sexty, though a Stallion. *Elphinston.*

XLII. ON PORCIA.

When Porcia had heard the fate of her consort Brutus, and her grief was seeking the weapon, which had been carefully removed from her, "Ye know not yet," she cried, "that death cannot be denied: I had supposed that my father had taught you this lesson by his fate." She spoke, and with eager mouth swallowed the blazing coals. "Go now, officious attendants, and refuse me a sword, if you will."

When Brutus' fate fame unto Porcia brought,
And friends withheld the arms her sorrow sought,
"I thought," said she, "my father, when he died,
Taught ye that death to none can be denied."
She spoke, and greedily devour'd the fire.
"Go now, officious throng, vainly conspire
The weapons to deny, my grief's desire." *Anon.* 1695.

When Porcia was inform'd her lord was dead;
And the stolen dagger sought in vain, she said,
"Think ye, the means are wanting to expire?
Are ye so ill instructed by my sire?"
The burning coals then greedily devour'd;
Crying, "Unkind attendants, keep the sword." *Hay.*

When the sad tale, how Brutus fell, was brought,
And slaves refused the weapon Porcia sought;
"Know ye not yet," she said, with towering pride,
"Death is a boon that cannot be denied?
I thought my father amply had imprest
This simple truth upon each Roman breast."
Dauntless she gulph'd the embers as they flamed,
And, while their heat within her raged, exclaim'd,
"Now, troublous guardians of a life abhorr'd,
Still urge your caution, and refuse the sword." *Geo. Lamb.*

XLIII. ON MANCINUS.

Twice thirty were invited to your table, Mancinus, and nothing was placed before us yesterday but a wild-boar. Nowhere were to be seen grapes preserved from the late vines, or apples vying in flavour with sweet honey-combs; nowhere the pears which hang suspended by flexible twigs, or pomegranates the colour of summer roses: nor did the rustic basket supply its milky cheeses, or the olive emerge from its Picenian jar. Your wild-boar was by itself: and it was even of the smallest size, and such a one as might have been slaughtered by an unarmed dwarf. Besides, none of it was given us; we simply looked on it as spectators. This is the way in which even the arena places a wild-boar before us. May no wild-boar be placed before you after such doings, but may you be placed before the boar in front of which Charidemus was placed.[1]

Thine invited were yesterday, Mancin, threescore;
Nor was anything served to thy guests, but a boar.

[1] By Domitian, to be torn in pieces. See Sueton. *Life of Domit.*

Not the grapes, that the last from their parent depend;
Not the apples, that with the sweet comb can contend;
Not the pears, that are bound by the limberly broom:
Or pomegranates, so like fleeting roses in bloom;
Not a cone of rich clots, from the country afar;
Not an olive Picenum had pent in a jar.
Naked Aper, quite harmless, the company charm'd;
And confess'd himself slain by a pigmy unarm'd.
But our eyes had the sense, which alone he would feast:
On the sand have we often admired such a beast:
Hence to thee be a tusker presented no more:
But be thou, Charidemus-like, served to a boar. *Elphinston.*

XLIV. TO STELLA.

If it seems to you too much, Stella, that my longer and shorter compositions are occupied with the frisky gambols of the hares and the play of the lions, and that I go over the same subject twice, do you also place a hare twice before me.

If twice the hares and lions sporting be
A subject, Stella, trivial unto thee,
Revenge thyself upon me with like fare;
Invite me twice, and set before me hare. *Anon.* 1695.

XLV. ON HIS BOOK.

That the care which I have bestowed upon what I have published may not come to nothing through the smallness of my volumes, let me rather fill up my verses with Τὸν δ' ἀναμειβόμενος.[1]

Lest, in air, the mere lightness my distichs should toss,
I had rather sing Τὸν δ' ἀναμειβόμενος. *Elphinston.*

XLVI. AD HEDYLUM.

Cum dicis propero, fac si facis, Hedyle, languet
Protinus, et cessat debilitata Venus.
Expectare jube: velocius ibo retentus:
Hedyle, si properas, dic mihi, ne properem.

A EDILO.

Quando dici mi spiccio, spicciati, o Edilo, in un subito priapo si anerva, e'l piacere abbattuto perde forza. Di ch'io m'arresti: vo

[1] Let me rather use frequent repetitions, just as Homer frequently repeats these words.

più presto quando son rattenuto. O Edilo, se ti spiaci dirammelo, acciò io vadi adagio. *Graglia.*

When thou say'st I hasten to 't,
Do it if thou mean'st to do 't,
Hedyla, delay'd desire
Soon languishes, and doth expire.
Command me to expect, then I,
Withheld, shall run more speedily;
But, Hedyla, if thou dost haste,
Tell me, that I not come too fast. *Fletcher.*

XLVII. ON DIAULUS.

Diaulus, lately a doctor, is now an undertaker: what he does as an undertaker, he used to do also as a doctor.

Diaule the doctor is a sexton made:
Though he is changed, he changeth not his trade.
Wright.

The Doctor's late, is now the Dismal's lore:
What Dismal does, the Doctor did before. *Elphinston.*

XLVIII. ON THE LION AND HARE.

The keepers could not snatch the bulls from those wide jaws, through which the fleeting prey, the hare, goes and returns in safety; and, what is still more strange, he starts from his foe with increased swiftness, and contracts something of the great nobleness of the lion's nature. He is not safer when he courses along the empty arena, nor with equal feeling of security does he hide him in his hutch. If, venturous hare, you seek to avoid the teeth of the hounds, you have the jaws of the lion to which you may flee for refuge.

In the jaws that deny all retreat to a bull,
See the hare come and go; and his gambol is full.
O'er his flight as fell fear has lost all her control;
From the foe he takes fire, by contagion of soul.

Not more safe in the course, when thou wanton'st alone;
Or so safe, when thou boastest a home of thine own.
The dire dogs to cast off, thou hast, puss, one sure feat:
In the mouth of the lion thou 'lt find a retreat.
Elphinston.

XLIX. TO LICINIANUS.

O thou, whose name must not be left untold by Celti-

berian nations, thou the honour of our common country, Spain, thou, Licinianus, wilt behold the lofty Bilbilis, renowned for horses and arms, and Catus [1] venerable with his locks of snow, and sacred Vadavero with its broken cliffs, and the sweet grove of delicious Botrodus, which the happy Pomona loves. Thou wilt breast the gently-flowing water of the warm Congedus and the calm lakes of the Nymphs, and thy body, relaxed by these, thou mayst brace up in the little Salo, which hardens iron. There Voberca [2] herself will supply for thy meals animals which may be brought down close at hand. The serene summer heat thou wilt disarm by bathing in the golden Tagus, hidden beneath the shades of trees; thy greedy thirst the fresh Dercenna will appease, and Nutha, which in coldness surpasses snow. But when hoar December and the furious solstice shall resound with the hoarse blasts of the north-wind, thou wilt again seek the sunny shores of Tarraco and thine own Laletania. There thou wilt despatch hinds caught in thy supple toils, and native boars; and thou wilt tire out the cunning hare with thy hardy steed; the stags thou wilt leave to thy bailiff. The neighbouring wood will come down into thy very hearth, surrounded as it will be with a troop of uncombed children. The huntsman will be invited to thy table, and many a guest called in from the neighbourhood will come to thee. The crescent-adorned boot [3] will be nowhere to be seen, nowhere the toga and garments smelling of purple dye. Far away will be the ill-favoured Liburnian porter [4] and the grumbling client; far away the imperious demands of widows. The pale criminal will not break thy deep sleep, but all the morning long thou wilt enjoy thy slumber. Let another earn the grand and wild "Bravo!" Do thou pity such happy ones, and enjoy without pride true delight, while your friend Sura is crowned with applause. Not unduly does life demand of us our few remaining days, when fame has as much as is sufficient.

'Mong Celtiberians, thou much-famed man,
Spayne's praise, Licinian,
Now thou fayre Bilbilis' high-seated ground,
For horse and arms renown'd,

[1] Catus and Vadavero are names of mountains near Bilbilis. Botrodus is a small town; Congedus and Salo, rivers.
[2] The name of a town. Dercenna and Nutha are fountains.
[3] Worn by senators. [4] See Juvenal, iv. 75

And old Vadoveron's snow-white bared head
With craggy cliffs bespread,
And lonely Botrod's pleasant groves, wilt see,
Where the brave orchards bee;
In warme Congede to swimm, thyselfe betake,
Or some such pleasant lake:
Or bind thy pores in Salon's shallow flood,
Which harden'd steele makes good.
Voberta's game comes as you dine to th' hand,
And to bee shott will stand:
On golden Tagus' shady banks you may
Shunn the sun's scorching ray:
And, with springs cooler than the snow, the rage
Of greedy thirst assuage.
When feeble winter and December hoare
With hoarse north-winds doth roare,
To Tarracon's warme beech you may retreat,
Or Laletanian heat;
There deere caught in the yielding toyles you may,
Or home-fedd brawners, slay;
Or subtle hares with stronger horse runn downe,
Leaving the stagg to the clowne.
The neighbouring wood large fyres to your hearthe finds,
Begirt with dirty hinds.
Your fellow-huntsman there you 'll make a guest,
Or your next neighbour feast;
From press of suitors and lords' companie
And roabes perfumed free;
From horrid cryers and bold widdows' voyce,
And peevish clyents' noyse;
No pale dependant your sound sleepes shall breake,
With you i' th' morne to speak.
Whilst others purchase great applause, but vayne,
Pity their hapless gaine.
Enjoy true bliss, nor envious bee, whene'er
Your Sura's prayse you heare:
Boldly you may, with fame enough now blest,
Live to yourselfe the rest.

Old MS. 17th Cent.

L. TO ÆMILIANUS.

If your cook, Æmilianus, is called Mistyllus, why should not mine be called Taratalla?[1]

If a cook-boy, by thee, may Mistyllus be hight;
Taratalla to clep him, commences my right. *Elphinston.*

[1] A meaningless jest, taken from Homer's words (Il. i. 465), μιστυλλόν θ' ἅρα τἆλλα, ε.τ.λ.

LI. TO A HARE.

No neck, save the proudest, serves for the fierce lion. Why dost thou, vain-glorious hare, flee from these teeth? No doubt thou wouldst wish them to stoop from the huge bull to thee, and to crush a neck which they cannot see. The glory of an illustrious death must be an object of despair to thee. Thou, a tiny prey, canst not fall before such an enemy!

On nervous necks behold him hang;
Proud puss, why fear the lion's fang?
From bulls would he descend to thee,
Or crush the bones he cannot see?
Then soar not to a fate so high;
Nor hope by such a foe to die. *Elphinston.*

LII. TO QUINCTIANUS.

To thee, Quinctianus, do I commend my books, if indeed I can call books mine, which thy poet recites.[1] If they complain of a grievous yoke, do thou come forward as their advocate, and defend them efficiently; and when he calls himself their master, say that they were mine, but have been given[2] by me to the public. If thou wilt proclaim this three or four times, thou wilt bring shame on the plagiary.

Dear Quintian, to thy happy powers
Our lays (if I may call them ours,
Which thy bold bard will needs recite,
And swear that once himself could write)
I with just confidence commend;
And shall exact it of my friend,
That, if they heavy bondage wail,
Thou stand their claimant and their bail:
So when himself the culprit calls
The owner of the wretched thralls,
That them as mine thou redemand,
As sent to freedom from my hand.
This truth if o'er and o'er thou bawl,
The thief thou 'lt redden and appal. *Elphinston.*

LIII. TO FIDENTINUS.

One page only in my books belongs to you, Fidentinus,

[1] A poet that recited verses to Quinctianus; the same, probably, that is mentioned in the next epigram.

[2] Manumitted; released from my portfolio.

but it bears the sure stamp of its master, and accuses your verses of glaring theft. Just so does a Gallic frock coming in contact with purple city cloaks stain them with grease and filth; just so do Arretine[1] pots disgrace vases of crystal; so is a black crow, straying perchance on the banks of the Cayster, laughed to scorn amid the swans of Leda: and so, when the sacred grove resounds with the music of the tuneful nightingale, the miscreant magpie disturbs her Attic plaints. *My* books need no one to accuse or judge you: the page which is yours stands up against you and says, "You are a thief."

To steale my bookes thou 'rt greedy, but unwise,
To thinke thou 'rt poett made at the same price
A booke 's transcribed, or a slight volume sold.
Wisedom 's not purchased for few summs of gold.
Seeke some obscurer lines and ruder paynes
Of one who th' virgin issue of his braines
Keepes locked up to any's eye unknowne,
By any's lipps unkissed but his owne.
A well-knowne booke can't shift its authour. Yett
If you one with unpolish'd front would gett,
Never yett bound or boss'd, I such can show:
Buy them, and whence you had them none shall know.
Who others' lines does as his owne rehearse,
Had need his silence buy as well as verse.

Old MS. 17th Cent.

I' th' book th' ast filch'd from me, one page alone
Is thine, and to be thine is so well known,
If all the rest proclaims to be purloin'd.
So greasy homespun cloth, to scarlet join'd,
Its lustre as it wrongs and does defile,
Itself it also renders the more vile:
So crystal cups, with earthen set in place,
The worse they suit, the more themselves disgrace:
In consort thus, ridiculous does show
Among the milk-white swans a rascal crow:
A chatt'ring pie's harsh notes in grove so sound,
Where quires of charming nightingales abound.
I need no critic's aid for my relief;
Thy own vile verse rights me, and calls thee thief.

Anon. 1695.

[1] Earthen pots from Arretium, a town of Etruria.

LIV. TO FUSCUS.

If, Fuscus, thou hast room to receive still more affection, (for thou hast friends around thee on all sides), I ask thee for one place in thy heart, if one still remains vacant, and that thou wilt not refuse because I am a stranger to thee: all thy old friends were so once. Simply consider whether he who is presented to you a stranger is likely to become an old friend.

You, whom your faithful friends surround,
Can there within your breast be found
One spot another friend to grace?
Oh! grant to me that happy place
Refuse me not, because untried;
So once were all your friends beside.
Weigh well the man; for from the new
May grow a good old friend and true *Hay.*

If yet one corner in thy breast
Remains, good Fuscus, unpossess'd
(For many a friend, I know, is thine),
Give me to boast that corner mine.
Nor thou the honour'd place I sue
Refuse to an acquaintance new.
The oldest friend of all thy store
Was once, 'tis certain, nothing more.
It matters not how late the choice,
If but approved by reason's voice!
Then let thy sole inquiry be,
If thou canst find such worth in me
That, constant as the years are roll'd,
Maturos new friendship into old. *Melmoth.*

LV. TO FRONTO.

If thou, Fronto, so distinguished an ornament of military and civil life, desirest to learn the wishes of thy friend Marcus, he prays for this, to be the tiller of his own farm, nor that a large one, and he loves inglorious repose in an unpretending sphere. Does any one haunt the porticoes of cold variegated Spartan marble, and run to offer, like a fool, his morning greetings, when he might, rich with the spoils of grove and field, unfold before his fire his well-filled nets, and

lift the leaping fish with the quivering line, and draw forth the yellow honey from the red[1] cask, while a plump housekeeper loads his unevenly-propped table, and his own eggs are cooked by an unbought fire? That the man who loves not me may not love this life, is my wish; and let him drag out life pallid with the cares of the city.

Well then, Sir, you shall know how far extend
The prayers and hopes of your poetic friend:
He does not palaces nor manors crave,
Would be no lord, but less a lord would have
The ground he holds, if he his own can call,
He quarrels not with heaven because 'tis small:
Let gay and toilsome greatness others please,—
He loves of homely littleness the ease.
Can any man in gilded rooms attend,
And his dear hours in humble visits spend,
When in the fresh and beauteous fields he may
With various healthful pleasures fill the day?
If there be man (ye gods!) I ought to hate,
Dependence and attendance be his fate.
Still let him busy be, and in a crowd,
And very much a slave, and very proud:
Thus he perhaps powerful and rich may grow;
No matter, O ye gods! that I'll allow;
But let him peace and freedom never see:
Let him not love this life, who loves not me. *Cowley.*

Since you, whom all the world admires,
Would know what your poor friend desires;
Some little spot of earth he prays,
To pass *incognito* his days.
Who 'd bear the noisy pomp of state,
Or crowd of clients at his gate,
That might, in his own fields and wood,
Find his diversion and his food?
His ponds with various fishes stored;
The bees for him their honey hoard;
A nut-brown lass, both kind and neat,
To make his bed, and dress his meat.
He that hates me, or likes not this,
May he ne'er taste so sweet a bliss,
But, fool'd by riches and renown,
Still stay behind, and rot in town!

Bouquet, Dublin, 1784.

[1] Stained with vermilion.

LVI. TO A VINTNER.

Harassed with continual rains, the vineyard drips with wet. You cannot sell us, vintner, even though you wish, neat wine.

So constant pours the harassd vintage swell,
Thou canst not, if thou wouldst, unmingled sell.
Elphinston.

LVII. TO FLACCUS.

Do you ask what sort of maid I desire or dislike, Flaccus? I dislike one too easy, and one too coy. The just mean, which lies between the two extremes, is what I approve; I like neither that which tortures, nor that which cloys.

Wouldst know what temper I to love would choose?
What maid I like, and what I would refuse?
I neither like the facile, nor the coy,
The overhard, nor easy to enjoy:
A mean 'twixt both I rather do approve,
She that nor racks, nor cloys, the sweets of love.
Anon. 1695.

You ask me, dear friend, "What lass I 'd enjoy:"
I would have one that 's neither too coming nor coy,
A medium is best, that gives us no pain,
By too much indulgence, or too much disdain. *Hay.*

You ask, were I to change my life,
What kind of girl I 'd take to wife?
Not one who coy or easy seems,
I hate alike the two extremes;
She satiates who at first complies,
She starves my love who long denies.
The maid must not, I 'd call my own,
Say "No" too oft, or "Yes" too soon. *Anon.*

Ask you, my friend, what kind of she I 'd choose?
Not one too difficult, or one too loose;
The moderate fair, indifferently coy,
With sense to please, but not too free to cloy;
Whose passions 'twixt the wide extremes are put:
I love no torment, and I hate a slut. *Gent. Mag.* 1737.

LVIII. DE PUERI PRETIO.

Millia pro puero centum me mango poposcit:
Risi ego: sed Phœbus protinus illa dedit.

Hoc dolet et queritur de me mea mentula mecum,
Laudaturque meam Phœbus in invidiam.
Sed sestertiolum donavit mentula Phœbo
Bis decies; hoc da tu mihi, pluris emam.

DEL PREZZO D'UN GIOVINOTTO.

Il sensale mi dimandò cento milla sesterzi per un giovinotto: io risi: ma Febo incontanente gli diede. Questo mi andò al cuore, e la mia mentola si lagnò meco di me stesso, e Febo è lodato in sprezzo di me. Ma la mentola diede a Febo venti volte cento milla sesterzi. Dammi tu questo, che lo pagherò anche di più.

Graglia.

LIX. TO FLACCUS.

The sportula[1] at Baiæ brings me in a hundred farthings; of what use is such a miserable sum in the midst of such sumptuous baths? Give me back the darksome baths of Lupus and Gryllus. When I sup so scantily, Flaccus, why should I bathe so luxuriously?

An humble hundred, Baian bounty gives:
Amid so nigh deiights, what hunger lives!
Restore me Lupus' baths, and Gryllus' gloom:
Why bathe in state, if starving be my doom?

Elphinston.

LX. ON THE LION AND HARE.

Hare, although thou enterest the wide jaws of the fierce lion, still he imagines his mouth to be empty. Where is the back on which he shall rush? where the shoulders on which he shall fall? where shall he fix those deep bites which he inflicts on young bulls? why dost thou in vain weary the lord and monarch of the groves? 'T is only on the wild prey of his choice that he feeds.

In the muzzle's dread repair,
Scarce the hero feels the hare.
Glee, my lev'ret, may be thine;
Can he rush upon thy chine?
On thy shoulder can he bound?
Where infix the fatal wound?
Vainly, trifler, dost thou scud;
Vainly proffer paltry blood;

[1] *Sportula.* A present from the richer class to the poorer; nominally the price of a supper. See Dict. Antiqq. s. v

Vainly plague the king of groves:
He for royal victims roves. *Elphinston.*

LXI. TO LICINIANUS, ON THE COUNTRIES OF CELEBRATED AUTHORS.

Verona loves the verses of her learned Poet; Mantua is blest in her Maro; the territory of Apona is renowned for its Livy, its Stella, and not less for its Flaccus. The Nile, whose waters are instead of rain, applauds its Apollodorus; the Pelignians vaunt their Ovid. Eloquent Cordova speaks of its two Senecas and its single and preëminent Lucan. Voluptuous Gades delights in her Canius,[1] Emerita in my friend Decianus. Our Bilbilis will be proud of you, Licinianus, nor will be altogether silent concerning me.

Whilst Milton 's read, or silver Thames shall run,
Will great Augusta boast her greater son.
Avon shall flow as proud of Shakspear's name,
Alike in genius, and the next in fame.
Waller polite from Hertford's bounds removes,
To court the fair in Penshurst's ravish'd groves.
The lofty Denham, from Hibernia's shore,
Makes Cooper's Hill what Pindus was before.
Hear Cowley's infant cries! the town he hates:
Bear him, ye swans, to Chertsey's green retreats.
But let her Prior in the town remain,
With well-wrought tales his town to entertain.
The Coritani deck their Dryden's bays:
Th' accomplish'd Addison his Belgæ praise.
Pope's Windsor Dryads listen to his verse;
And at his grot the Naiads slack their course.
Cornavian climes the merry Butler bore:
And tender Otway graced my native shore.[2] *Hay.*

LXII. ON LÆVINA.

Lævina, so chaste as to rival even the Sabine women of old, and more austere than even her stern husband, chanced, while intrusting herself sometimes to the waters of the Lucrine lake, sometimes to those of Avernus, and while frequently refreshing herself in the baths of Baiæ, to fall into the flames of love, and, leaving her husband, fled with a young gallant. She arrived a Penelope, she departed a Helen.

[1] See b. iii. Ep. 20

[2] Hay was born at Trotton in Sussex.

Lævina, chaste as Sabines were of old,
Than her strict husband yet more strict and cold,
While in the common baths she did descend,
And in those freedoms many hours did spend,
She fell in love; in the cold streams took fire;
And, burning with a youth in loose desire,
She left her husband, and her virtuous name;
Helen went thence, Penelope that came. *Anon.* 1695.

LXIII. TO CELER

You ask me to recite to you my Epigrams. I cannot oblige you; for you wish not to hear them, Celer, but to recite them.[1]

Celer to read my epigrams does crave,
But to recite his own 's the thing he 'd have. *Anon.* 1695.

LXIV. TO FABULLA.

You are pretty,—we know it; and young,—it is true; and rich,—who can deny it? But when you praise yourself extravagantly, Fabulla, you appear neither rich, nor pretty, nor young.

You 're fayre, I know 't; and modest too, 't is true;
And rich you are; well, who denyes it you?
But whilst your owne prayse you too much proclame,
Of modest, rich, and fayre you loose the name.
Old MSS. 17th Cent.

Fair, rich, and young! how rare is her perfection,
Were it not mingled with one foul infection:
So proud a heart, I mean, so cursed a tongue,
As makes her seem nor rich, nor fair, nor young.
Sir John Harrington.

Pretty thou art, we know; a pretty maid;
A rich one too: it cannot be gainsay'd.
But when thy puffs we hear, thy pride we see,
Thou neither rich, nor fair, nor maid canst be. *Anon.*

Genteel, 't is true, O nymph, you are;
You 're rich and beauteous to a hair.
But while too much you praise yourself,
You 've neither air, nor charms, nor pelf.
Gent. Mag. 1746.

[1] To plagiarize them from me, and then to recite them as your own.

LXV. TO CÆCILIANUS.

When I said *ficus*, you laughed at it as a barbarous word, Cæcilianus, and bade me say *fícos*. I shall call the produce of the fig-tree *ficus*; yours I shall call *fícos*.[1]

LXVI. TO A PLAGIARY.

You are mistaken, insatiable thief of my writings, who think a poet can be made for the mere expense which copying, and a cheap volume cost. The applause of the world is not acquired for six or even ten sesterces. Seek out for this purpose verses treasured up, and unpublished efforts, known only to one person, and which the father himself of the virgin sheet, that has not been worn and scrubbed by bushy chins, keeps sealed up in his desk. A well-known book cannot change its master. But if there is one to be found yet unpolished by the pumice-stone, yet unadorned with bosses and cover, buy it: I have such by me, and no one shall know it. Whoever recites another's compositions, and seeks for fame, must buy, not a book, but the author's silence.

Thou sordid felon of my verse and fame,
So cheap dost hope to get a poet's name,
As, by the purchase barely of my book,
For ten vile pence eternal glory rook?
Find out some virgin poem ne'er saw the day,
Which wary writers in their desk do lay
Lock'd up, and known unto themselves alone;
Nor one with using torn and sordid grown.
A publish'd work can ne'er the author change,
Like one ne'er pass'd the press, that ne'er did range
The world, trimly bound up; and such I 'll sell,
Give me my price, and ne'er the secret tell.
He that another 's wit and fame will own,
Must silence buy, and not a book that 's known.

Anon. 1695.

LXVII. TO CHŒRILUS.

"You are too free-spoken," is your constant remark to

[1] An untranslatable jest on the double meaning of the word *ficus*, which, when declined *ficus, -i*, means a species of ulcer; and when *ficus -ûs*, a fig-tree.

me, Chœrilus. He who speaks against you, Chœrilus, is indeed a free speaker.[1]

Why dost thou blame my writings as too free?
I may write freely, when I write of thee. *L. H. S.*

LXVIII. ON RUFUS.

Whatever Rufus does, Nævia is all in all to him. Whether he rejoices, or mourns, or is silent, it is ever Nævia. He eats, he drinks, he asks, he refuses, he gesticulates, Nævia alone is in his thoughts: if there were no Nævia, he would be mute. When he had written a dutiful letter yesterday to his father, he ended it with, "Nævia, light of my eyes, Nævia, my idol, farewell." Nævia read these words, and laughed with downcast looks. Nævia is not yours only:[2] what madness is this, foolish man?

Let Rufus weep, rejoice, stand, sit, or walk,
Still he can nothing but of Nævia talk:
Let him eat, drink, ask questions, or dispute,
Still he must speak of Nævia, or be mute.
He writ to his father, ending with this line,
I am, my lovely Nævia, ever thine.
Spectator, No. 113.

LXIX. TO MAXIMUS.

Tarentos,[3] which was wont to exhibit the statue of Pan, begins now, Maximus, to exhibit that of Canius.

Her god Tarentos show'd in Pan:
In Canius she displays her man. *Elphinston.*

LXX. TO HIS BOOK.

Go, my book, and pay my respects for me: you are ordered to go, dutiful volume, to the splendid halls of Proculus. Do you ask the way? I will tell you. You will go along by

[1] Free from all restraint, for he may say all sorts of things against you without fear of contradiction.

[2] Publicum enim est prostibulum. *Raderus.*

[3] Tarentos, a place in the Campus Martius, in which was a temple consecrated to Pluto, and filled with statues of Pan, the Satyrs, and other deities or remarkable personages. On Canius, a humorous poet of Gades, whose statue, it appears, was put there with Pan's, see above, Ep. 61, B. iii. Ep. 20.

the temple of Castor, near that of ancient Vesta, and that goddess's virgin home. Thence you will pass to the majestic Palatine edifice on the sacred hill, where glitters many a statue of the supreme ruler of the empire. And let not the ray-adorned mass of the Colossus detain you, a work which is proud of surpassing that of Rhodes. But turn aside by the way where the temple of the wine-bibbing Bacchus rises, and where the couch of Cybele stands adorned with pictures of the Corybantes. Immediately on the left is the dwelling with its splendid façade, and the halls of the lofty mansion which you are to approach. Enter it; and fear not its haughty looks or proud gate; no entrance affords more ready access; nor is there any house more inviting for Phœbus and the learned sisters to love. If Proculus shall say, "But why does he not come himself?" you may excuse me thus, "Because he could not have written what is to be read here, whatever be its merit, if he had come to pay his respects in person."

Go, little book, the breathings of thy lord
'Fore Proculus's splendid gods record.
Which is my way? By Castor shalt thou roam,
Near hoary Vesta's fane and virgin-dome.
Thence by the awful hill ascends thy tour:
The sov'reign's image beams direction pure.
Nor thee too long the famed Coloss beguile,
That dims the radiance of the Rhodian pile.
Hence seek the soaking father of the feast,
The mighty mother, and her painted priest.
Now, on the left, the lofty towers invite:
The courts august possess the ravish'd sight.
Yet, bold approach; thou canst redoubt no pride:
No welcome portals stand more sweetly wide.
None eyes Apollo, or the Nine more near.
The poet, why, he 'll say, himself not here?
Then thou: Because, whatever these indite,
The personal saluter could not write. *Elphinston.*

LXXI. TO SLEEP.

Let Lævia be toasted with six cups, Justina with seven, Lycas with five, Lyde with four, Ida with three. Let the number of letters in the name of each of our mistresses be equalled by the number of cups of Falernian. But, since none of them comes, come thou, Sleep, to me.

Nævia six cups, Justina seven comprise,
Lycus five, Lyde four, and Ida three,
Each man his love by healths arithmetise;
If none appear, then, Sleep, come thou to me.
Fletcher.

LXXII. TO FIDENTINUS, A PLAGIARY.

Do you imagine, Fidentinus, that you are a poet by the aid of my verses, and do you wish to be thought so? Just so does Ægle think she has teeth from having purchased bone or ivory. Just so does Lycoris, who is blacker than the falling mulberry, seem fair in her own eyes, because she is painted. You too, in the same way that you are a poet, will have flowing locks when you are grown bald.

Fidentine, dost thou think, and seek to be
A poet with my verse in thievery?
So Ægle, with her bought and Indian bone,
May seem to have a sound mouth of her own.
So painted-faced Lycoris may seem white,
Though black as moors veil'd in a natural night.
For that same cause that thou art poet call'd,
Thou mayst be said bush-hair'd when thou art bald.
Fletcher.

LXXIII. TO CÆCILIANUS.

There was no one in the whole city, Cæcilianus, who desired to meddle with your wife, even gratis, while permission was given; but now, since you have set a watch upon her, the crowd of gallants is innumerable. You are a clever fellow!

Scarce one in all the city would embrace
Thy proffer'd wife, Cæcilian, free to have;
But now she 's guarded, and lock'd up, apace
Thy custom comes. Oh, thou 'rt a witty knave!
Fletcher

Your wife 's the plainest piece a man can see:
No soul would touch her, whilst you left her free:
But since to guard her you employ all arts,
The rakes besiege her.—You 're a man of parts! *Hay.*

LXXIV. TO PAULA.

He was your gallant, Paula; you could however deny it. He is become your husband; can you deny it now, Paula?[1]

[1] He was said to be your gallant when your first husband was alive.

He was the favourite; thou might st disavow:
He is thy consort; canst thou, Paula, now? *Elphinston.*

LXXV. ON LINUS.

He who prefers to give Linus the half of what he wishes to borrow, rather than to lend him the whole, prefers to lose only the half.

Why give poor Linus half, not lend the whole?
"I 'd rather lose but half." A prudent soul! *Elphinston.*

Lend Spunge a guinea! Ned, you 'd best refuse,
And give him half. Sure, that 's enough to lose. *Anon.*

LXXVI. TO VALERIUS FLACCUS.[1]

Flaccus, valued object of my solicitude, hope and nursling of the city of Antenor,[2] put aside Pierian strains and the lyre of the Sisters; none of those damsels will give you money. What do you expect from Phœbus? The chest of Minerva contains the cash; she alone is wise, she alone lends to all the gods. What can the ivy of Bacchus give? The dark tree of Pallas bends down its variegated boughs under the load of fruit. Helicon, besides its waters and the garlands and lyres of the goddesses, and the great but empty applause of the multitude, has nothing. What hast thou to do with Cirrha? What with bare Permessis? The Roman forum is nearer and more lucrative. There is heard the chink of money; but around our desks and barren chairs kisses[3] alone resound.

Though midst the noblest poets thou hast place,
Flaccus, the offspring of Antenor's race;
Renounce the Muses' songs and charming quire,
For none of them enrich, though they inspire.
Court not Apollo, Pallas has the gold;
She 's wise, and does the gods in mortgage hold.
What profit is there in an ivy wreath?
Its fruits the loaden olive sinks beneath.
In Helicon there 's nought but springs and bays,
The Muses' harps loud sounding empty praise.

You then denied it. You married him as soon as your husband died. Will you deny it now?

[1] The author of the Argonautica.

[2] The city of Patavium, founded by Antenor

[3] As tokens of applause.

What with Parnassus' streams hast thou to do?
The Roman forum 's rich, and nearer too.
There chinks the cash: but round the poet's chair
The smacks of kisses only fill the air. *Anon.* 1695

LXXVII. ON CHARINUS.

Charinus is perfectly well, and yet he is pale; Charinus drinks sparingly, and yet he is pale; Charinus digests well, and yet he is pale; Charinus suns himself, and yet he is pale; Charinus dyes his skin, and yet he is pale; Charinus indulges in infamous debauchery, and yet he is pale.[1]

Charinus nothing seems to ail;
But poor Charinus still is pale.
Charinus drinks with due reflexion,
But paly is his best complexion.
Charinus eats, and can digest;
Yet wan is he, as with a pest.
Charinus basks him in the sun;
Yet pale his hue, instead of dun.
Charinus deeply dies his skin;
Still nought alive appears within.
Charinus hates the Muse as hell:
Pure paleness will with Charin dwell. *Elphinston.*

LXXVIII. ON FESTUS, WHO STABBED HIMSELF.

When a devouring malady attacked his unoffending throat, and its black poison extended its ravages over his face, Festus, consoling his weeping friends, while his own eyes were dry, determined to seek the Stygian lake. He did not however pollute his pious mouth with secret poison, or aggravate his sad fate by lingering famine, but ended his pure life by a death befitting a Roman, and freed his spirit in a nobler way. This death fame may place above that of the great Cato; for Domitian was Festus' friend.[2]

When the dire quinsey choked his noble breath,
And o'er his face the black'ning venom stole,
Festus disdain'd to wait a ling'ring death,
Cheer'd his sad friends, and freed his dauntless soul.
Nor meagre famine's slowly-wasting force,
Nor hemlock's gradual chillness he endured;
But closed his life a truly Roman course,
And with one blow his liberty secured. *Hodgson.*

[1] That is, he does not blush at his infamy.
[2] Cato said that he died to avoid looking on the face of the tyrant Cæsar.

LXXIX. TO ATTALUS, A BUSY-BODY.

Attalus, you are ever acting the barrister, or acting the man of business: whether there is or is not a part for you to act, Attalus, you are always acting a part. If lawsuits and business are not to be found, Attalus, you act the mule-driver. Attalus, lest a part should be wanting for you to act, act the part of executioner on yourself.

You act the pleader, and you act the man
Of business; acting is your constant plan:
So prone to act, the coachman's part is tried;
Lest all parts fail thee, act the suicide. *L. H. S.*

LXXX. TO CANUS.

On the last night of your life, Canus, a sportula was the object of your wishes. I suppose the cause of your death was, Canus, that there was only one.[1]

The sportule, that last night poor Canus sought,
Has surely slain him; for but one he caught.
Elphinston.

LXXXI. TO SOSIBIANUS.

You know that you are the son of a slave, and you ingenuously confess it, when you call your father, Sosibianus, "master."[2]

That thou 'rt son to a slave, thou dost frankly record,
When, Sosibian, thou titlest thy father "My lord."
Elphinston.

LXXXII. ON REGULUS.

See from what mischief this portico, which, overthrown amid clouds of dust, stretches its long ruins over the ground, lies absolved. For Regulus had but just been carried in his litter under its arch, and had got out of the way, when forthwith, borne down by its own weight, it fell; and, being no longer in fear for its master, it came down free from bloodguiltiness, a harmless ruin, without any attendant anxiety. After the fear

[1] He had hoped for several largesses; he died of mortification at receiving only one.

[2] The mother of Sosibianus had been guilty of adultery with a slave. When Sosibianus calls his reputed father *Dominus*, as a title of respect, but which was also a term for a master of slaves, he confesses himself a *verna*, or born-slave.

of so great a cause for complaint is passed, who would deny, Regulus, that you, for whose sake the fall was innoxious, are an object of care to the gods?

The portico, that, mould'ring here,
Her melancholy wreck extends:
From what a mighty mischief clear,
A wise and willing witness lends.
Hardly had Regulus rode by,
When, trembling with unwieldy weight,
No passenger before her eye,
She rush'd upon a bloodless fate.
If tott'ring towers so cautious be,
What guardian-gods encircle thee!

Elphinston.

LXXXIII. ON MANNEIA.

Your lap-dog, Manneia, licks your mouth and lips: I do not wonder at a dog liking to eat ordure.[1]

On thy loved lips the whelpling lambent hung:
No wonder if a dog can feed on dung. *Elphinston.*

LXXXIV. ON QUIRINALIS.

Quirinalis, though he wishes to have children, has no intention of taking a wife, and has found out in what way he can accomplish his object. He takes to him his maid-servants, and fills his house and his lands with slave-knights.[2] Quirinalis is a true pater-familias.

Sly Quirinalis cares not much to wed,
Yet would partake the offspring of the bed.
But yet what trick, what custom is 't he uses?
Most certain he his chambermaids abuses.
So stocks his house and fields: how truly he
Is call'd the father of his family? *Fletcher.*

LXXXV. ON AN AUCTIONEER.

A wag of an auctioneer, offering for sale some cultivated heights, and some beautiful acres of land near the city, says, "If any one imagines that Marius is *compelled* to sell, he is

[1] A sarcasm on the foulness of Manneia's breath.

[2] Equitibus vernis. (See Heinrich on Juv. ix. 10.) *Equus verna*, the offspring of a knight and a slave.

mistaken; Marius owes nothing: on the contrary, he rather has money to put out at interest." "What is his reason, then, for selling?" "In this place he lost all his slaves, and his cattle, and his profits; hence he does not like the locality." Who would have made any offer, unless he had wished to lose all his property? So the ill-fated land remains with Marius.

When the high-cultured hills by the glib auctioneer,
And the villa's fair acres were enter'd full dear;
He 's a blockhead, my buyers, who offers the flout
That a Marius must sell, who might rather lend out.
What 's the reason no slaves, flocks, or fruits, we can trace?
There 's the reason, I fear, why he likes not the place.
Who would bid for such purchase, or less, or bid more,
Who not wish'd to lose servants, and cattle, and store?
Then the case of poor Marius we well understand,
And the cause why the premises hang on his hand.

Elphinston.

LXXXVI. ON NOVIUS.

Novius is my neighbour, and may be reached by the hand from my windows. Who would not envy me, and think me a happy man every hour of the day when I may enjoy the society of one so near to me? But, he is as far removed from me as Terentianus, who is now governor of Syene on the Nile. I am not privileged either to live with him, or even see him, or hear him; nor in the whole city is there any one at once so near and so far from me. I must remove farther off, or he must. If any one wishes not to see Novius, let him become his neighbour or his fellow-lodger.

My neighbour Hunks's house and mine
Are built so near they almost join;
The windows too project so much,
That through the casements we may touch.
Nay, I 'm so happy, most men think,
To live so near a man of chink,
That they are apt to envy me,
For keeping such good company:
But he 's as far from me, I vow,
As London is from good Lord Howe;
For when old Hunks I chance to meet,
Or one or both must quit the street.

Thus he who would not see old Roger,
Must be his neighbour—or his lodger. *Swift.*

Sir Formal's house adjoining stands:
We from our windows may shake hands.
Blest situation! you will say.
Do not you envy me, I pray,
Who may, at early hours and late,
Enjoy a friend so intimate?
Sir Formal is to me as near
As is the Consul at Algier.
So far from intimacy is it,
We seldom speak, we never visit.
In the whole town no soul can be
So near, and yet so far from me.
'Tis time for him or me to start;
We cannot meet, unless we part.
Would you Sir Formal keep aloof?
'Take lodgings under the same roof. *Hay.*

LXXXVII. TO FESCENNIA.

That you may not be disagreeably fragrant with your yesterday's wine, you devour, luxurious Fescennia, certain of Cosmus's[1] perfumes. Breakfasts of such a nature leave their mark on the teeth, but form no barrier against the emanations which escape from the depths of the stomach. Nay, the fetid smell is but the worse when mixed with perfume, and the double odour of the breath is carried but the further. Cease then to use frauds but too well known, and disguises well understood; and simply intoxicate yourself.

Each morne rich lozenges thou eat'st, the stinke,
Fescennia, to hide o' th' last night's drinke:
Such breakfasts smear thy chapps; but all in vaine,
When those sowre fumes thou must belch up againe.
Nay, mixt with those perfumes the stinke is worse,
And further goes with this redoubled force:
The cheats, discover'd now, and too well knowne,
Lay by; and henceforth smell of drinke alone.
Old MS. 17th Cent.

LXXXVIII. ON ALCIMUS.

Alcimus, whom, snatched from thy lord in thy opening years, the Labican earth covers with light turf, receive, not a nodding mass of Parian marble,—an unenduring monument

[1] Cosmus: a celebrated perfumer of the day, and frequently mentioned.

which misapplied toil gives to the dead,—but shapely box-trees and the dark shades of the palm leaf, and dewy flowers of the mead which bloom from being watered with my tears. Receive, dear youth, the memorials of my grief: this tribute will live for thee in all time. When Lachesis shall have spun to the end of my last hour, I shall ask no other honours for my ashes.

Snatch'd from thy lord in thy youth's verdant bloome,
Whose earth nought but earth-turfes gently entombe:
Accept no vague vast marble piles, which must
Instead of keeping thine, themselves bee dust:
Butt this fraile boxe and palme-trees' gloomy shade,
And greene sodds, with my dewy teares so made:
Accept, deare boy, these griefs pour'd on thy hearse,
Thus shall thy name live ever in my verse.
When Fates my life's last thredd shall cutt in twaine,
May I no other grave, than such, obtayne.

Old MS. 17th Cent.

Sweet innocent, whom wishes could not save,
Light be the turf that rests upon thy grave!
No Parian marble thine, whose pomp might prove
The sculptor's labour, not the parent's love.
The humble box, and festil vine thy bier,
Thy home the mead, thy monument a tear.
O early lost, accept my votive lay,
The last fond tribute which the Muse can pay:
And when too ling'ring age has closed my doom,
My heart's asylum be—a daughter's tomb.

E. B. Greene, 1774.

Dear boy! whom, torn in early youth away,
The light turf covers in Labicum's way,
Receive no tomb hewn from the Parian cave
By useless toil to moulder o'er the grave;
But box and shady palms shall flouriah here,
And softest herbage green with many a tear.
Dear boy! these records of my grief receive,
These simple honours that will bloom and live;
And be, when Fate has spun my latest line,
My ashes honour'd, as I honour thine! *George Lamb.*

LXXXIX. TO CINNA.

You always whisper into every one's ear, Cinna; you whisper even what might be said in the hearing of the whole world. You laugh, you complain, you dispute, you weep,

you sing, you criticise, you are silent, you are noisy; and all in one's ear. Has this disease so thoroughly taken possession of you, that you often praise Cæsar, Cinna, in the ear?[1]

Cinna, thou 'rt ever whispering in the ear,
And whispering that which all the world may hear.
Thou laugh'st i' th' ear, weep'st, quarrel'st, dost dispute;
Thou sigh'st i' th' ear, dost hollow, and art mute:
So far thou 'rt gone in this disease, I swear,
Thou praisest Cæsar often in the ear. *Anon.* 1695.

Your powder'd nose you thrust in every ear,
And whisper that which all the world may hear:
In whispers smile, or wear a dismal face:
In whispers state, or else lament, the case:
Now hum a tune, judicious now appear;
Now hold your tongue, now hollow in the ear.
Is this a secret too? Your accent raise:
We love the king, whom you in whispers praise. *Hay.*

XC. ON BASSA.

Inasmuch as I never saw you, Bassa, surrounded by a crowd of admirers, and report in no case assigned to you a favoured lover; but every duty about your person was constantly performed by a crowd of your own sex, without the presence of even one man; you seemed to me, I confess it, to be a Lucretia.

At tu, proh facinus, Bassa, fututor eras.
Inter se geminos audes committere cunnos,
Mentitur que virum prodigiosa Venus.
Commenta es dignum Thebano senigmate monstrum,
Hic ubi vir non est, ut sit adulterium.

That I ne'er saw thee in a coach with man,
Nor thy chaste name in wanton satire met;
That from thy sex thy liking never ran,
So as to suffer a male servant yet;
I thought thee the Lucretia of our time:
But, Bassa, thou the while a Tribas wert,
And clashing—with a prodigious crime
Didst act of man th' inimitable part.
What Œdipus this riddle can untie?
Without a male there was adultery. *Sedley.*

[1] When his praise ought to be proclaimed aloud everywhere.

XCI. TO LÆLIUS.

You do not publish your own verses, Lælius; you criticise mine. Pray cease to criticise mine, or else publish your own.

Thou blam'st my verses and conceal'st thine own:
Or publish thine, or else let mine alone! *Anon.* 1695.

XCII. TO MAMURIANUS.

Cestus with tears in his eyes often complains to me, Mamurianus, of being touched with your finger.[1] You need not use your finger merely; take Cestus all to yourself, if nothing else is wanting in your establishment, Mamurianus.[2] But if you have neither fire, nor legs for your bare bedstead, nor broken basin of Chione or Antiope;[3] if a cloak greasy and worn hangs down your back, and a Gallic jacket covers only half of your loins; and if you feed on the smell alone of the dark kitchen, and drink on your knees dirty water with the dog;

Non culum, neque enim est culus, qui non cacat olim,
Sed fodiam digito qui super est oculum.[4]
Nec me zelotypum nec dixeris esse malignum:
Denique prædica, Mamuriane, satur.

XCIII. ON AQUINUS AND FABRICIUS.

Here reposes Aquinus, reunited to his faithful Fabricius, who rejoices in having preceded him to the Elysian retreats. This double altar bears record that each was honoured with the rank of chief centurion; but that praise is of still greater worth which you read in this shorter inscription: *Both were united in the sacred bond of a well-spent life, and, what is rarely known to fame, were friends.*

[1] See Kingsley's Hypatia, c. 5, p. 57, ed. 2.

[2] Mamurianus is ridiculed for his sordid and licentious life. He had but one eye, as appears from what is said below. Cestus was Martial's servant.

[3] Names of courtesans, from whom Martial intimates that Mamurianus would accept broken vessels.

[4] A play on the words *culus* and *oculus*. A common threat was, "*Oculos tibi effodiam*," often used in Plautus.

Here with Aquinus is Fabricius laid,
Rejoiced to find him in the realms of shade.
Graved on this tomb is either soldier's name;
Alike their friendship, and alike their fame. *Hodgson.*

XCIV. AD ÆGLEN FELLATRICEM.

Cantasti male, dum fututa es, Ægle.
Jam cantas bene; basianda non es.[1]

O Egle, nei tempi che fosti immembrata cantavi male. Ora che canti bene, la tua bocca fa schifo. *Graglia.*

XCV. TO ÆLIUS.

In constantly making a clamour, and obstructing the pleaders with your noise, Ælius, you act not without an object; you look for pay to hold your tongue.

That bawlers you outbawl, the busy crush,
No idler you, who bring to sale your hush. *Elphinston.*

XCVI. TO HIS VERSE, ON A LICENTIOUS CHARACTER.

If it is not disagreeable, and does not annoy you, my verse, say, I prithee, a word or two in the ear of our friend Maternus, so that he alone may hear. That admirer of sad-coloured coats, clad in the costume of the banks of the river Bætis, and in grey garments, who deems the wearers of scarlet not men, and calls amethyst-coloured robes the dress of women, however much he may praise natural hues, and be always seen in dark colours, has at the same time morals of an extremely flagrant hue.[2] You will ask whence I suspect him of effeminacy. We go to the same baths;[3] Do you ask me who this is? His name has escaped me.

My darling muse, if 't is no troublous task,
Or painful toil, let me one favour ask.

[1] Olim, quanquam malè cantabas, nec tamen naturæ adversabaris, omnes te basiare volebant; nunc autem, cum os tuum fœdaveris, quis te basiabit?

[2] *Galbinos habet mores. Galbinus* is a diminutive from *galbus*, yellow; and as clothes of that colour were thought too gay, the word was used in the signification of *effeminate.*

[3] ——Aspicit nihil sursum,
Sed spectat oculis devorantibus draucos
Nec otiosis mentulis videt labris.

Go, drop these few in our Maternus' ear
But so that he, and only he, shall hear.
Yon sallow lover of the sad array,
Whom Bætis ever clothes, or motley grey
Who none, in scarlet, can esteem as men;
Who all, empurpled, would with females pen;
Who hugs the native hue, detests all dye,
Unless, perhaps, what saves from glare the eye:
Though offuscation overcast his whole,
Galbanian manners tinge his inmost soul.
Inquiry, of the WHO, my course has stopp'd.
Inquirer, pardon: I the name have dropp'd. *Elphinston.*

XCVII. TO NÆVOLUS.

When every one is talking, then and then only, Nævolus, do you open your mouth; and you think yourself an advocate and a pleader. In such a way every one may be eloquent. But see, everybody is silent; say something now, Nævolus.

Still in a crowd of noise thy voice is heard,
And think'st thyself a lawyer for thy prattle;
In this account each man that wears a beard
May be as wise. Lo, all men peace! Now prattle.
Fletcher.

XCVIII. TO FLACCUS, ON DIODORUS.

Diodorus goes to law, Flaccus, and has the gout in his feet. But he pays his counsel nothing; surely he has the gout also in his hands.

Thou 'st gouty feet, yet stoutly dost withstand
At law, and pay'st no fees the court demand:
Is not the gout, Diodore, in thy hand? *Anon.* 1695.

XCIX. TO CALENUS.

But a short time since, Calenus, you had not quite two millions of sesterces; but you were so prodigal and open-handed, and hospitable, that all your friends wished you ten millions. Heaven heard the wish and our prayers; and within, I think, six months, four deaths gave you the desired fortune. But you, as if ten millions had not been left to you, but taken from you, condemned yourself to such abstinence, wretched man, that you prepare even your most sumptuous feasts, which you provide only once in the whole year,

at the cost of but a few dirty pieces of black coin; and we, seven of your old companions, stand you in just half a pound of leaden money. What blessing are we to invoke upon you worthy of such merits? We wish you, Calenus, a fortune of a hundred millions. If this falls to your lot, you will die of hunger.

When some time since you had not clear
Above three hundred pounds a year,
You lived so well, your bounty such,
Your friends all wish'd you twice as much:
Heaven with our wishes soon complied;
In six months four relations died.
But you, so far from having more,
Seem robb'd of what you had before:
A greater miser every day,
Live in a cursed starving way:
Scarce entertain us once a year;
And then not worth a groat the cheer:
Seven old companions, men of sense,
Scarce cost you now as many pence.
What shall we wish you on our part?
What wish can equal your desert?
Thousands a year may heaven grant!
Then you will starve, and die for want! *Hay.*

Possess'd of scarce three hundred clear,
How blithely roll'd the lib'ral year!
So kind thy hand, thy heart so free,
'T was almost prodigality:
Each friend made happy wish'd thee more,
Thy worth increasing with thy store.
Heav'n has indulged the grateful call:
Seven moons revolved, profusely fall
The showers of wealth, the kindred breath
Four darts unerring closed in death.
While thou, as not a mite were left,
As of thy little all bereft,
Where Joy should smile bidst Avarice frown,
Dimm'd every gem in Plenty's crown!
In annual pomps we coldly greet
One solitary sumptuous treat,
The treat to glut thy sordid pride
Cheaply from basest coin supply'd
To seven choice friends; your choicest food
As your light guineas light and good.

What prayers shall now engage the friend?
Prayers for thy riches without end:
That meagre Famine death will give
To him whose meanness does not live.

E. B. Greene, 1774.

C. ON AFRA.

Afra talks of her papas and her mammas; but she herself may be called the grandmamma of her papas and mammas.

Though papa and mamma, my dear,
So prettily you call,
Yet you, methinks, yourself appear
The grand-mamma of all. *Bouquet*, 1784.

CI. ON THE DEATH OF HIS AMANUENSIS DEMETRIUS.

Demetrius, whose hand was once the faithful confidant of my verses, so useful to his master, and so well known to the Cæsars, has yielded up his brief life in its early prime. A fourth harvest had been added to his years, which previously numbered fifteen. That he might not, however, descend to the Stygian shades as a slave, I, when the accursed disease had seized and was withering him, took precaution, and remitted to the sick youth all my right over him as his master; he was worthy of restoration to health through my gift.[1] He appreciated, with failing faculties, the kindness which he had received; and on the point of departing, a free man, to the Tartarean waters, saluted me as his patron.

That hand, to all my labours once so true,
Which I so loved, and which the Cæsars knew;
Forsook the dear Demetrius' blooming prime:
Three lustres and four harvests all his time.
That not to Styx a slave he should descend,
When fell contagion urged him to his end;
We cheer'd, with all our rights, the pining boy.
Oh! that the convalescent could enjoy.
He tasted his reward, his patron bless'd,
And went a free man to eternal rest. *Elphinston.*

CII. TO LYCORIS.

The painter who drew your Venus, Lycoris, paid court, I suppose, to Minerva.[2]

[1] *I. e.*, would that my gift could have restored him to health.
[2] Represented Venus less beautiful than she is, in order to please Minerva, her rival for the golden apple.

That Painter sure, Lycoris, meant to shew
Favour to Pallas, who thy Venus drew. *May.*

CIII. TO SCÆVOLA.

"If the gods were to give me a fortune of a million sesterces," you used to say, Scævola, before you were a full knight,[1] "oh how would I live! how magnificently, how happily!" The complaisant deities smiled and granted your wish. Since that time your toga has become much more dirty, your cloak worse; your shoe has been sewn up three and four times; of ten olives the greater portion is always put by, and one spread of the table serves for two meals; the thick dregs of pink Vejentan wine are your drink; a plate of lukewarm peas costs you a penny; your mistress a penny likewise. Cheat and liar, let us go before the tribunal of the gods; and either live, Scævola, as befits you, or restore to the gods your million sesterces.

Thou saidst when yet thou hadst not a knight's fee,
"If Heaven would grant four thousand pounds to me,
Oh! in what ease, what splendour, I would live!"
The easy gods smiled, and the sum did give.
But then thy gown was sordid; cloak, thread-bare;
Shoes thrice and four times clouted thou didst wear.
Of poor ten olives, some were still set up;
On the same meat thou usest twice to sup;
Lees of wine served, that at Veientus grew,
A pen'orth o' peas, a penny mistress too.
We 'll sue the cheat: live better, or refund
Unto the gods thou 'st mock'd four thousand pound.
Anon. 1695.

CIV. ON A SPECTACLE IN THE ARENA.

When we see the leopard bear upon his spotted neck a light and easy yoke, and the furious tigers endure with patience the blows of the whip; the stags champ the golden curbs; the Libyan bears tamed by the bit; a boar, huge as that which Calydon is said to have produced, obey the purple muzzle; the ugly buffaloes drag chariots, and the elephant, when ordered to dance nimbly, pay prompt obedience to his swarthy leader; who would not imagine such things a spec-

[1] That is, before you had four hundred thousand sesterces; which was the fortune that a man must have before he could be a knight.

tacle given by the gods? These, however, any one disregards as of inferior attraction who sees the condescension of the lions, which the swift-footed timorous hares fatigue in the chase. They let go the little animals, catch them again, and caress them when caught, and the latter are safer in their captors' mouths than elsewhere; since the lions delight in granting them free passage through their open jaws, and in holding their teeth as with fear, for they are ashamed to crush the tender prey, after having just come from slaying bulls. This clemency does not proceed from art; the lions know whom they serve.

On painted neck the pard sustains
The tender yoke, and loves the reins.
The furious tiger knows the crack,
And timely takes the keenest smack.
The staggard champs the golden bit:
The Libyan bears to chains submit.
A beast, like Calydon's of yore,
Boasts headbands never bristler wore.
The shapeless buffler draws the wain:
The monster moves beneath the chain
Of his black ruler, and obeys,
As bid to earn the prancer's praise.
Worthy the gaze of gods are all:
Yet mortals will pronounce them small,
When they the humble hunts admire
Of lions, whom the lev'rets tire.
Behold them seized, and now let go;
Now see them swallow'd by the foe.
Yet safer in the mouth the prey,
Than when it farthest flies away
The fondling jaws all pervious hang.
How dextrous is the timid fang!
To hurt a hare, they grin with shame,
Who late the stoutest steers o'ercame.
Art ne'er produced the pitying play:
They know what master they obey. *Elphinston.*

CV. TO QUINTUS OVIDIUS.

The wine, Ovidius, which is grown in the Nomentan fields, in proportion as it receives the addition of years, puts off, through age, its character and name; and the jar thus ancient receives whatever name you please.[1]

[1] Being mellowed by age, it may be called Falernian, Cecuban, or any other name given to the best wines.

The pure, my Ovid, from Nomentan vines,
If all-improving age's smile she boast;
Her nature and her name at once resigns,
For th' appellation that endears her most.

Elphinst.

CVI. TO RUFUS.

Rufus, you often pour water into your wine, and, if hard pressed by your companion, you drink just a cup now and then of diluted Falernian. Pray, is it that Nævia has promised you a night of bliss; and you prefer by sobriety to enhance your enjoyment? You sigh, you are silent, you groan: she has refused you. You may drink, then, and often, cups of four-fold size, and drown in wine your concern at her cruelty. Why do you spare yourself, Rufus? You have nothing before you but to sleep.

Rufus, I must plainly deal,
Since you will your water steal;
And, though prompted by a friend,
Scarce a drop of wine will blend;
Naughty Nævia, in her spite,
Promised you a pleasing night:
And you sober will prefer
Jocund certainty with her.
Lo! you sigh, look wise, and groan:
She denies? my Rufus, own.
Therefore drink your sorrow down,
And your shame in goblets drown.
Neither wise it now, nor weep:
Hapless Rufus, you must sleep. *Elphinston*

CVII. TO LUCIUS JULIUS.

You often say to me, dearest Lucius Julius, "Write something great: you take your ease too much." Give me then leisure,—but leisure such as that which of old Mæcenas gave to his Horace and his Virgil,—and I would endeavour to write something which should live through time, and to snatch my name from the flames of the funeral pyre. Steers are unwilling to carry their yoke into barren fields. A fat soil fatigues, but the very labour bestowed on it is delightful.

"Write some brave piece; thou'rt lazy!" often thus
Thou dost reprove me, dearest Julius.

Give mee but ease such as Macenas gave
To Horace and to Virgill, thou shalt have
Such lines as shall live to eternity,
And rayse my name above mortality.
In barren grounds what bootes the oxen's toyle?
Labour 's rewarded in the richer soyle.
Old MS. 17th Cent.

Most famous Julius, thou sayst oft to me,
"Thou 'rt idle; write things for eternity."
Give me such boons, I cry, such as of old
Horace and Virgil from their patron hold,
I 'll strive to raise my cares beyond time's date,
And snatch my name from fire's consuming hate.
The ox on barren fields his yoke won't bear;
A fat soil tires, but yet the labour 's dear. *Fletcher.*

CVIII. TO GALLUS.

You possess—and may it be yours and grow larger through a long series of years—a house, beautiful I admit, but on the other side of the Tiber. But my garret looks upon the laurels of Agrippa; and in this quarter I am already grown old. I must move, in order to pay you a morning call, Gallus, and you deserve this consideration, even if your house were still farther off. But it is a small matter to you, Gallus, if I add one to the number of your toga-clad visitors; while it is a great matter to me, if I withhold that one. I myself will frequently pay my respects to you at the tenth hour.[1] This morning my book shall wish you "good day" in my stead.

May thy fair farm (though beyond Tiber's site),
As it does now, thee more and more delight!
My rooms Vipsanian laurels do behold,
In the which region I am now grown old:
A journey 't is, to give thee the good morn,
But such thou art, though farther, to be borne.
One gown-man more, yet were not much to thee,
Though to detain this one is much to me.
My book shall th' early *ave* for me pay,
And I 'll attend when ended is the day. *Anon.* 1695.

CIX. ON A PET DOG AND THE PAINTER.

Issa is more playful than the sparrow of Catullus. Issa

[1] The tenth hour from sunrise, corresponding to our four o'clock in the afternoon. See B. iv. Ep. 8.

is more pure than the kiss of a dove. Issa is more loving than any maiden. Issa is dearer than Indian gems. The little dog Issa is the pet of Publius. If she complains, you will think she speaks. She feels both the sorrow and the gladness of her master. She lies reclined upon his neck, and sleeps, so that not a respiration is heard from her. And, however pressed, she has never sullied the coverlet with a single spot; but rouses her master with a gentle touch of her foot, and begs to be set down from the bed and relieved. Such modesty resides in this chaste little animal; she knows not the pleasures of love; nor do we find a mate worthy of so tender a damsel. That her last hour may not carry her off wholly, Publius has her limned in a picture, in which you will see an Issa so like, that not even herself is so like herself. In a word, place Issa and the picture side by side, and you will imagine either both real, or both painted.

Issa 's more full of sport and wanton play
  Than that pet sparrow by Catullus sung;
Issa 's more pure and cleanly in her way
  Than kisses from the amorous turtle's tongue.
Issa more winsome is than any girl
  That ever yet entranced a lover's sight;
Issa 's more precious than the Indian pearl;
  Issa 's my Publius' favourite and delight.
Her plaintive voice falls sad as one that weeps;
  Her master's cares and woes alike she shares;
Softly reclined upon his neck she sleeps,
  And scarce to sigh or draw her breath she dares.
When nature calls, she modestly obeys,
  Nor on the counterpane one drop will shed;
But warns her lord with gentle foot, and prays
  That he will raise and lift her from the bed.
So chaste is she, of contact so afraid,
  She knows not Venus' rites, nor do we find
A husband worthy of such dainty maid
  'Mong all the clamorous suitors of her kind.
Her, lest the day of fate should nothing leave,
  In pictured form my Publius hath portray'd;
Where you so lifelike Issa might perceive,
  That not herself a better likeness made.
Issa together with her portrait lay,
Both real or both depicted you would say.

English Journ. of Education, Jan. 1856.

CX. TO VELOX.

You complain, Velox, that the epigrams which I write are long. You yourself write nothing; your attempts are shorter.[1]

You say my epigrams, Velox, too long are:
You nothing write; sure yours are shorter far.
Wright.

Velox complains my epigrams are long,
While he writes none: he sings a shorter song.
Fletcher.

CXI. TO REGULUS, ON SENDING HIM A BOOK AND A PRESENT OF FRANKINCENSE.

Since your reputation for wisdom, and the care which you bestow on your labours, are equal, and since your piety is not inferior to your genius, he who is surprised that a book and incense are presented to you, Regulus, is ignorant how to adapt presents to deserts.

In thee, while reason and religion shine,
While wit and wisdom beam alike divine;
Gifts adequate he knows not to bestow,
Who 'd give a book, and bid no incense glow.
Elphinston.

CXII. ON PRISCUS, A USURER.

When I did not know you, I used to address you as my lord and king. Now, since I know you well, you shall be plain Priscus with me.

I styled thee lord and king, while yet unknown;
Plain Priscus now 's the most that thou canst own.
Anon. 1695.

I knew thee not: I hail'd thee lord and king.
I know thee; and plain Priscus is the thing.
Elphinston.

CXIII. TO THE READER.

If, reader, you wish to employ some good hours badly, and are an enemy to your own leisure, you will obtain whatever sportive verses I produced in my youth and boyhood, and all my trifles, which even I myself have forgotten, from Quin-

[1] Imperfect; abortive; ending in nothing.

tus Pollius Valerianus, who has resolved not to let my light effusions perish.

Reader of my roguish lay,
Would'st thou con a stripling-play,
Which a friend will never show,
Which myself could hardly know?
Would'st thou waste a golden hour,
And abuse thy precious power?
Thou to Pollius must apply,
Who forbids my trash to die. *Elphinston.*

CXIV. TO FAUSTINUS.

These gardens adjoining your domain, Faustinus, and these small fields and moist meadows, Telesphorus Fænius owns. Here he has deposited the ashes of his daughter, and has consecrated the name, which you read, of Antulla;—though his own name should rather have been read there. It had been more just that the father should have gone to the Stygian shades; but, since this was not permitted, may he live to honour his daughter's remains.

Next, Faustin, thine, confess a Fænius' sway;
Whom modest lawns and oozy meads obey.
Here his Antulla's urn receives his moan:
Her name he hallow'd, mourning not his own.
The sire, as just, had woo'd the Stygian shade;
But sad survives, to see her honours paid. *Elphinston.*

CXV. TO PROCILLUS.

A certain damsel, envious Procillus, is desperately in love with me,—a nymph more white than the spotless swan, than silver, than snow, than lily, than privet: already you will be thinking of hanging yourself. But *I* long for one darker than night, than the ant, than pitch, than the jack-daw, than the cricket. If I know you well, Procillus, you will spare your life.[1]

Me a damsel dotes upon,
Fairer than the fairest swan;
Silver, snow; than lily, privet;
Or what else the soul can rivet.

[1] The translation of this epigram is in conformity with the order of the ines in the common editions, which seems preferable to that in Schneidewin's.

One I love as black as night,
ack-daw, pitch, ant, cricket, sprite.
Poor Procillus thought to swing:
Now he thinks of no such thing. *Elphinston.*

CXVI. ON THE TOMB OF ANTULLA.

This grove, and these fair acres of cultivated land, Fannius has consecrated to the eternal honour of the dead. In this tomb is deposited Antulla, too soon snatched from her family: in this tomb each of her parents will be united to her. If any one desires this piece of ground, I warn him not to hope for it; it is for ever devoted to its owners.

CXVII. TO LUPERCUS.

Whenever you meet me, Lupercus, you constantly say, "Shall I send my servant, for you to give him your little book of Epigrams, which I will read and return to you directly?" There is no reason, Lupercus, to trouble your servant. It is a long journey, if he wishes to come to the Pirus;[1] and I live up three pairs of stairs, and those high ones. What you want you may procure nearer at hand. You frequently go down to the Argiletum: opposite Cæsar's forum is a shop, with pillars on each side covered over with titles of books, so that you may quickly run over the names of all the poets. Procure me there; you will no sooner ask Atrectus,—such is the name of the owner of the shop,—than he will give you, from the first or second shelf, a Martial, well smoothed with pumice-stone, and adorned with purple, for five denarii. "You are not worth so much," do you say? You are right, Lupercus.

As oft, Sir Tradewell, as we meet,
You 're sure to ask me in the street,
When you shall send your boy to me,
To fetch my book of poetry;
And promise you 'll but read it o'er,
And faithfully the loan restore:
But let me tell you as a friend,
You need not take the pains to send:
'T is a long way to where I dwell,
At farther end of Clerkenwell:

[1] The pear-tree. The name of some spot near which Martial lived.

There in a garret near the sky,
Above five pair of stairs, I lie.
But if you 'd have what you pretend,
You may procure it nearer hand:
In Cornhill, where you often go,
Hard by th' Exchange, there is, you know,
A shop of rhyme, where you may see
The posts all clad in poetry:
There H—— lives of high renown,
The noted'st Tory in the town:
Where, if you please, inquire for me;
And he, or 's prentice, presently
From the next shelf will reach you down
The piece well bound for half a crown.
The price is much too dear, you cry,
To give for both the book and me:
Yes, doubtless, for such vanities;
We know, sir, you are too, too wise. *Oldham.*

CXVIII. TO CÆDICIANUS.

For him who is not satisfied with reading a hundred epigrams, no amount of trouble is sufficient, Cædicianus.

He who a hundred epigrams reads o'er,
No ill 's enough for him, if he wants more.
Anon. 1695.

If a thousand arch epigrams are not enough,
Never wilt thou be sated, kind reader, with stuff.
Elphinston.

EPIGRAMS.

BOOK II.

TO HIS FRIEND, DECIANUS.

"WHAT do I want," say you, "with a letter? Do I not know you sufficient indulgence by reading your epigrams? Besides, what have you to say in this letter, which you could not say in your verses? I see why tragic and comic writers admit a prologue,—because they are not allowed to speak for themselves. But epigrams have no need of a herald, and are contented with their own liberty of speech. In whatever page they please, they present an epistle. Do not, therefore, I pray, do a ridiculous thing, and clap a long dress on a person going to dance.[1] Consider, too, whether you would choose a wand as a weapon against a retiarius.[2] For myself, I take my seat amongst those who at once object to a contest so unequal." Indeed, Decianus, methinks you say what is just. Is it possible that you knew with what sort of an epistle, and how long a one, you were in danger of being occupied? Be it, then, as you desire. Whatever readers light upon this book, will owe it to you that they come to the first page without being tired.

I. TO HIS BOOK.

You could, I admit, have contained three hundred epigrams; but who, my book, would have contained himself at you, and read you through? Yet learn, what are the

[1] The common reading is here followed, *togam saltanti inducere personæ*. Schneidewin has *in togâ saltanti inducere personam*.

[2] An epistle, says Raderus, is of no more use as a defence against the critics than a wand against the weapon of the retiarius.

advantages of a short book. The first is, that I waste less paper. The next, that the copier finishes it in one hour, and his services will not be confined only to my trifles. A third advantage is, that if any one happens to read you, you will not, though ever so bad, be detested. A person at table will begin to read you with his wine mixed, and finish you before the cup set before him begins to grow warm.[1] Do you imagine that by such brevity you are secure from all objection? Alas! to how many will you even thus be too long!

Three hundred epigrams thou might'st contain,
But who, to read so many, can sustain?
Hear what in praise of brevity is said.
First, less expense and waste of paper 's made;
The printer's labour, next, does sooner end,
And to more serious works he may attend;
Thirdly, to whomsoe'er thou shalt be read,
Though naught, not tedious yet thou canst be said;
Again, in length whilst thou dost not abound,
Thou mayst be heard while yet the cups go round;
And when this caution 's used, alas! I fear
To many yet thou wilt too long appear. *Anon.* 1695.

II. TO DOMITIAN.

Crete gave a great name, Africa a greater, to their conquerors, Metellus and Scipio; a still nobler name did Germany confer on thee, Cæsar, from the subjugation of the Rhine; and even as a boy thou wast worthy of that name. Thy brother[2] earned his triumphs over Idumæa, with the assistance of thy father;[3] the laurel which is given from the conquest of the Catti is all thy own.

Great was the Libyan, great the Cretan fame,
Adorning Scipio's and Metellus' name;
Laurels more glorious from the vanquish'd Rhine,
In op'ning youth, round Cæsar's temples twine.
His sire and brother laid Idume low,
He triumph'd singly o'er the German foe. *Hodgson.*

III. TO SEXTUS.

You owe nothing, Sextus; you owe nothing, Sextus, I admit; for he only owes, Sextus, who can pay.

[1] His wine having been mixed with snow, or very cold water. See B. v Ep. 64. [2] Titus. [3] Vespasian.

Sextus owes nought, nor fears his quarter-day;
'T is true; he owes most truly that can pay. *Fletcher.*

You say, you nothing owe; and so I say:
He only owes, who something hath to pay. *Hay.*

IV. ON AMMIANUS.

Oh, how caressing, Ammianus, are you with your mother! how caressing, Ammianus, is your mother with you! She calls you brother; you call her sister. Why do such strange titles of affection delight you? Why are you not content to be what you are? Do you think this an amusement and a jest? It is not so. A mother, who desires to be a sister, is not satisfied with being either mother or sister.

To thy mother, ah! how kind!
Parent, ah! how kind to thee!
Brother thou, and sister she!
Why to novel names inclined?

Than ye are, pray, why be other?
Jest ye think it: vile the shame!
Mother, wishing sister's name,
Would not sister be, nor mother. *Elphinston.*

V. TO DECIANUS.

May I perish, Decianus, if I should not like to be with you all day, and all night! But there are two miles that separate us; and these become four, when I have to return. You are often not at home: even when you are, you are often denied; or you have leisure only for your law business or your private concerns. To see you, however, I have no objection to go two miles; but I have great objection to go four miles not to see you.

With you, dear Tom, I 'd often spend the day,
And laugh, and chat, and trifle life away;
But ten long miles, you know, divide us twain;
Those ten make twenty, measured back again.
Then, o'er the downs with patience should I come,
You 're always out, at least you 're not at home;
Or busy, or engaged in rhyme and metre,
Or with your child, that entertaining creature!
In short, to see my friend ten miles I 'd go;
But twenty not to see you 'll never do. *Rev. R. Graves.*

May I not live, but, were it in my power,
With thee I 'd pass both day and night each hour.
Two miles I go to see you; and two more
When I return; and two and two make four.
Often denied; often from home you 're gone:
Are busy oft; and oft would be alone.
Two miles, to see you, give me no great pain:
Four, not to see you, go against the grain. *Hay.*

In some vile hamlet let me live forgot,
Small-beer my portion, and no wine my lot;
To some worse fiend in church indentures bound
Than ancient Job or modern Sherlock found,
And with more aches plagued, and pains, and ills,
Than fill our Salmon's works or Tilburgh's bills;
If 't is not still the burden of my prayer,
The night with you, with you the day to share.
But, sir (and the complaint you know is true),
Two damn'd long miles there lie 'twixt me and you;
And these two miles, by help of calculation,
Make four by that I 've reach'd my habitation.
You 're near sage Will's, the land of mirth and claret;
I live stow'd up in a Whitechapel garret.
Oft when I 've walk'd so far, your hands to kiss,
Flatter'd with thoughts of the succeeding bliss,
I 'm told you 're gone to the vexatious Hall,
Where with eternal lungs the lawyers bawl;
Or else stol'n out, some female friend to see;
Or, what 's as bad, you 're not at home for me.
Two miles I 've at your service, and that 's civil;
But to trudge four, and miss you, is the devil.
Tom Browne.

VI. TO SEVERUS.

Go now, and bid me publish my little books. When you have scarcely read a couple of pages, you look at the last page, Severus, and give long yawns. These are those epigrams which, when I was reciting them, you used to steal and write out in Vitellian tablets.[1] These are they which you used to carry one by one in your pockets to every feast, and every theatre. These are they, or (if there are any among them that you do not know) better. Of what use is it for

[1] Small tablets, on which love letters and other light matters were written. See, B. xiv. Ep. 8, and Dict. Antiqq. *s. v.* Tabulæ

me to make my book so thin, as not to be thicker than a mere roller,[1] if it takes you three days to read it through? Never were compositions intended to amuse more listlessly received. You are fatigued, and lag so soon in your course; and when you ought to run to Bovillæ, you want to unharness your cattle at the temple of the Muses. Go now, and bid me publish my little books.

Bid me now bring forth my spawn,
Scarce hast thou two pages past,
When thou op'st a piteous yawn,
Panting to behold the last

These, Severus, are the strains,
Thou didst swallow with delight,
Treasure with unwearied pains,
And on thy best tablets write.

Public scenes, and private too,
Heard thee these same lays rehearse:
Or, if any here are new,
Still superior is the verse.

What avails my tiny book,
How can such a shrimp succeed;
If thou cast so rare a look,
That it take three days to read?

Soon the verdant journey cloys,
Though so smooth extend the lawn:
Stop amid Pierian joys!
Then bid me bring forth my spawn! *Elphinston.*

VII. TO ATTALUS.

You declaim prettily, Attalus; you plead causes prettily: you write pretty histories, pretty verses. You compose pantomimes prettily, epigrams prettily; you are a pretty grammarian, a pretty astrologer. You sing prettily, Attalus, and you dance prettily: you are a pretty hand with the lyre, a pretty hand with the ball. Since you do nothing well, and yet everything prettily, shall I tell you what you are? You are a great busybody.

[1] *Nullo crassior ut sit umbilico.* The *umbilicus* was the ornament at the end of the stick on which parchment was rolled.

A pretty oratour and pleeder, hee;
Pretty in history and poetry;
Pretty grammarian, epigrammatist;
Pretty astrologer and humorist:
Hee singeth prettyly, and danceth so;
Playes prettyly o' the lute, at tennis too.
Hee that doth nothing well, all prettyly,
A very idle-busy-man must bee.
Old MS. 16th Cent.

Yes, you 're a pretty preacher, Sir, we know it,
Write pretty novels, are a pretty poet;
A pretty critic, and tell fortunes too;
Then, who writes farce or epigrams like you?
At every ball how prettily you nick it!
You fiddle, sing, play prettily at cricket.
Yet, after all, in nothing you excel,
Do all things prettily, but nothing well.
What shall I call you? say the best I can,
You are, my friend, a very busy man. *Rev. R. Graves.*

Fine lectures Attalus rehearses,
Pleads finely, writes fine tales and verses;
Fine epigrams, fine farces vie
With grammar and astrology;
He finely sings, and dances finely:
Plays tennis: fiddles most divinely
All finely done, and nothing well:
Then, if a man the truth may tell,
This all-accomplish'd Punchinello
Is a most busy, idle fellow. *Elton.*

VIII. TO THE READER.

If in these pages of mine, reader, anything seem to you too obscure, or written in too homely language, the fault is not mine: the copier did the mischief, in his over-anxiety to give you the full amount of verses. But if you shall deem, not him, but me to be the culprit, then I shall believe you to have no understanding. "But still those verses of yours are bad." As if I would deny what is evident! They are bad but you do not write better.

Reader, if in theise bookes aught seeme to want,
As too obscure or little elegant;
'T is nott my fault, the printer must bee blam'd,
Who, too much hast'ning, at thy pleasure aym'd.

If still you thinke 't my errour and nott his,
I shall believe your breast not candid is.
They 'r badd, you 'll say—well, that for granted take;
Though theise be badd, you cannot better make.
Old MS. 16th Cent.

If in my leaves aught, reader, to thee seem
Obscure, or which less Latin thou dost deem,
To th' printer these impute, not me; who, while
More books he hastes to vend, cares not how vile.
If yet thou think'st not him, but me, to blame,
Thou fear'st not want of candour to proclaim.
But still my verse for naught thou dost decry:
As if what 's manifest I would deny.
Naught be they then: but them for good ones take,
Till thou dost show that thou canst better make.
Anon. 1695.

Should here and there my squeamish reader smile,
At sense unpolish'd, or unchasten'd style;
The flying penman must essay th' excuse,
Of pressing haste the volume to produce.
But, if thou deem that I alone should smart,
I shall pronounce thee void of head and heart.
"Yet, sad the stuff!" Alas! thou say'st too true;
'T is very sad: dear reader better do. *Elphinston.*

IX. ON NÆVIA.

I wrote to Nævia; she has sent me no answer: she will not then grant me what I want. But I think that she had read what I wrote: she *will* then grant it.[1]

I wrote, she wrote not back; so won't fulfil.
Yet, what I wrote, she read; and therefore will.
Elphinston.

X. TO POSTUMUS.

I commend you, Postumus, for kissing me with only half your lip: you may, however, if you please, withhold even the half of this half. Are you inclined to grant me a boon still greater, and even inexpressible? Keep this whole half entirely to yourself, Postumus.

[1] If she refused to receive my communications, I should despair of prevailing on her; but as she receives them, I hope at length to gain her favour.

Th' embrace thou deign'st with half-lip to bestow,
I praise, though thou should'st hence take half away.
Give me a nobler, nameless boon to owe,
And take the whole of t' other half, I pray. *Elphinston.*

XI. TO RUFUS.

Though, Rufus, you see Selius with clouded brow; though you see him walking late in the porticoes; though you see his heavy look conceal some mournful feeling, his ugly nose nearly touching the earth, his right hand striking his breast, and tearing his hair, he is not bewailing the loss of a friend or brother. Both his sons are alive,—and I pray they may continue to live! Safe and sound is his wife too, and his furniture, and his slaves; nor has his farmer or his bailiff wasted any part of his property. What then is the cause of his sadness? He dines at home.

Whence comes it, that old Frank we see
Hunting the Mall, thus, after three?
What means that slow and solemn pace?
That cloudy look, and rueful face?
Why starts he thus, and smites his breast,
Like one with secret grief oppress'd?
Prone to the earth his drooping head!
Why sure his wife or child is dead.
No, Sir; for aught that I can tell,
Frank's wife and children all are well.
And heaven vouchsafe their lives to spare!
For lovely boys and girls they are,
As like old Frank as they can stare.
His money 's out in proper hands,
Or well secured on mortgaged lands.
Nor loss of interest or of rent
By bankruptcies does Frank lament.
Whence is this grief, then? prythee say.
Why, Sir, Frank dines at home to-day. *Rev. R. Graves*

See you the cloud on yonder mortal's face
Walking the Mall, the last who quits the place:
In tragic silence, and in dumps profound,
His nose almost draws furrows on the ground:
His wig he twitches, and he canes the air.
Is he for friend or brother in despair?
'T is no such thing. Two sons with him do dwell:
They both are promising, they both are well:

So his good wife, for whom we all do pray.
Safe are his bags; nor servants run away:
Duly accounts his steward for his rent;
And by his bailiff's care his crops augment.
Say, from what cause can such affliction come?
Is there not cause? ye gods! he sups at home. *Hay.*

XII. TO POSTUMUS.

What am I to understand from the circumstance, that your kisses always smell of myrrh, and that you never have about you an odour other than unnatural? That you always smell so agreeably, Postumus, makes me suspect that you have something to conceal. He does not smell pleasantly, Postumus, who always smells pleasantly.[1]

What 's this that myrrh doth still smell in thy kiss,
And that with thee no other odour is?
'T is doubt, my Postumus, he that doth smell
So sweetly always, smells not very well. *Fletcher.*

How strong thou savour'st myrrh's perfume!
What foreign odours round thee scent!
They give us shrewdly to presume,
That they are not for nothing lent. *Elphinston.*

That thou dost, Casho, breathe of foreign gums,
Enough to put thy mistress into fits:
Though Rome thy hair, and Spain thy gloves perfume,
Few like, but all suspect those borrow'd sweets;
The gifts of various nature come and go,
He that smells always well does never so. *Sedley.*

XIII. TO SEXTUS.

The judge wants money, and the counsel wants money. Pay your creditor, Sextus, I should advise.[2]

At money, money, judge and pleader aim:
The creditor's I deem the primal claim. *Elphinston.*

XIV. TO PAULINUS.

Nothing does Selius leave untried, nothing unattempted, whenever he sees that he must dine at home. He runs to

[1] See B. vi. Ep. 55. Plaut. Mostell. i. 3. 106.
[2] Pay your creditor without ligitation.

the portico of Europa, and praises you, Paulinus, and your Achillean swiftness of foot, without ceasing. If Europa does nothing for him, he then goes to the enclosures, to see whether he can gain anything from the sons of Phillyra and Æson.[1] Disappointed here likewise, he next haunts the Memphitic temple of Isis,[2] and seats himself near the seats of that sad heifer. From this place he goes to the palace suspended upon a hundred columns;[3] thence to the monument of Pompeius' magnificence[4] and his double grove. Nor does he disdain the baths of Fortunatus, or those of Faustus, or the confined and dark ones of Gryllus, or the windy ones of Lupus. As to the warm baths, he bathes in them again and again and again. After doing everything, but without the favour of heaven, he runs back, well washed, to the box-grove of the warm Europa, in case some belated friend may be taking his way there. By thyself, amorous Bull, and by thy mistress, whom thou carriedst off, do thou, I implore, invite Selius to dinner.[5]

Nothing does Selius unattempted leave,
When he 's to sup at home he doth conceive.
He toots to th' Race, where, Paulus, he will swear
Thy feet are swifter than Achilles' were.
Nothing here got, the Place of Votes he tries,
If aught will come from the Æsonides.
Where failing too, to th' Memphian temple next,
Near the sad Heifer, calf's-head sits perplex'd.
Thence runs to th' Porch a hundred props sustain,
To Pompey's Arch and Groves, nor does disdain
The vulgar baths, which Gryllus, Lupus, keep,
One on the hill, the other low and deep.
Where having bathed in all, and all in vain,
No pitying god fav'ring his glutt'nous pain,
Back to the Race he flies, to see if there
Some friend be yet taking the evening air.
Th' adjoining Porch, of various paintings full,
Shows fair Europa borne upon a bull.

[1] Chiron, son of the nymph Phillyra; Jason, son of Æson. The enclosures were the pens in which the citizens assembled to vote.

[2] Isis was supposed by many to be the same as Io, who was changed into a heifer by Jupiter.

[3] Centum pendentia tecta columnis, i. e. the portico of Agrippa.

[4] The portico of Pompeius.

[5] Take Selius out of this life, Jupiter, that he may dine with thee.

Jove, I adjure thee by the virgin bright,
Make forlorn Selius thy own guest this night!
Anon. 1695.

XV. TO HORMUS.

In offering to no one the cup from which you drink, you give a proof, Hormus, not of pride, but of kindness.[1]

That unto others your owne cupp's deny'd,
Hormus, 't is your civility, not pride.
Old MS. 17th Cent.

Hormus, because thou giv'st thy cup to none,
It is not proudly, but humanely done. *Fletcher.*

That, when thou 'st drunk, thou offer'st none thy glass,
Ought not for pride, but for good breeding pass.
Anon. 1695.

That thou present'st thy cup to none beside,
Is thy humanity; and not thy pride. *Elphinston.*

XVI. AGAINST ZOILUS.

Zoilus is ill: his gorgeous bed is the cause of this fever. If he were well, of what use would be these scarlet coverlets, this bed brought from the banks of the Nile, or this, steeped in the perfumes of Sidon? What but an illness displays such idle wealth? What have you to do with physicians? Dismiss all your Machaons. If you wish to get well, use my bed-clothes.

Zoilus is sick; his rich stuff makes him so:
If he were well, what should his scarlets do?
His bed from Nile? his hangings dyed at Tyre?
He 's sick, we may his sottish wealth admire.
Dismiss the doctors, the Machaons all,
To make him well, for my rug only call. *Anon.* 1695

Vainlove is ill: his illness is his bed,
Made up of chintz and silks prohibited:
Near it an Indian screen, and work'd settee,
Inflame his fever to a high degree.
When he is well, these fopperies are not seen:
They make him sick, and give us too the spleen.
Dismiss his doctors, and apply my spell;
Let him change beds with me, and he 'll be well. *Hay*

[1] Hormus had bad breath.

XVII. TO AMMIANUS

At the very entrance of the Suburra, where hang the blood-stained whips of the torturers,[1] and where many a cobbler blocks up the Argiletum,[2] sits a female hair-cutter. But that female cutter, Ammianus, does not cut hair. "Does not cut hair?" you say. "What does she then?" She shaves.[3]

Where first Suburra sits to urge,
Where chastisement displays the scourge;
Where many a cordwainer once more
Dares honest Argus' death deplore;
Thy clipster, Ammian, does not clip:
She tenders thee her ev'ry slip.
She does not clip, you say? What 's braver,
If not a clipster, she 's a shaver. *Elphinston.*

XVIII. TO MAXIMUS.

I court your dinner; alas! I am ashamed of doing so, but, Maximus, I court your dinner: you court some one else's; so we are equal in this matter. I come in the morning to pay my respects to you; I am told that you are gone already to pay your respects elsewhere: again we are equal. I myself am of your escort, and walk before my proud patron; you are of the escort of the other, your patron: again we are equal. It is bad enough to be a servant; but I object to be the servant of a servant. One who is a patron himself, Maximus, should not have a patron.

I haunt your table, led by my ill star:
And you another's:—then we 're on a par.
Your levee I frequent: and you go far
Unto another's:—still we 're on a par.
I, your led captain, walk before you bare:
You are another's:—still we 're on a par.
Though servant, yet I 'll be no servant's slave:
A master should himself no master have. *Hay.*

XIX. TO ZOILUS.

Do you think, Zoilus, that I am made happy by an in

[1] Where malefactors were punished with scourging.
[2] See B. i. Ep. 4.
[3] She is a cunning shaver; a courtesan, who scrapes up money from the purses of young men. So the commentators interpret.

vitation to dinner? Happy by an invitation to dinner, Zoilus, and that dinner yours? That guest deserves to be a guest at the Aricine Hill,[1] who is made happy, Zoilus, by a dinner of yours.

Me by a supper thou believest blest:
Supremely blest, great Zoilus, by thine!
On the Arician cliff he must recline,
Whose ostrich-maw thy supper can digest. *Elphinston.*

XX. ON PAULUS.

Paulus buys verses: Paulus recites his own verses; and what you buy you may legally call your own.

Bought verses for his own Paul doth recite,
For what you buy you may call yours by right.
Wright.

Paulus buys verse, recites, and owns them all,
For what thou buy'st, thou may'st thine truly call.
Fletcher

Sly Paul buys verse as he buys merchandise,
Then for his own he 'll pompously recite it—
Paul scorns a lie—the poetry is his—
By law his own, although he could not write it.
New Monthly Magazine, 1825.

XXI. TO POSTUMUS.

To some, Postumus, you give kisses, to some your right hand. "Which do you prefer?" you say, "choose." I prefer your hand.

Posthumus' kisses some must have,
And some salute his fist;
Thy hand, good Postumus, I crave,
If I may choose my list. *Fletcher.*

XXII. TO APOLLO AND THE MUSES.

In what have I offended you, Apollo, and ye nine Sisters? For, behold, the Muse of gaiety brings ill to her poet. Postumus before used to kiss me with half a lip. Now he has begun to kiss me with both lips.

[1] Aricia was a town on the Appian way, about twenty miles from Rome; a noted place for beggars, as appears from Juvenal, Sat. iv.

O Phœbus, and ye Sisters nine,
What shall I do with you?
Behold that merry Muse of mine
Her poet will undoe.

Posthumus late was wont to kisse
With half lippes, which I loathe;
But now my plague redoubled is,—
He kisses me with both. *Fletcher.*

Phœbus, farewell, farewell, my merry muse,
Your poet, who adores you, ye abuse:
Postume with one kiss used to let me go,—
Pleased with my own, now many doth bestow.
Anon. 1695.

XXIII. ON POSTUMUS.

I will not say, however closely you press me, who is the Postumus of my book. I will not say; for why should I give offence to these same kisses, which can so well avenge themselves?

No, though thou begg'st a thousand times to know,
Who 't is by name of Postumus does go,
I will not tell. What need I to offend
Such kisses, and their fury 'gainst me bend? *Anon.* 1695.

XXIV. TO CANDIDUS.

"If harsh Fortune should overwhelm you with some terrible accusation, I will attend you in mourning habit, and more pale than a person accused. If she should order you to depart under condemnation from your native land, I will go, through seas, through mountains, your companion in exile." She gives you riches. "Are they the common property of us both?" Will you give me half? "It is a large sum." Candidus, will you give me anything? You will, then, share with me in misfortune only: but if heaven with smiling countenance shows you favour, you will enjoy your happiness, Candidus, alone.

If thy cross fortune sends thee some sad fate,
I must persist thy pale and squalid mate;
If from thy country thou must banish'd be,
Through seas and rocks I still must follow thee.
If riches come, will they be free to many?
Wilt thou give part? 'T is much. Wilt thou give any?
'T is crosses make thee mine; when they are gone,
Candidus will be happy then alone. *Fletcher.*

XXV. TO GALLA.

Galla, you never grant, but always promise, favours to any one that asks them. If you always deceive, I beg you, Galla, for the future, to say "No."

Galla dares promise, but makes good no tie:
If thou still fail'st, I pray thee once deny. *Fletcher.*

XXVI. TO BITHYNICUS.

Because Nævia breathes painfully, and has a severe cough, and often sputters out saliva on your breast, do you imagine, Bithynicus, that your fortune is already made? You are mistaken: Nævia is flattering, not dying.

That Nævia coughs, and groans, and finds no rest,
Letting the slaver fall upon her breast;
Thou hop'st Bithynicus, her hour is nigh:
Nævia but flatters; she do n't mean to die. *Anon.* 1695.

That thy wife coughs all night and spits all day,
Already thou believ'st thy fortune made,
Her whole estate thou think'st thy sudden prey:
She will not die, but wheedles like a jade. *Sedley.*

XXVII. ON SELIUS, THE DINNER-HUNTER.

Hark how Selius praises you, when spreading his nets for a dinner, whether you are reading your verses, or pleading at the bar. "Excellent! how sagacious! how ready! how clever! well done! how successful!" There, that is all I want; your supper is earned; be quiet.

Angling for dinner, Charles, at every line
I read him, puts me to the blush:
"Delicious!" "charming!" "exquisite!" "divine!"
Hush, Charles, you've earn'd your victuals, hush!
N. B. Halhed.

XXVIII. TO SEXTILLUS.

Rideto multum qui te, Sextille, cinædum
Dixerit, et digitum porrigito medium.
Sed nec pædico es nec tu, Sextille, fututor,
Calda Vetustinæ nec tibi bucca placet.
Ex istis nihil es fateor, Sextille: quid ergo es?
Nescio, sed tu scis res superesse duas.

Riditi smascellatamente, o Sestillo, di colui che ti chiama cinedo e fagli le ficche. Imperocchè tu, o Sestillo, non sei ne un cinedo, ne un' adultero: ne a te piace la focosa bocca di Vetustilla. In nessuna di queste cose, o Sestillo, ti mischi, lo so: cos' è dunque? Nol so: ma tu sai che ti rimangono due altre cose. *Graglia.*

XXIX. TO RUFUS.

Rufus, do you see yon person who is always sitting on the front benches, whose sardonyxed hand glistens even at this distance; whose cloak has so often drunk deep of the Tyrian dye, and whose toga is made to surpass unspotted snow; him, whose well-oiled hair smells of all the essences from Marcellus' shop, and whose arms look sleek and polished, with not a hair unextracted? A latchet of later than yesterday's make sits upon his crescent-adorned leg, a scarlet shoe decks his foot unhurt by its pressure, and numerous patches cover his forehead like stars. Are you ignorant what the thing is? Remove the patches, and you will read his name.[1]

Seest thou him, Rufus, that does so frequent
The nobles' seat? from whose bright gems are sent
Rays to this place,—in twice dipp'd purple goes,
Or garments whiter than the driven snows:
Costly amomum from whose locks does flow,
Whose sleek, blanch'd arms no hair upon them show?
The lunar-buckles were not his of old,
Nor sandals pinch'd his feet, garnish'd with gold.
No secret pains his numerous patches need;
Look underneath, and him a slave you 'll read. *Anon.* 1695.

XXX. ON CAIUS.

I asked, by chance, a loan of twenty thousand sesterces,[2] which would have been no serious matter even as a present. He whom I asked was an old acquaintance in good circumstances, whose money-chest finds difficulty in imprisoning his overflowing hoards. "You will enrich yourself," was his reply, "if you will go to the bar." Give me, Caius, what I ask: I do not ask advice.

[1] The patches being removed, the letters branded upon his forehead, which prove him to have been a slave, will appear.

[2] About a hundred and sixty pounds of our money

When twenty pounds I 'd borrow of a friend,
One, who might give me more, as well as lend;
Blest in his fortune; my companion old;
Whose coffers, and whose purse-strings, crack with gold;
"Turn lawyer, and you 'll soon grow rich," he cries:
Give what I ask, my friend:—'t is not advice. *Hay.*

XXXI. TO MARIANUS.

I have often made love to Christina. Do you ask how she returns it? So well, that it is impossible for any one to go beyond her.

XXXII. TO PONTICUS.

I have a lawsuit on hand with Balbus: you, Ponticus, are unwilling to offend Balbus: I have one on hand with Licinus; he also is a person of importance. My neighbour Patrobas often trespasses on my little field: you are afraid to oppose a freedman of Cæsar. Laronia refuses to restore my slave, and keeps him for herself: you tell me "she is childless, rich, old, a widow." It is idle, believe me, to hope for service from a friend who is himself in service. Let him be a free man, who wishes to be *my* master.

With Balbus I 'm at law: thou nought dar'st do:
Licinius next, but he 's a great man too.
Patrobas oft trespasses on my field:
He 's Cæsar's freed man; 'tis best here to yield.
Laronia my servant does deny:
She 's rich, old, childless, every hour may die.
His patronage it little boots to crave,
Who to so many is himself a slave. *Anon.* 1695.

Will and I differ;—who so great as Will?
Too great for you.—And Tom is greater still.
My neighbour Cringer trespasseth my land;
You dare not favourites at court withstand.
The widow Scrapeall doth my goods withhold;
You answer, she is childless, rich, and old.
How can I serve a friend that is not free?
Free be the man, who would my master be. *Hay.*

XXXIII. ON PHILÆNIS.

Why do I not kiss you, Philænis? you are bald. Why do I not kiss you, Philænis? you are carrotty. Why do I not

kiss you, Philænis? you are one-eyed. He who kisses you, Philænis, sins against nature.

In vain, fond Philænis, thou woo'st my embrace:
Bald, carrotty, one-eyed, thy tripartite grace!
The wretch, poor Philænis, that would thee salute,
Can never aspire to the buss of a brute *Elphinston.*

XXXIV. TO GALLA.

In your love for Phileros, whom you have redeemed from slavery with your whole dower, you allow your three sons, Galla, to perish with hunger: so great indulgence do you show to your aged charms, no longer the due objects of even chaste pleasures. May the gods make you for ever the admirer of Phileros; you, a mother, than whom not even Pontia[1] is worse.

With your whole dower when Phileros you buy,
You let three hopeful sons with hunger die.
To hoary love you such indulgence show,
As modest Venus hardly deigns to know.
To Phileros be doom'd th' eternal whore:
Mother more dire than Pontia was before. *Elphinston.*

XXXV. TO PHŒBUS.

Since your legs, Phœbus, resemble the horns of the moon, you might bathe your feet in a cornucopia.[2]

As thy legs mock the horns of a moon incomplete:
Thou might'st wash, in a funnel, friend Phœbus, thy feet.
Elphinston.

XXXVI. TO PANNICUS.

I would not have you curl your hair, nor yet would I have you throw it into disorder. Your skin I would have neither over-sleek nor neglected. Your beard should be neither that of an effeminate Asiatic, nor that of an accused person.[3] I alike detest, Pannicus, one who is more, and one

[1] A woman who is said to have poisoned her children Juv. Sat. vi. 637.

[2] The Latin is *Rhytium*, a vessel narrow at the bottom, and broad at the top, with sides of a crescent shape. See Dict. Antiqq. s. v. Rhyton.

[3] Persons under accusation allowed their hair and beards to grow, and assumed a squalid garb, in order to excite compassion.

who is less, than a man. Your legs and breast bristle with shaggy hair; but your mind, Pannicus, shows no signs of manliness.

Me nor with frizzly shock, nor frowsy hair;
Thy skin nor sleeky shine, nor sordid scare.
Thy beard nor girlish, nor as culprit's such;
Be not a man too little, or too much.
Pile clothes thy legs, thy breast the bristles suit;
But thy poor mind is pluck'd up by the root.

Elphinston.

XXXVII. TO CÆCILIANUS.

Whatever is placed upon table you sweep off right and left; breast of sow, chine of pork, a woodcock prepared for two guests, half a mullet, and a whole pike, the side of a lamprey, and the leg of a chicken, and a wood-pigeon dripping with its sauce. All these articles, wrapped up in your dripping napkin, are handed to your servant to carry home.[1] We sit by with jaws unemployed. If you have any feeling of shame, replace the dinner on the table: it is not for to-morrow, Cæcilianus, that I invited you.

You sweep my table: sausages and chine,
A capon on which two at least may dine,
Smelts, salmon, sturgeon, birds of every feather,
Dripping with sauce, you wrap up all together;
And give it to your servant home to bear;
Leaving us nothing, but to sit and stare.
For shame, restore the dinner; ease our sorrow:
I did not ask you, sir, to dine to-morrow. *Hay.*

These carry home thy servant must,
All in a greasy napkin thrust,
Whilst wee, an idle company,
Haveing nought left to eate, sitt by.
For shame, restore the meate: I did
Not for to-morrow, too, thee bid.

Old MS. 16th Cent.

XXXVIII. TO LINUS.

Do you ask what profit my Nomentan estate brings me, Linus? My estate brings me this profit, that I do not see you, Linus.

[1] Guests often brought their napkins with them; see B xii. Ep. 29; and such of them as desired to carry away portions of the viands from the table seem to have been allowed to do so.

Linus, dost ask what my field yields to me?
Even this profit, that I ne'er see thee. *Fletcher.*

Ask you what my Nomentane field brings me?
This, Linus, 'mongst the rest, I ne'er see thee. *Wright.*

What my farm yields me, dost thou urge to know?
This, that I see not thee, when there I go. *Anon.* 1695.

XXXIX. ON A PRESENT.

You give your mistress scarlet and violet-coloured dresses. If you wish to give her suitable presents, send her a toga.[1]

Linus gives purple and rich scarlet gowns
To his notorious and adultrous woman:
If thou would'st give what her degree becomes,
A loose coat would more fitly stock her common.
Fletcher.

You give to Alba hoods, and scarfs, and lace;
Give her a mask to hide her whorish face.
Gentleman's Mag. vol. xvi. p. 100.

XL. ON TONGILIUS.

Tongilius is reported to be consumed with a semi-tertian fever. I know the cunning of the man; he has a hunger-and-thirst fever. He is now craftily spreading nets for fat thrushes, and throwing out a hook for mullet and pike. He wants strained Cæcuban wine, and wine ripened in the year of Opimius; and dark Falernian which is stored in small flagons. All the doctors have ordered Tongilius to bathe. Fools! do they think it is a case of fever? It is disease of the throat.[2]

That Tongelin is feverish, many think;
I know the man; he wants choice meat and drink.
Straight for fat thrush and cocks springes are set;
For pike and carp 's employ'd the casting net;
Purveyance for old Cæcuban is made,
Such as the sound drink sparing and allay'd;
Bathing, physicians with one voice prescribe:
To cure his fever, fools, his belly bribe. *Anon.* 1695.

XLI. TO MAXIMINA.

"Laugh if thou art wise, girl, laugh," said, I believe, the poet of the Peligni.[3] But he did not say this to all girls.

[1] The *stola* was the dress of the Roman matron. Courtesans and adulteresses were compelled by law to wear the *toga*, the attire of the other sex.
[2] He pretends to be ill, that his friends may send him dainties.
[3] Ovid, born at Sulmo, a town of the Peligni.

Granting, however, that he did say it to all girls, he did not say it to you: you are not a girl, Maximina, and you have but three teeth, and those plainly the colour of pitch and of boxwood. If, therefore, you believe your mirror and me, you should shrink from laughing as much as Spanius dreads the wind, Priscus a touch,[1] Fabulla, with chalked face, a rain-cloud, or Sabella, painted with white-lead, the sun. Put on a countenance more severe than the consort of Priam, and his eldest daughter-in-law. Avoid the pantomimes of the amusing Philistion, and gay feasts, and whatever by its wit and mirth distends the lips with broad laughter. It befits you to sit by the side of an afflicted mother, of a wife lamenting for her husband, or a sister for her affectionate brother, and to seek your recreation only with the tragic Muse. Take my advice, and weep if thou art wise, girl, weep.

"Laugh, my girle, laugh, if you bee wise;"
Ovid, I take it, gave advice.
But nott to all advised it hee;
Or if to all, yet nott to thee:
For thou no girle art certaynly.
Thou hast three teeth, 't is true, butt which
Are made of boxe, and black as pitch.
If thou 'lt trust, then, thy glasse or mee,
Thou shouldst as much wide laughter flee
As neat-sett cloaths or borrow'd hayre
Rough hands or blustring windes doe feare;
As faces whited the rayne shunn,
Or painted o'er avoyd the sun;
And with severer lookes still bee
Than Hecuba and Andromache.
The farce, with foolish mimicks cloy'd,
And frolick gossipings, avoyd,
Or what through wanton mirth, beside,
With laughter opes thy lippes too wide.
Rather with matrons sadd converse,
Lamenting o'er their husbands' hearse,
Or pious brother's monument;
Thy time in tragicks only spent.
And if thou 'lt follow my advice,
Weepe, old wench, weepe, if thou bee wise.

Old MS. 16th Cent.

[1] The one dreads that his hair, the other that his dress, should be disarranged.

Laugh, lovely maid, laugh oft, if thou art wise,
As I remember, Ovid does advise.
But this to every maid he never said,
Or, if he did, 't was always to a maid;
'T was never spoke to wretched aged thee,
To whom remain of all thy teeth but three,
And those coal-black. Therefore if this do pass
For truth, inform'd the same by thine own glass,
A smile thou oughtst t'avoid with no less dread
Than gallants fear the wind for their curl'd head;
Than painted madams fear a dashing shower,
Or, when pomatum'd, the sun's raging power:
Rather old Hecuba's sad mood put on,
When Troy was burnt, and all her glory gone.
Mimics and drolls, a laughter-moving jest,
Whatever makes thee grin or gape, detest;
Mourn by your mother's side your equal cross,
Your father's and your pious brother's loss;
Your hours in what is sad and serious spend,
An ear to tragic stories only lend.
The counsel 's good, if to it you can keep,
Weep, if you 're prudent, old mumps, often weep. *Anon.* 696

Ovid, who bid the ladies laugh,
Spoke only to the young and fair:
For thee his counsel were not safe,
Who of sound teeth have scarce a pair.

If thou thy glass or me believe,
Shun mirth as foplings do the wind:
At Durfy's farce affect to grieve;
And let thy eyes alone be kind.

Speak not though 't were to give consent,
For he that sees these rotten bones,
Will dread their monumental scent,
And fly thy sighs like dying groans.

If thou art wise, see dismal plays,
And to sad stories lend thy ear,
With the afflicted spend thy days,
And laugh not above once a year. *Sedley.*

XLII. TO ZOILUS.

Zoilus, why sully the bath by bathing in it your lower extremities? It could only be made more foul, Zoilus, by your plunging your head in it.

Why in the tub thy parts posterior lay?
Thy head, immerged, would it and thee bewray.
Elphinston.

Why with thy filthy limbs the water curse?
Plunge in thy head; that only can be worse. *W. S. B.*

XLIII. TO CANDIDUS.

This is your community of goods among friends, Candidus; this is your community of goods which you talk about so grandiloquently day and night. You are clad in a toga washed in the waters of Lacedæmonian Galæsus, or one which Parma supplied from a select flock: but I, in one which the stuffed figure first exposed to the furious horns of the bull,[1] would be unwilling should be called his. The land of Cadmus has provided you with coats dyed by the descendants of Agenor; for my scarlet vestments you would not get three sesterces. Your Libyan tables are supported on feet of Indian ivory; my beechen table is propped up with a potsherd. Immense mullets, on your board, cover dishes of yellow gold; with me, my earthen platter is ruddy with a crawfish of the same colour as itself. Your crowd of attendants might vie with the Idæan Ganymede: my hand serves me for an attendant. From such a mass of wealth you give nothing to an old and faithful companion, and do you say, Candidus, that the goods of friends are common?

Still in your mouth, and at your fingers' ends,
These words,—"All things are common amongst friends."
Fine cloth, or Genoa velvet, is your coat:
A tatter'd scare-scrow mine, not worth a groat.
With tables of mahogany you 're stored:
I have but one, and that a beechen board.
The ample salmon fills your golden dish:
The crab my platter, colour'd like the fish.
Your servants spruce, each seems a Ganymede:
Me a dumb-waiter serves whene'er I feed.
For old acquaintance do you nothing care?
From so much riches can you nothing spare?
Is your expression a vain song, which ends
Where it begun?—All 's common amongst friends. *Hay.*

[1] In the arena. See Public Shows, Ep. 19.

All things are common amongst friends, thou say'st:
This is thy morning and thy ev'ning song:
Thou in rich point and Indian silk art dress'd,
Six foreign steeds to thy calash belong;

Whilst by my clothes the ragman scarce would gain;
And an uneasy hackney jolts my sides:
A cloak embroider'd interrupts thy rain,
A worsted camblet my torn breeches hides.

Turbots and mullets thy large dishes hold,
In mine a solitary whiting lies:
Thy train might fire the impotent and old,
Whilst my poor hand a Ganymede supplies.

For an old wanting friend thou 'lt nothing do,
Yet all is common among friends we know:
Nothing so common as to use 'em so. *Sedley.*

XLIV. ON SEXTUS.

Whether it be a slave that I have bought, or a new toga, or something worth perhaps three or four pounds, Sextus, that usurer, who, you all know, is an old acquaintance of mine, is immediately afraid lest I should ask a loan, and takes his measures accordingly; whispering to himself, but so that I may hear: "I owe Secundus seven thousand sesterces, Phœbus four, Philetus eleven; and there is not a farthing in my cash-box." Profound stratagem of my old acquaintance! It is hard to refuse me a favour, Sextus, when you are asked; how much harder, before you are asked.

Whether I 've bought a frieze coat, or a boy,
For three or four times double the pound Troy,
Forthwith the usurer Sextus, whom you know
To be my ancient neighbour-friend in show,
In care lest I should borrow of him, fears,
And whispers to himself, but by my ears,
"I to Secundus owe seven thousand pounds;
To Phœbus four; eleven Philetus sounds;
Whilst I have not one farthing in my chest."
Oh my conceited friend's ingenious jest!
Sextus, 't is hard to give a flat denial
When thou art ask'd; much more before the tria..
Fletcher.

The scrivener, who of late so rich is grown,
Whom we have long so intimately known,
Saw my coat laced, my boy in livery wait,
And on my side-board a small piece of plate:
He thence concludes, I 'm now extravagant;
And, fearing I may his assistance want,
He mumbles to himself, that I may hear:
"My God! what will become of me this year!
Seven thousand pounds to Gripe, to Shylock four
I owe; and to my broker as much more!
And not one farthing by me! nor can get!"
How great, old friend, is your Change-alley wit!
To ask and be denied is hard, all know:
Before I ask, is most extremely so. *Hay.*

When I had purchased a fresh whore or coat
For which I knew not how to pay,
Sextus, that wretched, covetous old sot,
My ancient friend, as he will say,
Lest I should borrow of him took great care,
And mutter'd to himself aloud,
So as he knew I could not choose but hear,
How much he to Secundus owed;

And twice as much he paid for interest,
Nor had one farthing in his trusty chest:
If I had ask'd, I knew he would not lend,
'T is new, before-hand, to deny a friend. *Sedley.*

XLV. TO GLYPTUS.

Quæ tibi non stabat præcisa est mentula, Glypte.
Demens, cum ferro quid tibi? Gallus eras.

O Glipto, ti sei mutilato il membro, che già non erigeva. Balordo, che necessità avevi tu di coltello? Eri *pur* Gallo. *Graglia.*

XLVI. ON NÆVOLUS.

Like as flowery Hybla is variegated with many a colour, when the Sicilian bees are laying waste the fleeting gifts of spring, so your presses shine with piles of cloaks, your wardrobe glistens with uncounted robes. And your white garments, which the land of Apulia produced from more than one flock, would clothe a whole tribe. You look, un-

moved, upon your ill-clad friend in the winter months, shame on you! while you yourself fear the cold which pierces my ragged side. What sacrifice would it have been, wretched mortal, to deprive of a couple of habits—(what do you fear?) —not yourself, Nævolus, but the moths?

Not all the hues the blooming Hybla sees,
When short-lived spring revives Sicilian bees,
With the rich glories of the vestments vie,
That thy vast wardrobe's endless stores supply.
Though a whole nation warm the fleece could keep,
Shorn from thy numberless Apulian sheep;
Thou canst supine thy threadbare friend behold,
Inhuman eye him! shieldless from the cold.
What were it, should'st thou reave two bits of cloth;
Nay, frown not: not from thee, but from the moth?
Elphinston

XLVII. TO GALLUS.

Subdola famosæ moneo fuge retia mœchæ,
Levior o conchis, Galle, Cytheriacis.
Confides natibus? non est pædico maritus:
Quæ faciat duo sunt: irrumat aut futuit.

O Gallo più sensuale delle Citeriache conchiglie, fuggi, t'aviso, i fraudolenti aguati della sì nota corteggiana. T'affidi tu alle natiche? Il suo marito non sodomizza. Due sono le cose che pratica: irruma o immembra. *Graglia.*

XLVIII. TO RUFUS.

A wine-merchant, a butcher, a bath, a barber, a chess-board and men, and a few books (but give me the selection of them); one companion, not too unpolished; a tall servant, one who preserves his youthful bloom for a long time; a damsel beloved of my servant: secure me these things, Rufus, even though it were at Butunti,[1] and you may keep to yourself the baths of Nero.

Wine, and good fare, and my own person nice,
Backgammon-tables, and a pair of dice,
Books very few, but those all chosen right,
One only friend, and him not unpolite,

[1] An obscure town of Apulia.

A man and maid, both honest, free from crime,
Both neat and handy, and in age's prime,
Grant me in any corner of the land:
Yours be the town; or yours the world's command.
Hay.

XLIX. ON TELESINA.

Uxorem nolo Telesinam ducere: quare?
Mœcha est. Sed pueris dat Telesina. Volo.

Io non voglio sposar Telesina. Perche? E' una meretrice. Ma Telesina si da ai ragazzi. La voglio. *Graglia.*

L. TO LESBIA.

Quod fellas et aquam potas, nil, Lesbia, peccas.
Qua tibi parte opus est, Lesbia, sumis aquam.

Perche tu felli, e bevi acqua, fai nulla che ripugni. Tu, o Lesbia, prendi acqua per quella parte che ti fa bisogno. *Graglia.*

Lesbia talks loosely, and does water drink:
Thou dost well, Lesbia, so to wash the sink. *Anon.* 1695.

LI. ON HYLLUS.

Unus sæpe tibi totâ denarius arcâ
Cum sit, et hic culo tritior, Hylle, tuo,
Non tamen hunc pistor, non auferet hunc tibi copo,
Sed si quis nimio pene superbus erit.
Infelix venter spectat convivia culi,
Et semper miser hic esurit, ille vorat.

Quantunque tutto il tuo danaro sovvente non consista, o Hilo, che in una sola moneta, e questa più rimenata del tuo culo: con tutto ciò il panatiere non te la tirerà dalle mani, ne tampoco l'oste; ma benal se qualcuno sarà baldanzoso per esser bene in membro. Lo sfortunato ventre sta a vedere i banchetti del culo, e mentre miserabile, questo ha sempre fame, quello divora.
Graglia.

LII. ON DASIUS.

Dasius is a shrewd hand at counting his female bathers;

he asked the bulky Spatale the price of three, and she gave it.[1]

Keen Dasius, counting all the dames to lave,
Ask'd breast-swoln Spatale for three: she gave. *Elphinston.*

LIII. TO MAXIMUS.

Do you wish to become free? You lie, Maximus, you do not wish it. But if you should wish to become so, you can in this way. You will be free, if you give up dining out; if the Veientan grape assuages your thirst; if you can smile at the golden dishes of the querulous Cinna; if you can be content in a toga like mine; if a plebeian mistress becomes yours for a couple of small coins; if you can submit to lower your head when you enter your house. If you have strength and force of mind such as this, you may live more free than the monarch of Parthia.

Would you be free? 't is your chief wish, you say.
Come on; I 'll show thee, friend, the certain way:
If to no feasts abroad thou lov'st to go,
Whilst bounteous God does bread at home bestow;
If thou the goodness of thy clothes do'st prize
By thine own use, and not by others' eyes;
If (only safe from weathers) thou canst dwell
In a small house, but a convenient shell;
If thou without a sigh, or golden wish,
Canst look upon thy beechen bowl and dish;
If in thy mind such power and greatness be;
The Persian king 's a slave compared with thee.
Cowley.

Advice to a Chaplain:—Familiarised in the Manner of Dr Swift.

Parson! 't is false; I 'll ne'er believe
With liberty you wish to live:
You hug your chains, and cut your jokes
On us, poor independent folks.
But would you then indeed be free?
Come, I 'll prescribe—without a fee.
First, then, 't is plain you love to eat,
And haunt the tables of the great:

[1] Dasius was the proprietor or superintendent of baths for females. Spatale was so large that he required her to pay the price of three women; a demand to which she made no objection. *Spatale et duae illius mammae*, says the Delphin Commentator, *trium locum occupabant.*

You shun the man, and think him poor,
That cannot give you "four and four."
Indeed, my friend, this must not be;
A parasite can ne'er be free.
Next, Doctor, you must drink no wine.—
Ch. Why so? Saint Paul, that great divine,
Says, "Drink a little."—*F.* That 's not the question
You can't afford it—*Ch.* But for digestion—
F. A glass of cider, or old mead,
Or e'en mild ale, will do the deed.
Then, you 're a captain in your dress;
A good black frieze would cost you less,
And look more venerable too,
Than that grey cloth which I call blue.
Talk what you please, you 'll ne'er be free,
If you despise economy.
Perhaps, too, you may think a wife
Amongst the requisites of life:
Why, take some healthy farmer's daughter,
Some *Blowzalind*—nay, spare your laughter:
She 'll mend your shirts, inspect your brewing;—
A lady, sir, would be your ruin.
Your pars'nage house, I own, is mean;
But see! that fragrant jessamine;
See! how that woodbine round the door
And lattice blooms—What would you more?
Oh! Doctor, could you but despise
Life's pompous superfluities;
Could you but learn to live content
With what indulgent Heav'n has sent;
Whate'er your lot, you 'd live more free
Than any prince—in *Germany*. *Rev. R. Graves*

You talk of freedom, trust me, friend,
Your freedom all in talk will end.
If 't is your passion to be free,
Contented dine at home, like me;
Your beverage draw from Whitbread's butt;
Wear useful clothes of homely cut;
And though you cease to please the fair,
Discard all powder from your hair:
Walk undistinguish'd 'mid the group,
Nor scorn a door that makes you stoop
To such a plan contract your view,
And kings will be less free than you. *Anon.*

Would'st thou be free? I fear thou art in jest
But if thou would'st, this is the only law;
Be no man's tavern nor domestic guest:
Drink wholesome wine which thy own servants draw.

Of knavish Cario scorn the ill-got plate,
The num'rous servants and the cringing throng:
With a few friends on fewer dishes eat,
And let thy clothes, like mine, be plain and strong.

Such friendships make as thou may'st keep with ease;
Great men expect what good men hate to pay;
Be never thou thyself in pain to please,
But leave to fools and knaves th' uncertain prey.

Let thy expense with thy estate keep pace;
Meddle with no man's business, save thine own:
Contented pay for a plebeian face,
And leave vain fops the beauties of the town.

If to this pitch of virtue thou canst bring
Thy mind, thou 'rt freer than the Persian king.
Sedley.

LIV. TO LINUS.

Quid de te, Line, suspicetur uxor,
Et quâ parte velit pudiciorem,
Certis indiciis satis probavit,
Custodem tibi quæ dedit spadonem.
Nil nasutius hac maligniusque est.

Tua moglie o Lino, che ti diede un' eunuco per guardia ha da certi indizj dinotato qual cosa di te sospetti, ed in qual parte ti voglia più pudico. Nulla v' è di più sagace di costei, e nulla di più astuto. *Graglia.*

LV. TO SEXTUS.

You wish to be treated with deference, Sextus: I wished to love you. I must obey you: you shall be treated with deference, as you desire. But if I treat you with deference, I shall not love you.

Yes; I submit, my lord; you 've gain'd your end:
I 'm now your slave—that would have been your friend;
I 'll bow, I 'll cringe, be supple as your glove;—
Respect, adore you—ev'rything but—love. *Rev. R. Graves*

I offer love, but thou respect wilt have;
Take, Sextus, all thy pride and folly crave:
But know I can be no man's friend and slave. *Sedley.*

LVI. TO GALLUS.

Among the nations of Libya[1] your wife, Gallus, is unhappily renowned for the disgraceful reproach of immoderate avarice. But what is said of her is pure falsehood; she is not in the habit of receiving always. What then is she in the habit of doing? Granting.

Gallus, thy wife is taxed for the vice
(Among the Libyans) of foul avarice:
But she is wrong'd, and all are lies they tell;
None cheaper does herself both give and sell. *Anon.* 1695.

LVII. ON A PRETENDER.

He, whom you see walking slowly along with careless step, who takes his way, in violet-coloured robes, through the middle of the square; whom my friend Publius does not surpass in dress, nor even Cordus himself, the Alpha of Cloaks; he, I say, who is followed by a band of clients and slaves, and a litter with new curtains and girths, has but just now pawned his ring at Cladius' counter for barely eight sesterces, to get himself a dinner.

He whom you see to walk in so much state,
Waving and slow, with a majestic gait,
In purple clad, passing the nobles' seat,
My Publius not in garments more complete;—
Whose new rich coach, with gilt and studded reins,
Fair boys and gown-men follow in great trains,
Lately his very ring in pawn did lay
For four poor crowns, his supper to defray.
Anon. 1695.

LVIII. TO ZOILUS.

In your new and beautiful robes, Zoilus, you smile at my threadbare clothes. They are threadbare, Zoilus, I admit but they are my own.

You, sprucely clothed, laugh at my threadbare gown:
'T is thread-bare truly, Zoilus, but mine own. *Wright.*

Your 're fine, and ridicule my thread-bare gown.
Thread-bare indeed it is;—but 't is my own. *Hay.*

Embroider'd Rufus jeers my thread-bare vest,
'T is paid for, Rufus. Now, where lies the jest?
Anon. 1695.

[1] Gallus, it is supposed, had been prætor of Libya or Africa.

LIX. ON A SMALL DINING-HALL.

I am called Mica:[1] what I am you see, a small dining-hall; from me, behold, you view the dome of the imperial Mausoleum. Press the couches; call for wine; crown yourself with roses; perfume yourself with odours: the god himself[2] bids you remember death.

I 'm call'd the Crumb: a petty supping-home;
From me thou kennest the Cæsarean dome.
Prepare the beds, the wines, the roses, nard:
The god himself enjoins thee death's regard.

Elphinston.

LX. TO HYLLUS.

Young Hyllus, you are the favoured gallant of the wife of a military tribune; do you fear, in consequence, merely the punishment of a child? Have a care; while thus diverting yourself, your flame will be suddenly extinguished. Will you tell me, "This is not lawful"? Well, and what *you* are doing, Hyllus, is that lawful?

Audacious stripling, hast no shame,
To tempt an armed tribune's dame?
And dost thou, youngster, barely fear
The chastisement all boys revere?
No more be thus thy boldness propp'd:
Thine all of manly will be lopp'd.
The law, thou say'st, will ne'er allow.
Does law, my lad, thy pranks avow? *Elphinston.*

LXI. ON A SLANDERER.

Cum tibi vernarent dubiâ lanugine malæ,
Lambebat medios improba lingua viros.
Postquam triste caput fastidia vespillonum
Et miseri meruit tædia carnificis,
Uteris ore aliter nimiâque ærugine captus
Allatras nomen quod tibi cunque datur.
Hæreat inguinibus potius tam noxia lingua:
Nam cum fellaret, purior illa fuit.

Allorche un' apparente lanugine spontava su 'l tuo volte, la sozza tua lingua lambiva i centri virili. Dopo che la tua odiata testa si

[1] A dining-hall erected by Domitian, called Mica, "Crumb," or "Minnikin," from its smallness.

[2] The god of the building, that is, Domitian, to whom it was dedicated.

tirò l' avversione de' beccamorti, e lo schifo del carnefice, fai altr' uso della tua lingua, ossesso da un' eccessivo livore, la scateni contro chiunque ti viene in mente. Sia la tua esecrabil lingua piutosto appesa alle pudenda, imperocchè essa mentre fellava, era meno impura. *Graglia.*

LXII. TO LABIENUS.

Quod pectus, quod crura tibi, quod brachia vellis,
Quod cincta est brevibus mentula tonsa pilis:
Hoc præstas, Labiene, tuæ—quis nescit?—amicæ.
Cui præstas culum, quod, Labiene, pilas?

Il perchè ti dissetoli il petto, le gambe, le braccia, il perchè la rasa tua mentola è cinta di curti peli, chi non sa, che tutto questo, o Labieno, prepari per la tua amica. Per chi, o Labieno, prepari tu il culo, che dissetoli? *Graglia.*

LXIII. TO MILICHUS.

You had but a hundred thousand sesterces, Milichus, and those were consumed in ransoming Leda from the Via Sacra. This, Milichus, would have been an act of great extravagance, had you loved at such a price, even though rich. You will at once tell me, "I am not in love." It is still an act of great extravagance.[1]

The hundredth sesterce thou hadst just to pay,
Which bought thee Leda, from the Sacred Way.
Of wealth in love luxuriant the disburse!
I 'm in no love, cries Milic. Ten times worse. *Elphinston.*

LXIV. TO LAURUS.

While you are thinking of becoming, sometimes a lawyer, sometimes a professor of eloquence, and cannot decide, Laurus, what you mean to be, the age of Peleus, and Priam, and Nestor, has passed by with you, and it would now be late enough for you even to retire from any profession. Begin; three professors of eloquence have died in one year, if you have courage, and any talent in that line. If you decide against the School, all the courts of law are in a perfect fever of litigation; Marsyas himself[2] might become a lawyer. Come, give over this delay; how much longer are we to await your decision? While thus hesitating what to be, you are becoming unfit for anything at all.

[1] A dilemma. If you ransomed her for love, you were extravagant; if you ransomed her without being in love with her, you were extravagant.

[2] The statue of Marsyas in the forum.

Sometimes a lawyer, sometimes a divine,
You say, you 'll be; yet neither are in fine;
Before you fix your choice, you lose an age;
Fit to retire, before you mount the stage.
Three bishops are gone off within the year;
If you have any soul, you 'll now appear.
Or else, there 's so much business in the laws,
A post, if robed, could never want a cause.
Rouse: in this world begin to preach or plead,
You 'll make a sorry dean or serjeant dead. *Hay*

While rhetorician, lawyer, tempts thy choice,
And what thou 'lt be still hangs upon thy voice:
Wilt thou old Priam's age or Nestor's wait?
Now wilt thou fix? 't is long ago too late:
Nay come—this year three rhetoricians died:
Come—hast thou spirit? brains? the schools are wide.
If you dislike the schools, the law-courts brawl,
To rouse e'en Marsyas from his pedestal,
Come, ho! decide, or must we still gaze on:
Doubt'st thou what something thou wilt fix upon?
Thou canst be nothing now,—time was, 't is gone. *Elton*

One month a lawyer, thou the next wilt be
A grave physician, and the third a priest:
Choose quickly one profession of the three;
Married to her, thou yet may'st court the rest.

Whilst thou stand'st doubting, Bradbury has got
Five thousand pounds, and Conquest as much more;
W—— is made B—— from a drunken sot:
Leap in, and stand not shiv'ring on the shore.
On any one amiss thou canst not fall;
Thou 'lt end in nothing if thou grasp'st at all. *Sedley.*

LXV. TO SALEIANUS.

Why do we see Saleianus with a sadder air than usual?—Is the reason a trifling one? I have just buried my wife, says he. Oh great crime of destiny! oh heavy chance! Is she dead, she so wealthy, Secundilla, dead, who brought you a dower of a million sesterces? I would not have had this happen to you, Saleianus.

Why seem you dead to all the joys of life?
Have I not cause? you say:—I 've lost my wife.

Oh cursed fate! and oh misfortune dire!
That one so wealthy should so soon expire!
Who left you twice five hundred annual rent!
I 'm sorry you have had this accident. *Hay.*

LXVI. TO LALAGE.

One ringlet of hair, in the whole circle of Lalage's tresses, was out of its place, having been badly fixed by an erring pin. This crime she punished with the mirror,[1] by means of which she discovered it, and Plecusa fell to the ground under her blows, in consequence of the cruel hair. Cease now, Lalage, to adorn your fatal locks; let no waiting-woman henceforth touch your outrageous head. Let the salamander[2] leave its venom on it, or the razor pitilessly denude it, that the image may be worthy of your mirror.

One single curl beyond its bounds had stray'd;
The wandering hair-pin one false loop had made.
This fault to Lalage her mirror shows;
Plecusa's head receives its stunning blows.
Cease, Lalage, to deck thy brows; forbear;
Cease, maidens, cease to dress that fury's hair.
Let scissors clip, or asps among it sit;
Then, then her face that mirror shall befit.
Ang. Journ. of Education, Jan. 1856.

LXVII. TO POSTUMUS.

In whatever place you meet me, Postumus, you cry out immediately, and your very first words are, "How do you do?" You say this, even if you meet me ten times in one single hour: you, Postumus, have nothing, I suppose, to do.

Whoe'er thee, Postumus, does chance to meet,
Thou say'st, "What dost thou?" thus thou all dost greet
Ten times an hour, if met: by which dost show
That thou thyself but little hast to do. *Anon.* 1695.

LXVIII. TO OLUS.

Because I now address you by your name, when I used before to call you lord and master, do not regard me as presumptuous. At the price of all my chattels I have purchased my cap of liberty. He only wants lords and masters who cannot govern himself, and who covets what lords and masters

[1] A brazen mirror. [2] An animal something like a lizard, supposed to yield a poisonous liquid, used as a depillatory.

covet. If you can do without a servant, Olus, you can also do without a master.

That I do you with humble bows, no more,
And danger of my naked head, adore;
That I, who lord and master cried erewhile,
Salute you in a new and different style,
By your own name, a scandal to you now;
Think not that I forget myself and you:
By loss of all things by all others sought,
This freedom, and the freeman's hat, is bought.
A lord and master no man wants, but he
Who o'er himself has no authority,
Who does for honours and for riches strive,
And follies, without which lords cannot live.
If thou from fortune dost no servant crave,
Believe it, thou no master need'st to have. *Cowley.*

LXIX. TO CLASSICUS.

You say, Classicus, that it is against your will that you dine from home. May I perish, Classicus, if you do not lie. Even Apicius himself delighted in going out to dinner, and, when he dined at home, was rather out of spirits. If, however, you go against your will, why, Classicus, do you go at all? "I am obliged," you say. It is true; just as much as Selius[1] is obliged. See now, Melior invites you to a regular dinner, Classicus; where are your grand protestations? if you are a man, say "No."

Unwillingly thou supp'st abroad! I'll die,
If what thou say'st be not a splendid lie.
In others' treats Apicius did delight,
And with regret at home did pass the night.
If thou unwilling art, why dost thou go?
Thou 'rt forced, thou say'st. All smell-feasts are forced so.
Melior invites thee to a sumptuous feast:
Where are thy brags? Deny. Now is the test. *Anon.* 1695.

When thou art ask'd to sup abroad,
Thou swear'st thou hast but newly dined;
That eating late does overload
The stomach, and oppress the mind;

[1] A parasite. See Eps. 11 and 14.

But if Apicius makes a treat,
The slenderest summons thou obey'st;
No child is greedier of the teat
Than thou art of the bounteous feast.

There thou wilt drink till every star
Be swallow'd by the rising sun;
Such charms hath wine we pay not for,
And mirth at other's charge begun.

Who shuns his club, yet flies to every treat,
Does not a supper, but a reckoning hate. *Sedley.*

LXX. TO COTILUS.

Non vis in solio prius lavari
Quenquam, Cotile; causa quæ, nisi hæc est,
Undis ne fovearis irrumatis?
Primus te licet abluas, necesse est,
Ante hic mentula, quam caput, lavetur.

Tu, o Cotilo, non vuoi che nessuno si lavi nel tino prima di te. Qual n'è la cagione, se non è questa? Che non vuoi lavarti in acque irrumate. Bisogna dunque che tu ti lavi il primo, *a condizione* che tu ti lavi la mentola prima del capo. *Graglia.*

LXXI. TO CÆCILIANUS.

No one is more ingenious than yourself, Cæcilianus; I have remarked it. Whenever I read a few distichs from my own compositions, you forthwith recite some bits of Marsus or Catullus. Do you offer me these, as though what you read were inferior to mine, so that, when placed side by side, my compositions should gain by the comparison? I believe you do. Nevertheless I should prefer, Cæcilianus, that you recite your own.

There 's none than thee more candid can be said,
Who, when some parcels in my book thou 'st read,
From Marsus or Catullus dost recite
The like, to show how much I better write,
Compared with them. Thy goodwill 's to me known,
But would thou 'dst read some verses of thine own.
Anon. 1695.

Nothing, I see, your candour can exceed,
My distichs whensoe'er you please to read:
From Dryden or from Pope you cite a line,
To show how much they both fall short of mine.
Such foils, no doubt, make mine appear more taking,
Yet I should choose some verses of your making. *Hay.*

LXXII. TO POSTUMUS.

Hesternâ factum narratur, Postume, cœnâ
Quod nollem—quis enim talia facta probet?—
Os tibi percisum quanto non ipse Latinus [1]
Vilia Panniculi percutit ora sono:
Quodque magis mirum est, auctorem criminis hujus
Cæcilium totâ rumor in urbe sonat.
Esse negas factum: vis hoc me credere? credo.
Quid, quod habet testes, Postume, Cæcilius?

O Postumo, si racconta un fatto successo nella cena passata, che mi dispiace: imperocchè chi mai acconsentirebbe a sì fatte cose? Ti fu percossa la faccia con più gran forza, che Latino stesso non percuote le vili guancie di Panniculo: e ciò che più sorprende, si rumoreggia per tutta la città che Cecilio sia l'autore di questo sfreggio. Tu ciò neghi: vuoi ch' io lo creda? Lo credo. *Ma* cos'è, o Postumo, che Cecilio ha testimonj? *Graglia.*

Of yesterday's most social meal
They tell a truth, that won't conceal;
Which must the mirth or sorrow move,
Of all who censure or approve.
They say that, Post, thy mouth and nose,
Were batter'd by such barb'rous blows,
As Latin's hand, with archest bound,
Ne'er bade from Panny's visage sound.
To make the riot all sublime,
They name the hero of the crime:
That Cecil play'd this first of funs,
The rumour through the city runs.
Thou, Postume, swear'st the whole a lie;
And boldly canst the fact defy.
But all thy shams must prove refuse:
Cecil attesters can produce. *Elphinston.*

LXXIII. ON LYRIS.

Lyris wishes to be told what it is she is doing. What? Why, she sullies her mouth even when not intoxicated.[2]

LXXIV. TO MATERNUS.

Do you notice, Maternus, that Saufeius accompanied in front and behind by a crowd of followers, a crowd as great as that

[1] Latinus and Panniculus were two actors in pantomime.

[2] There are various readings of this Epigram. The best perhaps is, *Quid faciat vis scire Lyris? Quid? Sobria fellat.* A MS. in the Bodleian adds another verse: *Gaudes: quid facies ebria facta, Lyris?*

by which Regulus is escorted home after sending off his shaven[1] client to the lofty temples of the gods? Do not envy him. May such an escort never, I pray, be yours. Fuficulenus and Faventinus[2] procure for him these friends and flocks of clients.

What trains before, what trains behind him ride!
What crowds of friends support him on each side!
Such multitudes did never with lord mayor
On solemn festival to Paul's repair:
You gazing cry, "How times with him are mended!"
May never friend of mine be thus attended!
Envy him not: the matter I'll explain:
You see his mortgage; and 't is Trapland's train. *Hay.*

LXXV. ON A LION.

A lion who had been accustomed to put up with the blows of his unsuspecting master, and quietly to suffer a hand to be inserted in his mouth, has unlearned his peaceful habits, his fierceness having suddenly returned, greater even than it ought to have been on the Libyan mountains. For, cruel and malicious, he slew with furious tooth two boys of that young band whose duty it was to put a new face on the ensanguined arena with their rakes. Never did the theatre of Mars behold a greater atrocity. We may exclaim: "Savage, faithless robber! learn from Rome's sacred wolf to spare children."

A lion, wont his keeper's stripes to bear,
Into whose mouth his hand, without all fear,
He used to thrust, such tameness he was taught;
But suddenly so high his fury wrought,
'T was 'bove what from the Libyan clime he brought;
For while two boys did rake the sandy floor,
With savage rage he both in pieces tore,—
The theatre like crime ne'er knew before.
Romans may well say, "Treacherous beast, forbear;
Cf Romulus' wolf young children learn to spare."
Anon. 1695.

[1] Shaven, i. e. acquitted; as persons under accusation let their beards grow.

[2] Names of usurers, it is supposed, to whom he had mortgaged his estate.

LXXVI. ON MARIUS.

Marius has left you a legacy of five pounds of silver. He, to whom you gave nothing, has given you—words.[1]

Five pounds of fine silver was Marius' bequest.
Though thou gavest him nothing, he gave thee a jest.
Elphinston.

LXXVII. TO COSCONIUS.

You, Cosconius, who think my epigrams long, may possibly be expert at greasing carriage-wheels. With like judgment, you would think the Colossus too tall, and might call Brutus's boy[2] too short. Learn something which you do not know: two pages of Marsus and the learned Pedo often contain only one epigram. Those compositions are not long, in which there is nothing to retrench: but you, Cosconius, write even distichs that are too long.

My epigrams are long in your conceit:
Much fitter for a groom than judge of wit.
Long in your sense the giants in Guildhall;
And short the British king on Ludgate-wall.
Learn, that the Iliad and the Æneid shines,
Though each contains so many thousand lines.
Works are not long, from which you nought can take:
But long the very distichs which you make. *Hay*

Coscus, thou say'st my epigrams are long:
I 'd take thy judgment on a pot of ale:
So thou may'st say the elephant 's too strong,
A dwarf too short, the pyramid too tall.
Things are not long where we can nothing spare:
But, Coscus, e'en thy distichs tedious are. *Sedley.*

LXXVIII. TO CÆCILIANUS.

Do you ask where to keep your fish in the summer-time? Keep it in your warm baths, Cæcilianus.

"Where keep my fish in summer?" Helluo cries.
Your kitchen 's cool; that grotto I advise.
Gentleman's Mag.

What place to keep your ice in I approve,
You ask.—Your kitchen chimney or your stove. *Hay.*

[1] Marius having left no property.
[2] The statue of a boy, made by Brutus, an artificer.

LXXIX. TO NASICA.

You invite me then, and then only, Nasica, when you know I am engaged. Excuse me, I pray: I dine at home.

You think I 'm call'd elsewhere, so bid me come
To dine with you. Thank you; I dine at home. *Anon.*

LXXX. ON FANNIUS.

Fannius, as he was fleeing from the enemy, put himself to death. Is not this, I ask, madness,—to die for fear of dying?

When Fannius from his foe did fly,
Himself with his own hands he slew:
Who e'er a greater madness knew?
Life to destroy for fear to die! *Anon.* 1695.

Himself he slew, when he the foe would fly:
What madness this, for fear of death to die! *Hay.*

LXXXI. TO ZOILUS.

Your litter may, if you please, be larger than an hexaphoros, Zoilus; but, as it is your litter, it should be called a bier.[1]

Let thy litter be larger than e'er moved on six,
'T is a bier, if upon it thy carcase they fix. *Elphinston.*

LXXXII. TO PONTICUS.

Why do you maim[2] your slave, Ponticus, by cutting out his tongue? Do you not know that the public says what he cannot?

What 'vails it thee to make thy slave a mute?
Of thy foul crimes much louder now 's the bruit.
Anon. 1695.

LXXXIII. ON A CRUEL HUSBAND.

Husband, you have disfigured the wretched gallant, and his countenance, deprived of nose and ears, regrets the loss of its original form. Do you think that you are sufficiently avenged? You are mistaken: something still remains.

[1] The hexaphoros was a large sort of palanquin, carried on the shoulders of six men. By calling Zoilus's litter a bier, Martial means, as Rader supposes, that Zoilus was bloated with gluttony, and more like a corpse than a living person. See B. iii. Ep. 82.

[2] *Fœdas* appears to be the best reading in the first line, instead of *fingis* or *figis*, the latter of which Scheidewin adopts. Compare the first verse of the next epigram, *Fœdasti——maechum.*

Thou hast deform'd the poor gallant;
Nor could thy justice mercy grant.
His nose so slit, and ear so tore,
Now seek in vain the grace they wore.
Now vengeance boasts her ample due.
Fool! may n't the foe the charge renew? *Elphinston.*

LXXXIV. TO RUFUS, ON SERTORIUS.

Mollis erat facilisque viris Pœantius heros:[1]
Vulnera sic Paridis dicitur ulta Venus.
Cur lingat cunnum Siculus Sertorius, hoc est:
Abs hoc occisus, Rufe, videtur Eryx.

L'Eroe Peanzio era effeminato, e compiacente agli uomini: si dice che Venere così abbia vendicato le ferite di Paride. Il perchè Sertoria Siculo sia cunnilingo, si è, o Rufo, per quel che pare, dall' aver ucciso Erice.[2] *Graglia.*

LXXXV. TO A FRIEND.

A bottle of iced water,[3] bound with light basket-work, shall be my offering to you at the present Saturnalia. If you complain, that I sent you in the month of December a gift more suited to the summer, send me in return a light toga.

A summer gift, that I in winter mak ,
In evil part I would not have thee take;
Or, for my present, hold me for a clown;
But while 't is cold, send me a summer gown.
Anon. 1695.

LXXXVI. TO CLASSICUS, IN DISPARAGEMENT OF DIFFICULT POETIC TRIFLES.

Because I neither delight in verse that may be read backwards,[4] nor reverse the effeminate Sotades;[5] because nowhere

[1] Philoctetes, by one of whose arrows Paris is said by some to have been shot.

[2] The son of Venus. A neighbour of Sertorius, who had lately died, bore the same name.

[3] Water boiled and then cooled in snow, such as the Romans used to mix with their wine.

[4] Such as, with regard to letters,

Roma tibi subito motibus ibit amor,

or, with regard to words and metre,

Musa mihi causas memora, quo numine læso.

[5] That is, the metre used by Sotades, who wrote, it would appear from this passage, verses that might be read backwards; verses, perhaps, which

in my writings, as in those of the Greeks, are to be found echoing verses,[1] and the handsome Attis does not dictate to me a soft and enervated Galliambic strain;[2] I am not on that account, Classicus, so very bad a poet. What if you were to order Ladas against his will to mount the narrow ridge of the petaurum?[3] It is absurd to make one's amusements difficult; and labour expended on follies is childish. Let Palæmon[4] write verses for admiring crowds. I would rather please select ears.

That I acrostics' glory not do write;
In verses, backward read, take no delight;
Make not the echo in my verses play,
After the Grecian poetastering way;
Nor yet soft melting numbers so respect,
As more the chime, than ev'n the sense, t' affect;—
So bad a poet, as these ways to take,
I am not, Classicus. What hire would make
Ladas, for swiftness famed, so meanly stoop,
To leave the race, and tumble through a hoop?
Disgraceful 't is unto a poet's name
Difficult toys to make his highest aim:
The labour 's foolish that doth rack the brains
For things have nothing in them, but much pains.

Anon. 1695.

expressed commendation of the person to whom they were addressed, when read forwards, but satire when read the other way; as in the lines addressed by Philelphus to Pope Pius II.:

Conditio tua sit stabilis nec tempore parvo
Vivere te faciat hic Deus omnipotens.

[1] Verses in which the termination is formed by a repetition of the preceding syllable or syllables, as if given by an echo:

Vere novo sponsum me fore veris? Eris.

Butler, Hudibras, canto III. line 189 et seq., banters this species of poetry, and Addison has a paper on the subject in Spectator, No. 59.

[2] The Galliambic verse had its name from Galli, the priests of Cybele, who are said to have written in it. Attis, more commonly written Atys, was a youth beloved by Cybele.

[3] The petaurum was some sort of machine by which performers were raised from the ground; some have thought it a spring plank, others a wheel or part of a wheel; possibly there may have been different forms of it. Ladas was a swift runner (see B. x. Ep. 100), but could not be induced to mount the petaurum.

[4] A conceited grammarian; perhaps the one mentioned by Suetonius de Ill. Gramm. c. 13.

LXXXVII. TO SEXTUS, A DEFORMED PERSON.

You say, Sextus, that fair damsels are burning with love for you—for you, who have the face of a man swimming under water![1]

That for thee the fair burn, is the modestest whim!
Under water thy visage declares thee to swim.
Elphinston.

LXXXVIII. TO MAMERCUS.

You recite nothing, and you wish, Mamercus, to be thought a poet. Be whatever you will, only do not recite.

Arthur, they say, has wit. "For what?
For writing?" No—for writing not. *Swift.*

You 'd poet seem, yet nothing you rehearse:
Be what you will, so we ne'er hear your verse. *Wright.*

Thou would'st a poet be, yet nought dost write:
Be what thou wilt, so nought thou dost indite.
Anon. 1695.

LXXXIX.

For delighting to lengthen out the night over too many cups, I pardon you, Gaurus; you have the weakness of Cato. For writing verses without help from Apollo and the Muses, you deserve to be praised; this weakness was that of Cicero. You vomit; that was Antonius' failing; your luxury, that of Apicius. But as to your abominable debauchery, tell me, from whom do you derive that?

In profuse drinking that thy nights are spent,
Gaurus, thou Cato hast for precedent;
Tully, for barbarous verses thou dost write,
As if the Muses bore to thee a spite;
Antony, Apicius, vomitings did use;—
Thy horrid lust no patron can excuse. *Anon.* 1695.

That thou dost shorten thy long nights with wine,
We all forgive thee, for so Cato did;
That thou writ'st poems without one good line,
Tully's example may that weakness hide.

Thou art a cuckold; so great Cæsar was:
Eat'st till thou spew'st; Antonius did the same
Thou lovest whores; Jove loves a bucksome lass:
But that thou 'rt whipp'd is thy peculiar shame.
Sedley.

[1] Distorted, as things appear under troubled water.

XC. TO QUINTILIAN.

Quintilian, supreme ruler over our unsteady youth,—Quintilian, glory of the Roman toga, do not blame me, that I, though poor yet not useless to my generation, hasten to enjoy life: no one hastens enough to do so. Let *him* delay doing so, who desires to have a greater estate than his father, and who crowds his lofty halls with countless busts. A quiet hearth delights me, and a house which disdains not the blackness of smoke,[1] a running spring, and a natural piece of turf. May these be mine; a well-fed attendant, a wife not over-learned, nights with sleep, days without strife.

Quintilian, thou glory of the gowne,
And for instructing youth of high renowne,
If, poore, my life to mee content can give,
Allow me: none t' himselfe too much can live.
Lett who will strive their fathers' wealth t' enlarge,
And with vast statues their huge porches charge;
Give mee good fires, though in a smoaky hall,
Unforced springs, and grass-plotts naturall;
With full fedd clownes, and not too learn'd a wife,
Spending my nights in sleepe, dayes without strife.
Old MS. 16th Cent.

Wonder not, sir (you who instruct the town
In the true wisdom of the sacred gown),
That I make haste to live, and cannot hold
Patiently out, till I grow rich and old.
Life for delays and doubts no time does give;
None ever yet made haste enough to live.
Let him defer it, whose preposterous care
Omits himself, and reaches to his heir.
Who does his father's bounded stores despise,
And whom his own, too, never can suffice.
My humble thoughts no glittering roofs require,
Or rooms that shine with aught but constant fire
I will content the avarice of my sight
With the fair gildings of reflected light:
Pleasures abroad the sport of nature yields,
Her living fountains, and her smiling fields.
And then at home, what pleasure is 't to see
A little cleanly cheerful family!
Which if a chaste wife crown, no less in her
Than fortune, I the golden mean prefer.

[1] A house not too fine or splendid; such as will allow of the free use of fires without receiving damage by the smoke.

Too noble, nor too wise, she should not be,
No, nor too rich, too fair, too fond of me.
Thus let my life slide silently away,
With sleep all night, and quiet all the day. *Cowley.*

XCI. TO CÆSAR, ASKING THE RIGHTS OF A FATHER OF THREE CHILDREN.

Cæsar, thou who art the certain safety of the empire, the glory of the universe, from whose preservation we derive our belief in the existence of the gods; if my verses, so often read by thee in my hastily composed books, have succeeded in fixing thy attention, permit that to seem to be which fortune forbids to be in reality, namely, that I may be regarded as the father of three children.[1] This boon, if I have failed to please thee, will be some consolation to me; if I have succeeded in pleasing thee, will be some reward.

Welfare and glory of the earth, while thee
We safe behold, we gods believe to be;
If my slight books did e'er thee entertain,
And oft to read them thou didst not disdain,
What nature does deny, do thou bestow:
For *father of three children* make me go.
When my verse takes not, this will be an ease;
A high reward, in case it thee do please. *Anon.* 1695.

XCII. TO HIS WIFE.

He, who alone had the power, has granted to my prayer the rights of a father of three children, as a reward for the efforts of my Muse. Good bye to you, madam wife. The munificence of our lord and master must not be rendered valueless.[2]

He *father of three children* me has made,
And all my Muse's labours richly paid,
Who only could: thee, wife, I 'll not retain,
Lest I the prince's bounty render vain. *Anon.* 1695.

XCIII. TO REGULUS.

"Where is the first book," you ask, "since this is the second?" What am I to do, if the first book has more mo-

[1] To the father of three or more children great privileges were allowed among the Romans; he sat in the best seats at the games, and had advantages in standing for public offices and distinctions.

[2] That is, by his having three children by her, which would make the boon of Domitian superfluous.

desty than this? If you, however, Regulus, prefer this to be made the first, you can take away "one" from its title.

The second book you say! where is the prior?
What shall I do, if that be found the shier?
Yet, Regulus, if this the first you'd make,
One "I" you've only from the top to take. *Elphinston.*

BOOK III.

I. TO THE READER.

This book, whatever may be its worth, Gaul, named after the Roman toga,[1] sends from far distant climes. You read it, and award your praise perhaps to the preceding; but both are equally mine, whichsoever you think the better. That book which saw the light in the city should, indeed, give the greater pleasure; for a book of Roman production should bear the palm over one from Gaul.

This third book, good or bad, whate'er it be,
Gallia Togata sends from far to thee.
If, reading this, my former thou dost praise,
Both yet are mine, that which least claims the bays.
Those must excel, born, Rome, within thy wall:
A slave of thine, above a free-born Gaul. *Anon.* 1695.

II. TO HIS BOOK.

To whom, my little book, do you wish me to dedicate you? Make haste to choose a patron, lest, being hurried off into a murky kitchen, you cover tunnies with your wet leaves, or become a wrapper for incense and pepper. Is it into Faustinus' bosom that you flee? you have chosen wisely: you may now make your way perfumed with oil of cedar, and, decorated with ornaments at both ends, luxuriate in all the glory of painted bosses; delicate purple may cover you, and your title proudly blaze in scarlet. With him for your patron, fear not even Probus.[2]

[1] Gallia Togata. [2] M Valerius Probus, the celebrated grammarian.

Whither, thou darling child of joke,
To what protector dost thou fly?
Lest, wrapt in culinary smoke,
Thou dripping clothe the tunny-fry:

Lest holy incense thou profane,
Or think to lend the pepper poignance;
Thou wouldst Faustinus' bosom gain?
That is thy father's own enjoinance.

Imbued with cedar's potent oil,
The country thou beroam'st, and coast.
Thy decent frontlets nought shall soil:
Thou may'st thy painted navels boast.

And now, in gorgeous purple clad,
Thy face assumes a maiden-blush:
In such a patron wisely glad,
Thou valuest Probus not a rush. *Elphinston.*

III. TO AN ILL-FORMED LADY.

Your face, which is beautiful, you cover with a black veil;[1] but with your person, which is not beautiful, you offend the waters in which you bathe. Imagine that the nymph of the brook herself addresses you in these words of mine: "Either uncover your face, or bathe dressed."

Thy face, that 's fair, thou veil'st when thou dost go
To bathe, an ugly body naked show.
Believe the water-nymph thee thus doth pray,
"Bathe in thy clothes, or cast thy veil away." *Anon.* 1695.

IV. TO HIS BOOK.

Go your ways to Rome, my book. If Rome shall ask whence you are come, you will say from the quarter to which the Æmilian Way leads. If she shall inquire in what land I am, or in what city, you may reply that I am at Cornelii Forum.[2] If she ask the reason of my absence, make in few words a full confession: "He was not able to endure the wearisomeness and vanity of the toga."[3] If she shall say,

[1] *Nigro velamine.* We prefer this reading to the other, *nigro medicamine*, "with a black ointment," which Schneidewin adopts. If the lady's face was beautiful, there would be little need of any application, black or of any other colour, to improve it. *Velamine* also suits better with the following *aperi*. [2] A town of Gallia Togata, now called *Imola*.

[3] The trouble of visits of ceremony to patrons, which were paid in the

"When is he likely to return?" reply, "He departed a poet: he will return when he has learned to play the lyre."[1]

Hie thee to Rome, my book. If whence, she say;
Tell her thou comest from th' Æmilian Way.
If, in what track or town, she ask, we be;
In old Cornelius' Forum, Madam, he.
Why does the poet stray so far from town?
He could not bear the languors of the gown.
When comes he back? the next inquiry moves:
A bard he went; but comes, when he a minstrel proves.
Elphinston

V. TO HIS BOOK.

Do you wish, my little book, who are going to the city without me, to have recommendations to several persons? or will one person be sufficient? One, believe me, will be sufficient,—one to whom you will not be a stranger,—Julius, whose name is so constantly on my lips. Him you will seek out without delay, near the very entrance to the Via Tecta; he lives in the house which Daphnis once occupied. He has a wife, who will receive you to her arms and bosom, even were you to go to her covered with dust. Whether you see them together, or either of them first, you will say, "Marcus bids me salute you," and that is enough. Let letters of introduction herald others; he is foolish, who thinks it necessary to be introduced to his own friends.

Thee, little book, whom swift to town I send,
To many, or to one, shall I commend?
To one, enough; nor shalt a stranger be:
Julius! a consecrated name to me.
To him then hie: lo! sitting at the door,
(He guards the gods, that Daphnis did before,)
Thou seest his dame, whose longing arms will press,
Or bosom, thee, should'st all in dust address.
Whether them both, or either, thou assail,
Say: Marcus bid you, both or either, hail.
Let dedications incense power or pelf:
No letter need address another self. *Elphinston.*

VI. TO MARCELLINUS.

This is the third day, Marcellinus, after the Ides of May; a day to be celebrated by you with double rites: for it

[1] Players on the lyre or harp being valued at Rome more than poets. See B. v. Ep. 57.

witnessed the introduction of your father to the light of heaven, and was the first to receive the offering from your blooming cheeks.[1] Although the day conferred on your father the gift of a happy life, yet it never afforded him a greater blessing than your safe arrival at manhood.

Hail, happy third beyond the Ides of May!
Twice, my dear Marcelline, thy holy day.
This brought thy parent to th' ethereal gales:
This of thy down the primal harvest hails.
On this whatever joys have whilom flow'd,
More on a father never day bestow'd. *Elphinston.*

VII. ON THE ABOLITION OF THE SPORTULA BY DOMITIAN.

Farewell at length, ye paltry hundred farthings, the patron's largess to his worn-out escort, doled out by the half-boiled bathing-man. What think ye, my masters, who starve your friends? The sportulæ of proud patrons are no more, there is no way of escape: you must now give a regular dinner.[2]

Ye hundred poor farthings, farewell.
His dole the vain drudge no more tell.
The bathmonger boil'd did divide it:
Ye starvelings, how could ye abide it?
The tyrant's proud basket is broke:
Our salary now is no joke. *Elphinston.*

VIII. ON QUINTUS.

"Quintus is in love with Thais."—What Thais?—"Thais with one eye."—Thais wants one eye; he wants two.

Quintus loves Thais.—Which?—Thais the blind.
As she wants one eye, he wants both, I find. *Anon.* 1695.

Phryne, as odious as youth well can be,
The daughter of a courtier in high place,
Met with a filthy mass that could not see;
His blindness she, and that excused her face.

[1] The first cuttings from the beard, which was always cut, for the first time, with great ceremony; the day on which it was done being kept as a festival, and the hair cut off being dedicated to some god. This was the commencement of manhood.

[2] A regular supper, or late dinner, which Domitian ordered to be given by patrons to their followers, instead of the hundred farthings for the sportula, which appear to have been sometimes distributed by the bath-keepers.

Were she not ugly, she would him despise;
Nor would he marry her if he had eyes.
To their defects they 're for the match in debt,
And, but for faults on both sides, ne'er had met. *Sedley.*

IX. ON CINNA.

Cinna, I am told, is a writer of small squibs against me. A man cannot be called a writer, whose effusions no one reads.

Cinna writes verses against me, 't is said:
He writes not, whose bad verse no man doth read. *Fletcher.*

Against me Cinna, as I hear, indites;
Since none him reads, who can affirm he writes?
Anon. 1695.

Jack writes severe lampoons on me, 't is said—
But he writes nothing, who is never read. *Hodgson.*

X. TO PHILOMUSUS.

Your father, Philomusus, allowed you two thousand sesterces a month, and paid you day by day; because, with you, the wants of the morrow always pressed close on the extravagance of to-day; and consequently it was necessary to allow daily aliment to your vices. Your father is now dead, and has left you his sole heir; and by so doing, Philomusus, he has disinherited you.[1]

Your father gave you a large monthly pay;
And this continued to his dying day:
Yet want still follow'd close your luxury;
And daily vices daily craved supply:
But now he all hath left you, and is dead,
By being heir you 're disinherited. *Hay.*

Your father, young Split-coin, they say,
Allow'd you five hundred a year;
And it came like a corporal's pay;
Each week he made up the arrear.
'T would keep you from starving, he thought;
For he knew your extravagance such,
That to-morrow you 'd ne'er have a groat,
Though to-day you got ever so much.
But his will, in appearance less strict,
Outright gave you all he could give:
Why, already we see how you 're trick'd—
Disinherited, Bob, as I live. *N. B. Halhead.*

[1] Because you will soon squander all he has bequeathed you.

XI. TO QUINTUS.

If your mistress, Quintus, is neither Thais nor one-eyed, why do you imagine my distich to have been levelled against you?—But perhaps there is some similarity in the name; perhaps it said Thais for Lais.—Tell me, what similarity is there between Thais and Hermione?—But you are Quintus, you say;—well, let us change the name of the lover. If Quintus will not have Thais, let Sextus be her swain.[1]

If she thou lov'st nor blind nor Thais be,
What makes thee think last distich writ on thee?
If Lais 't were, and her I 'd Thais named,
For such resemblance I might well be blamed:
But what similitude do these two bear?
How do Hermione and Thais pair?

But thou art Quintus, and that name I chuse.
Be 't so: I always feigned names do use.
I 'll change the lover's name, if that please more;
Sextus, not Quintus, Thais loves, the whore. *Anon.* 1695.

XII. ON FABULLUS.

The perfumes, I own, were good which you gave your guests yesterday; but you carved nothing. It is a queer kind of entertainment to be perfumed and starved at the same time. A man, Fabullus, who eats nothing, and is embalmed, seems to me a veritable corpse.

Faith! your essence was excelling;
But you gave us nought to eat:
Nothing tasting, sweetly smelling,
Is, Fabullus, scarce a treat.

Let me see a fowl unjointed,
When your table next is spread:
Who not feeds, but is anointed,
Lives like nothing but the dead. *George Lamb.*

[1] This Epigram requires a comment. A certain Quintus was angry at Martial on account of the eighth Epigram. As the name of his mistress was Hermione, and she was not one-eyed, Martial asks him how he could have supposed that the Epigram was directed against her and him. If there had been, he adds, any similarity in the names,—if your mistress, for instance, had been called Lais, you might have fancied that Lais was meant by Thais; but what similarity is there between Thais and Hermione? But, you will say, I mentioned Quintus in those lines, and your name is Quintus. Well then, to please you, I will change the name, and for Quintus substitute Sextus, since it is of no consequence to me by what name, "Fifth" or "Sixth," I call Thais's lover.

XIII. TO NÆVIA.

While you refuse to cut up the hare, Nævia, and the mullet, and spare the boar which is already more than putrid, you accuse and ill-treat your cook, on the pretence that he has served up everything raw and indigestible. At such a banquet I shall never suffer from indigestion.

While boar to carve, and mullets thou dost spare,
Wilt sooner cut thy father up, than hare:
But, as if all were crude, thy cook dost beat.
No crudities they 'll find, whom thou dost treat. *Anon.* 1695.

XIV. ON TUCCIUS.

The hungry Tuccius had left Spain and was coming to Rome. But a rumour about the sportula met him, and he turned back at the Mulvian Bridge.[1]

Starved Tuccius from remotest Spain did come,
Full of great hopes plenty to find in Rome:
But at the very port being told the hard
Duty of clients, and their lean reward,
He turned straight his horse's head again,
With switch and spur posted him back to Spain.
Anon. 1695.

A Yorkshire squire, an epicure well known,
Set forth to spend his winter months in town,
But heard the dev'lish price of beef and pork,
Stopp'd short at Highgate, and returned to York.
Rev. R. Graves.

XV. ON CODRUS.

No one in the whole city gives more credit[2] than Codrus.—"But since he is so poor, how can that be?"—He bestows his affections with his eyes shut.

Tom gives more trust than any one in trade.—
And yet so poor?—Tom thinks his love a maid.
Hodgson.

XVI. TO A COBBLER.

Cobbler, kinglet of cobblers, you give gladiatorial exhibitions, and what your awl has bestowed the sword destroys.

[1] He heard of the smallness of the sportula, and the trouble and humiliation to be endured in obtaining it, and at once turned back, though he had reached the Mulvian Bridge, which was only a mile from Rome.

[2] A *jeu de mots* on the different meanings of "credit," viz., "he lends money on credit," and "he yields implicit faith."

You are intoxicated; for you never would have acted when sober, in such a way as to amuse yourself, cobbler, at the expense of your tanned hides. You have had your sport; and now, be advised, remember to confine yourself within your own natural skin.

An haughty enrich'd cobbler durst bestow
A most profuse and princely fencers' show:
What in his life he earned by the awl,
At sword and buckler fight he made fly all.
Sure thou wert drunk; thou could'st not, cobbler, play,
In any sober mood, thy hide away.
Enough of shows; now to thy skins abide:
Fear what befell the ass i' th' lion's hide. *Anon.* 1695.

XVII. ON SABIDIUS.

A tart, which had been carried round the second course several times, burnt the hand with its excessive heat. But the throat of Sabidius was still more ardent to swallow it; he immediately, therefore, blew upon it three or four times with his mouth. The tart certainly grew cooler, and seemed likely to allow us to touch it. But no one would touch it: it was infected.

A tart around the second service flew,
And burnt whatever hand the nearest drew.
More burn'd Sabidius' maw: his cheeks he swell'd,
And in repeated blasts his breath repell'd.
The tart, relenting, could admit the touch:
But ah! the tart relented[1] now too much. *Elphinston.*

XVIII. TO MAXIMUS.

In your exordium you complained that you had caught a cold in your throat. Since you have excused yourself, Maximus, why do you recite?

Thou hast got a dire cold: it is well understood:
Why elaborate on? The apology's good. *Elphinston.*

XIX. ON A VIPER.

Close to the hundred columns, where figures of wild beasts adorn the plane-grove, is to be seen a she-bear. The fair Hylas, playing near it, explored its yawning jaws, and buried his tender hand in its mouth; but an accursed viper was

[1] That is, it tended to dissolution became putrid.

lurking in the dark recesses of the brazen throat, and the bear was animated with a breath more deadly than its own. The child did not perceive that any mischief was there, until he was dying from the bite of the snake. Oh, sad misfortune! that the bear was not a real one!

In the Piazza, where tall poplars grow,
And well-carved beasts adorn the shaded row,
A rugged bear takes up a mighty space,
The ornament and terror of the place.
Young Hylas there the horrid monster saw,
And fearless sported with its gaping jaw.
A lurking viper animates the stone,
And arms the brute with poison, not its own.
Too late, alas! the fair expiring boy
Found bears could sting, and marble could destroy.
R. Luck, 1736.

XX. ON CANIUS.

Tell me, my Muse, what my Canius Rufus[1] is doing. Is he committing to imperishable tablets the history of the family of the Claudii, for future generations to read; or refuting the falsehoods of the historian of Nero? Or is he imitating the jocosity of the plain-speaking Phædrus?[2] Or is he sporting in elegiacs; or writing gravely in heroic verse? Or is he terrible in the buskin of Sophocles? Or is he idling in the school of the poets, uttering jests seasoned with Attic salt? Or, if he has retired from thence, is he pacing the portico of the temple of Isis,[3] or traversing at his ease the enclosure of the Argonauts?[4] Or rather, is he sitting or walking, in the afternoon, free from cankering cares, in the sunny box-groves of the delicate Europa?[5] Or is he bathing in the warm baths of Titus or of Agrippa, or in that of the shameless Tigillinus?[6] Or is he enjoying the country seat of Tullus

[1] B. i. Ep. 70.

[2] It is supposed by Gronovius and others, with great probability, that Phædrus, the writer of fables, is meant, whom Martial calls *improbus*, or "plain-speaking," because he satirizes the actions of men by words put into the mouths of the inferior animals. What 'historian of Nero" is meant, is unknown.

[3] See B. ii. Ep. 14. The original has merely "temple," but all the commentators agree that the temple of Isis is meant.

[4] The area and portico of Agrippa, adorned with paintings of the adventures of the Argonauts.

[5] See B. ii. Ep. 14.

[6] Sophonius Tigillinus, an unprincipled character, mentioned by Juvenal, Sat. I., and by Tacitus.

canus?[1] or hastening to Pollio's delightful retreat,
miles from the city? Or has he set out for scorch-
Baiæ, and is he now sailing about on the Lucrine
—"Do you wish to know what your Canius is doing?
ghing."

Tell me, my Muse, how Canius spends his time:
In lasting leaves, and in immortal rhyme,
Does he the facts of Nero rightly state,
From malice and from flatt'ry free, relate?
Light elegies, or grave heroics write?
I' th' comic, or the tragic strain delight?
Or in the poets' school does Canius sit,
Regaling all with his choice Attic wit?
Or else, being free from study, does he talk
I' th' temples, and the shady porches walk?
Bathes he? Or from the city toil retired,
Are fields and rivers more by him admired,
Baia's or Lucrin's sweet recess desired?
[*Muse.*] How Canius spends his time, would'st have me show?
He laughs at all which most men serious do. *Anon.* 1695.

XXI. ON A MASTER AND SLAVE.

A slave, branded on the forehead by his master, saved
him when proscribed. Thus, while the life of the master
was preserved, his infamy[2] was perpetuated.

Who, saved by his man, does stigmatize the same,
Returns himself to banish his good name. *Wright.*

XXII. ON APICIUS.

You had spent, Apicius, sixty millions of sesterces[3] on
your belly, but you had still left a loose ten millions. In
despair at such a reduction, as if you were condemned to en-
dure hunger and thirst, you took as a last draught, a dose of
poison. No greater proof of your gluttony than this, Apicius,
was ever given by you.

Six hundred thousand spent, and butt
Ten thousand left to feed his gutt,
Fearing for want of food to dye,
Despairing, hee did poyson buy;
Never was known such gluttonye. *Old MS. 16th Cent.*

[1] Two brothers; see B. i. Ep. 37; B. ix. Ep. 52.
[2] The infamy of a master who could have branded a slave so attached
[3] About half a million of our money.

XXIII. TO A NIGGARDLY HOST.

Since you hand over all the dishes to the slaves behind you, why is not your table spread at your back?[1]

All to the boys thou reachest o'er the shoulder.
Set them a table, that they may grow bolder. *Elphinston.*

XXIV. ON A TUSCAN SOOTHSAYER.

A goat, guilty of having gnawed a vine, was standing doomed before the altar of Bacchus, a grateful victim for his sacred rites. When the Tuscan soothsayer was about to sacrifice him to the god, he chanced to order a rustic and unlettered countryman to castrate the animal quickly with a sharp knife, so that the foul odour from the unclean flesh might pass away.[2] But while he himself, with his body bent over the grassy altar, was cutting the neck of the struggling animal with his knife, and pressing it down with his hand, an immense hernia of his own showed itself at the outraged rites. This the rustic seized and cut, thinking that the ancient rites of sacrifice demanded it, and that the ancient deities were honoured with such offerings. So you, who but a while since were a Tuscan, are become a Gallus;[3] and while you were cutting the throat of a goat, you were cut yourself.

A goat without awe,
Who tendrils would gnaw,
Was doom'd on the altar to die.
Now, Bacchus, thy priest
Laid hold of the beast!
And thus to a clown that stood by:

"While I shall divine,
Lop off either sign,
That so no rank odour remain."
When now he would slay,
Both strugglingly lay;
Both doom'd the green altar to stain.

As thus they lay low,
How dire was the show!
The auspices saw it, and scowl'd.

[1] *Ad pedes.* Properly "at your feet," where the slaves in waiting stood, a little withdrawn towards the back of the master.

[2] A supposed effect of the operation.

[3] A priest of Cybele. The word Gallus means also *a Gaul.*

The clown, with a knife,
Clear'd all to the life:
Too late the bare bacchanal howl'd.
Well thought the poor man,
When orgies began,
Such fibres high honour were held in.
The priest of the god
Own'd Cybele's nod;
And, slaying the goat, proved a gelding. *Elphinston*

XXV. TO FAUSTINUS, ON A FRIGID RHETORICIAN.

If you wish, Faustinus, a bath of boiling water to be reduced in temperature,—a bath, such as scarcely Julianus could enter,—ask the rhetorician Sabinæus to bathe himself in it. He would freeze the warm baths of Nero.

If thy hot bath, Faustus, thou seek'st to cure,
'Bove what a paralytic can endure:
Let orator Sabinus enter in
Nero's hot baths, he 'll make a cooling spring. *Anon.* 1695.

XXVI. TO CANDIDUS.

Alone you possess your farms, Candidus, alone your cash; alone your golden and murrhine vessels; alone your Massic wine, alone your Cæcuban of Opimius' year; alone your heart, alone your wit; alone you possess all your property; (do you think I wish to deny it?)—but your wife, Candidus, you share with all the world.

Candidus has alone fine farms, gold coin,
Myrrh, and drinks Cæcuban, and Massic wine;
Has the sole wisdom, and the only wit;
Enjoys the world alone, and all in it.
But has he all alone? That I deny; *Fletcher.*
His wife with all is in community.

Thy pleasant farm thou dost enjoy alone,
Thy money, plate, communicat'st to none.
Alone, thou aged Massic wine dost drink,
Alone thyself both wise and witty think:
That all thou hast alone, I yet deny,
Thy wife is common, or the people lie. *Anon.* 1695.

XXVII. TO GALLUS.

—— invite me again, although you frequently accept

my invitations. I pardon you, Gallus, provided that you do not invite others. But others you certainly do invite;—we are both in the wrong. "How so?" you ask. I have no common sense; and you, Gallus, no sense of shame.

I often you, you mee doe never bid,
Which I could pardon if none else you did;
But others you invite:—we're both to blame,—
Myself for want of witt, and you of shame.
Old MS. 16th Cent.

That oft I thee, thou me dost never call
To sup, I could forgive, if none at all
Thou didst invite: but, churl, thou dost afford
To other guests a frequent well-served board.
We 're faulty both. In what, dost bid me name?
I for the want of wit, and thou of shame. *Anon.* 1695.

XXVIII. TO NESTOR.

You wonder that Marius' ear smells unpleasantly. You are the cause of this, Nestor; you whisper into it.

Wonder you, Nestor, Marius' ear smells strong?
Your breath 's the cause; you whisper there so long. *Wright.*

Thou 'rt shock'd at the bad smell from Marius' ear:
'T is from the bad thou 'rt ever whispering there. *Anon.*

XXIX. TO SATURN, ON ZOILUS.

To thee, O Saturn, Zoilus dedicates these chains and these double fetters, his first rings.[1]

To thee, the god, whom freedom's sons adore,
Glad Zoilus devotes the rings erewhile he wore.
Elphinston.

XXX. TO GARGILIANUS.

The sportula is no longer given;[2] you dine as an ordinary guest.[3] Tell me then, Gargilianus, how do you contrive to live at Rome? Whence comes your paltry toga, and the rent of your murky den? Whence the money for a bath among the poor? or for the favours of Chione? You say you live

[1] This Zoilus, whoever he was, had been a slave, but had risen to the dignity of a knight, when he wore a gold ring; in allusion to which Martial calls his fetters "his first rings." The fetters of slaves, on their manumission, were dedicated to Saturn, because he had himself been put in fetters by Jupiter. See B. xi. Ep. 37.

[2] See Ep. 7. [3] *Gratis conviva recumbis.* Without receiving any money.

highest degree reasonably, but you act unreasonably,
opinion, in living at all.

o money's paid, yet gratis eat'st my cheer,
ut when at Rome, Gargilian, what dost there?
Whence hast thou house-rent? or whence hast a coat?
How canst thou pay thy wench? whence hast a groat?
Though with much reason thou art said to live,
Yet how thou dost it none can reason give. *Fletcher.*

XXXI. TO RUFINUS.

You have, I admit, many a wide acre of land, and
any a farm over which Alban household gods preside;
rowds of debtors to your well-filled money-chest serve you
s their master, and golden tables support your meals. Do
not, however, Faustinus, disdain smaller people than yourself:
Didymus had more than you have; Philomelus[1] has more.

I own, in manors you have large command;
And rich in houses are, as well as land:
You have in mortgages a vast estate:
Your table elegant, and served in plate.
Despise not your inferiors on this score:
More once had Verres, Cheatall now hath more. *Hay.*

I own, Sir Lutestring, you've a million clear,
You boast in lands ten thousand pounds a year;
Your various mortgages no chest can hold,
Subscriptions, loans, and South Sea stock untold;
You eat on silver, and you drink in gold.
Yet sneer not righteous patriots, though on foot,
Nor grin at virtue in an old surtout.
Sejanus claim'd than you a larger store
Rufinus and Eutropius, sir, had more,
And so had Osterman,—but all is o'er.
Gentleman's Mag. vol. xii.

Disdain not, Rufus, all that yet are poor;
There's greater rogues than you, that have much more.
Anon. 1695.

XXXII. TO MATRINIA.

You ask, Matrinia, whether I can love an old woman.
I can, even an old woman: but you are not an old woman;
you are a corpse. I can love a Hecuba or a Niobe, Matrinia,
provided the one has not yet become a hound, or the other a
stone.

[1] Names of low people who had become rich at Rome.

Ask you, poor Bell, if I can love the old?
I can,—but you are absolutely dead.
Sad Niobe, or Hecuba the scold,
I might have borne; but nature's self had fled
From tender looks, and arms in fondness thrown
Around the railing bitch or weeping stone. *Sedley.*

XXXIII. THE IDEAL OF HIS MISTRESS.

I prefer a lady; but if such is denied me, my next choice would be a freed-woman. A slave is the last resource; but if her beauty indemnifies the want of birth, I shall prefer her to either.

A wife of high descent, I first would wed;
For want of such, one freed should share my bed;
A slave the last; yet if she *noble* be
In *form*, I'd chuse her first of all the three. *Anon.* 1695

XXXIV. TO CHIONE.

Why you are at once deserving and undeserving of your name, I will tell you. You are cold, and you are black. You are not, and you are, Chione.[1]

To Chione, or Madam Snow.

Fit and unfit thy name to thee doth show,
For black and cold thou art, Snow and not Snow.
Anon. 1695.

XXXV. ON SOME SCULPTURED FISH

You see those fish before you, a beautiful example of the sculpture of Phidias; give them water, and they will swim.

So graved to th' life by Phidias' art, you 'ld swear
The fish would swimme, were butt the water there.
Old MS. 16th Cent.

XXXVI. TO FABIANUS.

Such attentions as you receive from a new and lately made friend, Fabianus, you expect to receive also from me. You expect that I should constantly run in dishabille to salute you at the dawn of day, and that your litter should drag me through the middle of the mud; that, worn out, I should follow you at four o'clock or later to the baths of Agrippa, while I myself wash in those of Titus. Is this my reward after twenty

[1] Chion is Greek for snow.

winters' service, Fabianus, that I am ever to be in my apprenticeship to your friendship? Is this what I have gained, Fabianus, by my worn-out toga,—and this too my own,—that you do not consider me to have yet earned my discharge?

Of a new friend the duties dire,
Thou, Fabian, wouldst of me require:
That bristling I each morn repair,
To tend through thick and thin thy chair:
That I, at ten, or later hour,
Despising toil's and hunger's power,
Convoy thee to Agrippa's wave,
When I must thence with Titus lave.
Thus, thirty winters at thy will!
And must I be thy novice still?
This salary must I make known,
For wearing out the gown my own?
Nor have I length of duty trod,
To merit the discharging rod? *Elphinston.*

XXXVII. TO HIS RICH FRIENDS.

My rich friends, you know nothing save how to put yourselves into a passion. It is not a nice thing for you to do, but it suits your purpose. Do it.

Rich friends 'gainst poor to anger still are prone:
It is not well, but profitably done. *May.*

XXXVIII. TO SEXTUS.

What cause or what presumption, Sextus, brings you to Rome? what do you expect or seek here? Tell me. "I will plead causes," you say, "more eloquently than Cicero himself, and in the three forums[1] there shall be no one to equal me." Atestinus pleaded causes, and Civis; you knew both of them; but neither made enough to pay for his lodging. "If nothing is to be gained from this pursuit, I will write verses: when you have heard them, you will say they are Virgil's own." You are mad; all that you see here shivering in threadbare cloaks are Ovids and Virgils. "I will push my way among the great." That trick has found support for but two or three that have attempted it, while all the rest are pale with hunger. "What shall I do? advise me:

[1] The old Roman forum, that of Julius Cæsar, and that of Augustus.

for I am determined to live at Rome." If you are a good man, Sextus, you will have to live by chance.[1]

To town what cause, or rather what ill star,
Hath brought my friend? say what your prospects are.
More eloquent than Murray I will be;
In the four courts, not one shall rival me.
Some, whom we know, in hall their time have lost:
Others have rid the circuit, and paid cost.
If that won't do, verses compose I will,
Equal to Maro's. That is wilder still.
In window'd hose, and garments twice convey'd,
Our Ovids and our Virgils are array'd.
Then I 'll attend the great. How few thrive by it!
The rest all starve upon so thin a diet.
Tell me, then, what to do: here live I must.
You 're a good man; and in the Lord must trust. *Hay.*

What business or what hope brings you to town,
Who canst not pimp, nor cheat, nor swear, nor lie?
This place will nourish no such idle drone;
Hence in remoter parts thy fortune try.

But thou hast courage, honesty, and wit,
And one, or all these three, will give thee bread:
The malice of this town thou know'st not yet:
Wit is a good diversion, but base trade.

Cowards will for thy courage call thee bully,
Till all, like Thraso's, thy acquaintance shun!
Rogues call thee for thy honesty a cully:
Yet this is all thou hast to live upon.

Friend, three such virtues Audley had undone:
Be wise, and, ere thou 'rt in the gaol, begone.
Of all that starving crew we saw to-day,
None but has kill'd his man, or writ his play. *Sedley.*

XXXIX. TO FAUSTINUS.

The one-eyed Lycoris, Faustinus, has set her affections on a boy like the Trojan shepherd. How well the one-eyed Lycoris sees!

One-eyed Lycoris' love 's more fair than he
Kept flocks on Ida. How the blind can see! *Anon.* 1695.

[1] Since it is only the bad that make sure of a living at Rome.

XL. TO THELESINUS.

For lending me one hundred and fifty thousand sesterces[1] out of the vast wealth which your heavy chest, Thelesinus, contains, you imagine yourself a great friend to me. You great, for lending? Say rather, I am great, for repaying.

For having lent, forsooth, an hundred pound
From full-cramm'd chests and wealth that does abound,
Thou think'st that thou much greatness hast display'd:
But that the grandeur 's mine, it may be said;
Who, being poor, so great a sum repaid. *Anon.* 1695.

XLI. ON A SCULPTURED LIZARD.

The lizard wrought upon this vessel by the hand of Mentor, is so life-like that the silver becomes an object of terror.

Mentor i' th' ewre so lively graved a newte,
You 'd think it breathed, and feare it, butt you knew 't.
Old MS. 16th Cent.

The lizard wrought by Mentor's hand so rare
Was fear'd i' th' cup, as though it living were. *Wright.*

XLII. TO POLLA.

When you try to conceal your wrinkles, Polla, with paste made from beans, you deceive yourself, not me. Let a defect, which is possibly but small, appear undisguised. A fault concealed is presumed to be great.

Thou seek'st with lard to smooth thy wrinkled skin,
Bedaub'st thyself, and dost no lover win.
Simple decays men easily pass by,
But, hid, suspect some great deformity. *Anon.* 1695.

Leave off thy paint, perfumes, and youthful dress,
And nature's failing honestly confess;
Double we see those faults which art would mend,
Plain downright ugliness would less offend. *Sedley.*

XLIII. TO LÆTINUS.

You ape youth, Lætinus, with your dyed hair; and you, who were but now a swan, are suddenly become a crow! You will not deceive every one: Proserpine knows that you are hoary, and will snatch the mask from your head.

[1] About twelve hundred pounds of our money.

Lentinus counterfeits his youth
With periwigs, I trow,
But art thou changed so soon, in truth,
From a swan to a crow?
Thou canst not all the world deceive:
Proserpine knows thee gray;
And she 'll make bold, without your leave,
To take your cap away. *Fletcher.*

Before a swan, behind a crow,
Such self-deceit I ne'er did know.
Ah, cease your arts! Death knows you 're grey,
And, spite of all, will have his way. *Dr Hoadley.*

Thou, that not a month ago
Wast white as swan or driven snow,
Now blacker far than Æsop's crow,
Thanks to thy wig, sett'st up for beau:
Faith, Harry, thou 'rt i' the wrong box;
Old age these vain endeavours mocks,
And time, that knows thou 'st hoary locks,
Will pluck thy mask off with a pox. *Tom Browne.*

XLIV. TO LIGURINUS.

Do you wish to know the reason, Ligurinus, that no one willingly meets you; that, wherever you come, everybody takes flight, and a vast solitude is left around you? You are too much of a poet. This is an extremely dangerous fault. The tigress aroused by the loss of her whelps, the viper scorched by the midday sun, or the ruthless scorpion, are less objects of terror than you. For who, I ask, could undergo such calls upon his patience as you make? You read your verses to me, whether I am standing, or sitting, or running, or about private business. I fly to the hot baths, there you din my ears: I seek the cold bath, there I cannot swim for your noise: I hasten to dinner, you stop me on my way; I sit down to dinner, you drive me from my seat: wearied, I fall asleep, you rouse me from my couch. Do you wish to see how much evil you occasion?—You, a man just, upright, and innocent, are an object of fear.

You come; away flies every mother's son:
On Bagshot Heath you can't be more alone.
If you ask, why,—you are bewitch'd with rhyme.
And this, believe me, is a dangerous crime.

Robb'd of her whelps, a tigress thus we shun
Or viper basking in the noon-day sun:
Not more the dreadful scorpion's sting we fear,
Than this incessant lugging by the ear.
Standing or sitting, you repeat your lays:
On my close-stool I hear them; in my chaise:
Your trumpet on the water strikes my ear;
I at Vauxhall no other music hear.
When dinner waits, you seize me by the button;
At table placed, you drive me from my mutton:
From a sweet nap you rouse me by your song.
How much, by this, yourself and me you wrong!
The man of worth, the poet, makes us fly;
And by your verse we lose your probity. *Hay.*

You often wonder what the devil
Can make the town so damn'd uncivil.
With what indifference they treat you!
There 's not a soul that cares to meet you.
Where'er you come, what consternation!
What universal desolation!
But for the cause—why, must you know it?
I 'll tell you; "you 're too great a poet;"
And that 's a thing true Britons fear
More than a tiger or a bear;
Your man of sense, of all God's curses,
Dreads nothing like repeating verses.
And really, Tom, you 're past all bearing;
You 'd tire a Dutchman out with hearing.
One must submit:—there 's no contending;
You keep one sitting; keep one standing
Got loose, with more than decent speed
I trudge away—yet you proceed.
Go where one will, there 's no retreat;
You 're at it still, repeat, repeat.
I fly to "Nando's"—you are there,
Still thund'ring distichs in one's ear:
Thence to the park—still you 're as bad;
The ladies think you drunk or mad:
"But come, 't is late, at three we dine;"
You stop one with "a charming line;"
Now down we sit; but lo! repeating
Is greater joy to you than eating.
Quite tired, I nod, and try to dose;
In vain—you 've murder'd all repose.
But prithee, Tom, repent in time;
You see the sad effect of rhyme

(And check this humour, if you can)
That such an honest worthy man,
With so much sense, and such good nature,
Should be so terrible a creature! *Rev. R. Graves.*

That cousins, friends, and strangers fly thee,
Nay, thy own sister can't sit nigh thee,
That all men thy acquaintance shun,
And into holes and corners run,
Like Irish beau from English dun,
The reason 's plain; and if thou 'dst know it,
Thou 'rt a most damn'd repeating poet.
Not bailiff sour'd with horrid beard
Is more in poor Alsatia fear'd,
Since the stern Parliament of late
Has stript of ancient rights their state;
Not tigers when their whelps are missing;
Not serpents in the sunshine hissing;
Not snake in tail that carries rattle;
Not fire, nor plague, nor blood, nor battle,
Is half so dreaded by the throng,
As thy vile persecuting tongue.
If e'er the restless clack that 's in it
Gives thy head leave to think a minute,
Think what a penance we must bear,
Thy damn'd impertinence to hear.
Where'er I run, or stand, or sit,
Thou still art in th' repeating fit:
Wearied, I seek a nap to take;
But thy cursed muse keeps me awake.
At church too, when the organ 's blowing,
Thy louder pipe is still a-going.
Nor park nor bagnio 's from thee free;
All places are alike to thee.
Learn wisdom once, at a friend's instance,
From the two fellows at St Dunstan's:
Make not each man thou meet'st a martyr;
But strike, like them, but once a quarter. *Tom Browne*

XLV. TO THE SAME.

Whether Phœbus fled from the table and supper of Thyestes, I do not know: I flee from yours, Ligurinus. It is certainly a splendid one, and well furnished with excellent dishes, but nothing pleases me when you recite. I do not want you to put upon table turbots or a mullet of two pounds weight, nor do I wish for mushrooms or oysters; what I want is your silence.

Whether scared Phœbus fled (my Ligurine)
Thyestes' feast, I know not; we fly thine:
Though that thy table's rich and nobly spread,
Yet thy sole talk knocks all th' enjoyment dead.
Fletcher.

XLVI. TO CANDIDUS.

You demand from me, without end, the attentions due from a client. I go not myself, but send you my freed-man. "It is not the same," you say. I will prove that it is much more. I can scarcely follow your litter, he will carry it. If you get into a crowd, he will keep it off with his elbow; my sides are weak, and unsuited to such labour. Whatever statement you may make in pleading, I should hold my tongue; but he will roar out for you the thrice-glorious "bravo!" If you have a dispute with any one, he will heap abuse upon your adversary with a stentorian voice; modesty prevents me from using strong language. "Well then, will you show me," say you, "no attention as my friend?" Yes, Candidus, every attention which my freedman may be unable to show.

How often do you ask me to go down,
To aid your interest in your borough town?
I would do all to serve you that I can:
Yet cannot go: but I will send my man.
You say, 't is not the same; I 'll prove it more.
I scarce can follow you; he 'll go before.
Is there a mob? he 'll elbow folks away:
I am infirm, not used to such rough play.
I can't repeat the popular things you say;
He will extol them, more than once a day.
Is there a quarrel? he 'll be very loud:
I am ashamed to bully in a crowd.
"What! will my friend do nothing, then?" say you:
All, that a servant cannot do, I 'll do. *Hay.*

XLVII. TO FAUSTINUS.

Yonder, Faustinus, where the Capene Gate drips with large drops,[1] and where the Almo cleanses the Phrygian sacrificial knives of the Mother of the Gods, where the sacred meadow of the Horatii lies verdant, and where the temple of the Little Hercules[2] swarms with many a visitor, Bassus was

[1] On account of the aqueducts and springs near it. Juv. iii. 11.

[2] Either Hercules worshipped as a boy, or in allusion to the smallness of the temple

taking his way in a well-packed chariot, carrying with him all the riches of a favoured country spot. There you might have seen cabbages with noble hearts, and both kinds of leeks,[1] dwarf lettuces, and beet-roots not unserviceable to the torpid stomach. There also you might have seen an osier ring, hung with fat thrushes; a hare, pierced by the fangs of a Gallic hound; and a sucking-pig, that had never yet crushed bean. Nor did the running footman go idly before the carriage, but bore eggs safely wrapped in hay. Was Bassus going to town? No; he was going to his country-seat.[2]

Where the Capenian gate her pool extends,
Where to the Phrygian parent Almo bends;
Where the Horatians verdure still the spot;
Where puny Hercules's fane is hot;
Poor Bassus drove his team, but sang no song;
Lugging the struggling stores of the blest land along.
There coleworts might you see of noblest shoot;
There might admire each lettuce, leek, and root;
But, above all, the deōbstructive beet;
Here a rich frail of fatted thrushes greet;
And here a hare, the cruel hounds could crunch;
With a sow's unwean'd babe, that bean could never munch.
Before the car, behold no idler stray:
Yet one preceded, stuffing eggs in hay.
Was Bassus winding his glad way to town?
No: winding his glad way to his dear villa down.
Elphinston.

XLVIII. TO OLUS.

Olus built a poor man's cot,[3] and sold his farms. Olus now inhabits the poor man's cot.

Noble Olus constructed a poor man's retreat;
Tho' his lands all he sold, he possesses a seat. *Elphinston.*

XLIX. TO A HOST.

You mix Veientan wine for me, while you yourself drink Massic. I would rather smell the cups which you present me, than drink of them.

[1] Leeks and onions are meant.

[2] Bassus is ridiculed for the unproductiveness of his grounds, to which he carried supplies from the city.

[3] A fancy cottage, or smaller house of reception, such as great men built for their dependents, or others, whom they did not wish to admit into their mansions.

You Massick drink, Veientan give to me.
I need not taste; the smell doth satisfie. *Wright.*

L. TO LIGURINUS.

The reason you ask us to dinner, Ligurinus, is no other than this, that you may recite your verses. I have just put off my shoes,[1] when forthwith in comes an immense volume among the lettuces and sharp-sauce. Another is handed, while the first course is lingering on the table: then comes a third, before even the second course is served. During a fourth course you recite; and again during a fifth. Why, a boar, if so often placed upon table, is unsavoury. If you do not hand over your accursed poems to the mackerel-sellers, Ligurinus, you will soon dine alone.

The single cause why you invite,
Is that your works you may recite.
I hardly had my slippers dropp'd,
Nor dream'd the entertainment stopp'd,
When, mid the lettuces and salad,
Is usher'd in a bloody ballad.
Then, lo! another bunch of lays,
While yet the primal service stays.
Another, ere the second course;
A third, and fourth, and fifth you force.
The boar, beroasted now to rags,
Appears in vain: the stomach flags.
The labours, that destroy each dish,
Were useful coats for frying fish.
Affirm, my Bard, this dire decree:
Else you shall sup alone for me. *Elphinston.*

LI. TO GALLA.

When I praise your face, when I admire your limbs and hands, you tell me, Galla, "In nature's garments I shall please you still better." Yet you always avoid the same baths with myself. Do you fear, Galla, that I shall not please you?

When, Galla, thy face, hands, and legs I admire,
Thou say'st: "I, when naked, more pleasing shall be."
Yet one common bath I full vainly require:
Dost fear that I shall not be pleasing to thee? *Elphinston.*

LII. TO TONGILIANUS.

You had purchased a house, Tongilianus, for two hundred

[1] In order to lie down on the dining-couch.

thousand sesterces; and a calamity but too frequent in this city destroyed it. Contributions poured in to the amount of a million sesterces. May you not, I ask, be suspected of having set fire to your own house, Tongilianus?

Two hundred pound thy house, Tongilian, cost,
Which was by fire—a chance too frequent!—lost.
Ten times as much in lieu was gather'd thee.
Didst thou not burne thy house in pollicie? *May.*

LIII. TO CHLOE.

I could do without your face, and your neck, and your hands, and your limbs, and your bosom, and other of your charms. Indeed, not to fatigue myself with enumerating each of them, I could do without you, Chloe, altogether.

I could resign that eye of blue,
Howe'er its splendour used to thrill me;
And ev'n that cheek of roseate hue—
To lose it, Chloe, scarce would kill me.

That snowy neck I ne'er should miss,
However much I 've raved about it;
And sweetly as that lip can kiss,
I *think* I could exist without it.

In short, so well I've learn'd to fast,
That sooth, my love, I know not whether
I might not bring myself at last
—To do without you altogether. *Moore*

LIV. TO GALLA.

Seeing that I cannot give you, Galla, what you ask of me as the price of your favours, it would be much more simple, Galla, to say No at once.

As you well know your price I cannot pay,
'T were much more simple No, at once, to say. *W. S. B.*

LV. TO GELLIA.

Wherever you come, Gellia, we think that Cosmus has migrated, and that his bottles are broken, and his perfumes flowing about. I would not have you delight in outlandish superfluities. You know, I suppose, that in this manner my dog might be made to smell agreeably.

* A celebrated perfumer, mentioned B. i. Ep. 88, and elsewhere.

That shops of odours seem with thee to go,
And rich perfumes thou dost around thee throw,
Think not this much; 't is not thy natural smell,
A dog, like thee embalm'd, would scent as well.
Anon. 1695.

LVI. ON RAVENNA.

At Ravenna, I would rather have a cistern than a vineyard, as I could sell water there for much more than wine.

Lodged at Ravenna, water sells so dear,
A cistern to a vineyard I prefer. *Addison.*

LVII. ON AN INNKEEPER AT RAVENNA.

A crafty innkeeper at Ravenna lately cheated me. I asked him for wine and water; he sold me pure wine.

By a Ravenna vintner once betray'd,
So much for wine and water mix'd I paid;
But when I thought the purchased liquor mine,
The rascal fobb'd me off with only wine. *Addison.*

A landlord of Bath put upon me a queer *hum:*
I ask'd him for punch, and the dog gave me *mere rum.*[1]
T. Warton.

LVIII. TO BASSUS, ON THE COUNTRY-HOUSE OF FAUSTINUS.

Our friend Faustinus's Baian farm, Bassus, does not occupy an ungrateful expanse of broad land, laid out with useless myrtle groves, sterile plane-trees, and clipped box-rows, but rejoices in a real unsophisticated country scene. Here close-pressed heaps of corn are crammed into every corner, and many a cask is redolent with wine of old vintages. Here, after November, when winter is at hand, the rough vine-dresser brings in the ripened grapes; the savage bulls bellow in the deep valley, and the steer, with forehead still unarmed, yearns for the fight. The whole muster of the farmyard roams at large, the screaming goose, the spangled peacock, the bird which derives its name from its red wings,[2] the spotted partridge, the speckled fowls of Numidia, and the pheasants of the impious Colchians: the

[1] A play on the original:
Callidus imposuit nuper mihi copo Ravennæ;
Cùm peterem mixtum, vendidit ille *merum*.

[2] The phœnicopterus, or flamingo.

proud cocks caress their Rhodian mates, and the turrets resound with the murmur of pigeons. On this side mourns the ringdove, on that the wax-coloured turtle-dove; the greedy swine follow the apron of the bailiff's wife, and the tender lamb bleats after its well-filled mother. Young house-bred slaves, sleek as milk, surround the cheerful fire, and piles of wood blaze near the joyous Lares. The steward does not, through inactivity, grow pale with enervating ease, nor waste oil in anointing himself for wrestling,[1] but sets crafty nets for greedy thrushes, or draws up fish captured with the tremulous line, or brings home deer caught in the hunter's toils. The productive garden amuses the well-pleased townsmen,[2] and long-haired children, freed from the rule of their instructor, delight to obey the farm-bailiff, and even the effeminate eunuch finds enjoyment in working. Nor does the rustic come empty-handed to pay his respects; he brings with him white honey in its waxen cells, and the conical cheese from the forest of Sassina. This one offers the sleepy dormouse, that the bleating young of the hairy she-goat; another, the capon debarred from loving. Tall maidens, daughters of honest husbandmen, bring their mothers' presents in baskets of osiers. Work being over, the cheerful neighbourhood is invited in; nor does a stinted table reserve its dainties for the morrow, but every one eats his fill, and the well-fed attendant has no cause to envy the reeling guest. But you, Bassus, possess in the suburbs of the city a splendid mansion, where your visitor is starved, and where, from lofty towers, you look over mere laurels secure in a garden where Priapus need fear no thief. You feed your vinedresser on corn which you have bought in town, and carry idly to your ornamental farm vegetables, eggs, chickens, fruits, cheese, and wine. Should your dwelling be called a country-house, or a town-house out of town?

> At my Faustinus' country-house there growes
> No equal ranked shady myrtle rowes,
> Or barren plane-trees; no boxe-hedges there
> Cut into various figures doe appeare
> To please the eye, engrossing a large field,
> And nought but an unfruitful prospect yield,

[1] He employs himself in more profitable occupations. *Perdere oleum et operam*, says the adage. [2] Who come to visit the place.

But more delights in the true country's dress,
In wilder forms affording rich increase.
The barnes and garners there with corne are fill'd:
And fragrant wines the spacious cellars yield;
There (vintage past) when winter days begin,
The rough vine-dresser latter grapes brings in;
Fierce bulls low in the vales, and there delight
The wanton calves with budding hornes to fright.
The yard all sorts of poultry there mayntaynes;
Shrill geese, and peacocks with their starry traynes;
The crimson and Numidian birds there nest,
Pheasant, and partridge with his speckled breast;
The lustfull cocks the Rhodian henns there tread,
With moaning doves the house-topp's covered;
The ring-doves in their mournfull notes complayne,
Which the soft turtles echo back againe;
The gruntling swine follow the house-wife's feete,
The tender lambes for their dam's teats doe bleate;
The milk-fedd clownes begird the shining hearth,
And, warm'd with the huge loggs, begin their mirth.
The caterer, nott with ease languishing,
Butt, with his paynefull swett, the cates brings in;
For greedy thrushes with spredd netts hee waytes;
Or angling taketh fishes with his baytes;
Or deere caught in the toyles he bringeth home.
The merry maydes supply the gardner's roome.
The nicer pages here without command
Delight in country-worke to have their hand,
And the neate chamberlayne putts in his too.
No farmer there doth empty-handed goe
To visit you.—One honny in the combe,
Another curds and creame from his owne home
By th' next wood's side; some sleepy dormice give,
A kidd, or capons forced chaste to live;
And with their baskets the plumpe girles are sent
Their mothers' gifts and service to present.
Harvest being done, neighbours invited, there
No dish reserved is for next daye's fare;
All eate their fill; nor does the wayter curse
The full-fedd, well-drench'd guest, 'cause hee has worse.
You your neate hungry suburbe house may prayse,
From your balconies viewing naught butt bayes;
You no Priapus neede there to preserve
Your fruite: your gardein would your gardner starve.
When from the city thither you retreate,
You must bringe with you (if you meane to eate)

Your sallades, poultry, fruites, cheese, and your wine,
Else on your painted viands you must dine.
Is this that thing your country-house you call?
No. Tis your cyty-house without the wall.
*Old MS. 16th Cent.**

LIX. ON A COBBLER AND A DYER.

A paltry cobbler, O elegant Bononia, has exhibited to thee a show of gladiators; a dyer has done the same to Mutina. Now where will the innkeeper exhibit?[1]

On the Cobbler and Fuller; To the Vintner.

Thee, Bononia, thy mender; thee, Mutina, Scrub
Gave a boon: where shalt thou give one, grape-sucking grub?
Elphinston.

LX. TO PONTICUS.

Seeing that I am invited to dinner, and am no longer, as before, to be bought,[2] why is not the same dinner given to me, as to you? You partake of oysters fattened in the Lucrine lake; I tear my lips in sucking at a limpet. Before you are placed splendid mushrooms; I help myself to such as are fit only for pigs. You are provided with a turbot; I with a sparulus.[3] The golden turtle-dove fills your stomach with its over-fattened body; a magpie which died in its cage is set before me. Why do I dine without you, Ponticus, when I dine with you? Let it be of some profit to me that the sportula exists no longer; let us eat of the same dishes.

Me, as a friend, to supper you invite:
Why have we then our supper different quite?
Colchester oysters you, and mussels I?
Yours perigord, and mine a mutton pie?
I have no rarities, you eat them up:
Strange! I should with you and without you sup!
Came I, to see the king at table, hither?
If we must eat, pray let us eat together. *Hay*

LXI. TO CINNA.

Whatever favour you ask, presuming Cinna, you call nothing: if you ask for nothing, Cinna, I refuse you nothing.

* For other versions or translations of this Epigram see *Pope*, in Guardian, 173, The Connoisseur, 33, and *Ben Jonson*, in his Penshurst.

[1] An expression of indignation that low characters should give shows to the populace. See Ep. 16. [2] An allusion to the abolition of the sportula; Ep. 7. [3] *Sparulus*, some unknown kind of fish. Some think it the bream. See Plin. H. N. xxxii. 11; Cels. ii. 18; Ov. Hal 106.

Whate'er you ask, 't is nothing, still you cry:
If nothing, Cinna, nothing I'll deny. *Wright.*
'T is a mere nothing that you ask, you cry:
If you ask nothing, nothing I deny. *Hay.*

LXII. TO QUINTUS.

Because you purchase slaves at a hundred and often two hundred thousand sesterces; because you drink wines stored in the reign of Numa; because your not over-large stock of furniture cost you a million; because a pound weight or wrought silver costs you five thousand; because a golden chariot becomes yours at the price of a whole farm; because your mule cost you more than the value of a house;—do you imagine that such expenses are the proof of a great mind, Quintus? You are mistaken, Quintus; they are the extravagances of a small mind.

Upon rich liveries no expense you spare
Your Rhenish older than the first French war;
Your little cabinet cost hundreds three,
And full as much your little carved settee;
Your gilded coach a moderate estate;
More than a house your pad is valued at.
Think you you show a soul by this expense?
A little one it is, and void of sense. *Hay.*

Milo, forbear to call him blest
That only boasts a large estate,
Should all the treasures of the East
Meet, and conspire to make him great. * * *
Let a broad stream with golden sands
Through all his meadows roll,
He 's but a wretch, with all his lands,
That wears a narrow soul. *Dr Watts.*

LXIII. TO COTILUS.

Cotilus, you are a beau; so say many, Cotilus, I hear; but tell me, what is a beau? "A beau is one who arranges his curled locks gracefully, who ever smells of balm, and cinnamon; who hums the songs of the Nile, and Cadiz; who throws his sleek arms into various attitudes; who idles away the whole day among the chairs of the ladies, and is ever whispering into some one's ear; who reads little billets-doux from this quarter and that, and writes them in return; who avoids ruffling his dress by contact with his neighbour's

sleeve; who knows with whom everybody is in love; who flutters from feast to feast; who can recount exactly the pedigree of Hirpinus."[1] What do you tell me? is this a beau, Cotilus? Then a beau, Cotilus, is a very trifling thing.

Oh! Jemmy, you're a beau! Not I alone
Say this, but 't is the talk of all the town.
Prythee be free, and to thy friend impart
What is a beau. Ay, sir, with all my heart.
He 's one who nicely curls and combs his hair,
And visits Sedgwick monthly all the year;
Sings bawdy songs and hums them, as along
Flaunting he walks through the admiring throng;
All the day long sits with the charming fair,
And whispers pretty stories in their ear;
Writes billets-doux, shuns all men as he goes,
Lest their unhallow'd touch should daub his clothes;
He knows your mishap; nay, at every feast
He 'll tell the pedigree of every guest.
Is this a beau? Faith, Jemmy, I 'll be plain,
A beau 's a bawble, destitute of brain. *Tom Browne.*

They tell me, Cotilus, that you 're a beau:
What this is, Cotilus, I wish to know.
"A beau is one who, with the nicest care,
In parted locks divides his curling hair;
One who with balm and cinnamon smells sweet,
Whose humming lips some Spanish air repeat;
Whose naked arms are smooth'd with pumice-stone,
And toss'd about with graces all his own:
A beau is one who takes his constant seat,
From morn to evening, where the ladies meet;
And ever, on some sofa hovering near,
Whispers some nothing in some fair one's ear;
Who scribbles thousand billets-doux a day;
Still reads and scribbles, reads, and sends away:
A beau is one who shrinks, if nearly press'd
By the coarse garment of a neighbour guest;
Who knows who flirts with whom, and still is found
At each good table in successive round:
A beau is one—none better knows than he
A race-horse, and his noble pedigree"—
Indeed? Why, Cotilus, if this be so,
What teasing trifling thing is call'd a beau! *Elton.*

[1] The name of a horse famous in the chariot-races. Juvenal, viii. 62.

LXIV. TO CASSIANUS.

The Sirens, those seductive destroyers of mariners with their deceitful blandishments and fatal caresses, whom, once listened to, nobody had before been able to quit, the crafty Ulysses is said to have escaped. Nor do I wonder at it; but I should have wondered, Cassianus, had he escaped from Canius,[1] when reciting his verses.

The seamen's merry ruin, killing joy,
The syrens, who with melody destroy,
That sly Ulysses had the power to leave,
When all besides, with charms, they did deceive,
I wonder not: but this I should admire,
From Canius' fett'ring tongue could he retire.

Anon. 1695.

LXV. TO DIADUMENUS.

The perfume, which is exhaled by the apple bitten by a young damsel; by the zephyr that passes over the saffron-fields of Corycia; by the vine, when it flowers white with its first clusters; by grass just cropped by the sheep; by the myrtle; by the Arabian spice-gatherer; by amber rubbed with the hand; by the fire pale with eastern frankincense; by the turf lightly sprinkled with summer showers; by the chaplet resting loosely on locks dripping with nard: all this fragrance, cruel Diadumenus, is combined in your kisses. What would it not be, were you to grant them without grudging?

As apples smell bitt by a young girle's tooth,
Or winde past o'er a field of saffron doth;
As flow'ry vines when their first budds forth peepe,
Or fragrant grass new cropt by tender sheepe;
As myrtle or the Arabian mowers scent;
Chaft gums, or fumes which spices burnt present:
As furrows gently sprinkled with heat showers,
As locks oyled with nard and crown'd with flowers:
So smell thy half-lipp'd kisses, cruell fayre;
If freely giv'n how sweeter much they were!

Old MS. 16*th Cent.*

LXVI. ON MARK ANTONY AND POTHINUS.

Antony was guilty of a crime similar to that committed by Pothinus; either sword cut off a sacred head. The one, thy

[1] See B. I. Ep. 70.

head, O Rome, when thou wast celebrating with joy laurelled triumphs; the other, when thou wast displaying thy eloquence. Yet the case of Antony is worse than that of Pothinus; Pothinus did the deed for his master, Antony for himself.[1]

Alike great Pompey and sage Tully bled;
Sever'd alike each venerable head;
Rome on that head her laurell'd triumphs saw;
Heard her free voice from this enforce her law.
You, Antony, Pothinus have outdone;
His was his master's crime; but yours your own. *Hay.*

LXVII. TO SOME LAZY SAILORS.

You are loitering, sailors, and know nothing of your business, more sluggish than Vaternus and Rasina;[2] through whose sleepy waters while you take your way, you just dip your idle oars to measured time. Already Phaëton is descending, and Æthon[3] is perspiring; the day has reached its greatest heat, and noon unyokes the tired horses of the husbandman. But you, floating negligently on the unrippled waters, enjoy your leisure in a safe bark. You are not sailors, I consider, but Argonauts.[4]

Why, my lads, more sluggish go,
Than Vetrenus or the Po?
Think ye thro' their still ye steer,
Drawling oars, to wait the cheer?
Phaëton begins to fire:
Æthon, lo! in full perspire.
Now the noontide hour proceeds
To repose the panting steeds.
Ye, serene upon the wave,
Sun, and wind, and water brave.
No mere navigators now,
Ye are Argonauts, I vow. *Elphinston.*

LXVIII. TO THE MODEST MATRON.

Thus far this book is written entirely for you, chaste ma-

[1] Mark Antony put Cicero to death to gratify his own revenge; Pothinus persuaded Ptolemy to have Pompey put to death for the benefit of Cæsar.
[2] Small rivers in Gallia Togata, where Martial was residing.
[3] One of the sun's horses.
[4] An untranslatable pun on the word Argonauts, which Martial fancifully compounds of the Greek words ἀργός, "slow," and ναύτης, "a sailor."

tron. Do you ask for whom the sequel is written? For myself. The gymnasium, the warm baths, the race-course, are here; you must retire. We lay aside our garments; spare yourself the sight of us in that state. Here at last, after her wine and crowns of roses, Terpsichore is intoxicated, and, laying aside all restraint, knows not what she says. She names no longer in doubtful guise, but openly, that deity[1] whom triumphant Venus welcomes to her temple in the sixth month of the year; whom the bailiff stations as protector in the midst of his garden, and at whom all modest maidens gaze with hand before the face. If I know you well, you were laying down the long book from weariness; now you will read diligently to the end.

To thee, grave matron, hitherto my book
I write. Towards whom, dost ask, the rest doth look?
Myself, the race, the baths; retire thou then,
We strip, forbear to look on naked men.
Well-soaked, Terpsichore weighs not what she says;
Niceness 'mong cups and roses down she lays;
And though, without disguise, she plainly names,
In broadest terms, what yearly Roman dames
To Venus offer, cares not who her blames;
'T is that, I mean, our hinds in gardens place,
And maids peep at, with hands before their face.
If now I know thee, though my book before
Tired thee, thou'lt eager be to read it o'er. *Anon.* 1695.

LXIX. TO COSCONIUS.

Inasmuch as you write all your epigrams in chaste words, and ribaldry is nowhere to be found in your verses, I admire you, I praise you; no human being is more pure than yourself. But no page of mine is without freedoms of language. Mine, then, let sportive youths, easy damsels, and the old man who is tortured by his mistress, read. But your respectable and immaculate writings, Cosconius, must be read only by children and virgins.

That all thy epigrams thou dost indite
In cleanest terms, nor one broad word dost write,
I praise, admire; how chaste alone thou art!
Such crimes my pages show in every part;

[1] Priapus.

The which the waggish youth and maids approve,
The older, too, who feel the sting of love.
But yet, I must confess, thy holy verse
Deserves much more with children to converse.
Anon. 1695.

LXX. TO SCÆVINUS.

You, Scævinus, who were recently the husband of Aufidia, are now her gallant; while he who was your rival is now her husband. Why should you take pleasure in her, as the wife of your neighbour, who, as your own wife, gave you no pleasure? Is it that obstacles alone inspire you with ardour?

Aufidia's now gallant, who wast her lord!
Her lord thy rival, once again abhorr'd!
Why like another's, nor thine own endure?
Canst feel no fervour, where thou art secure?
Elphinston.

LXXI. TO NÆVOLUS.

Your slave, Nævolus, is suffering from a disgraceful disease; yourself, from one analogous to it. I am no sorcerer, but I know what you are about.

LXXII. TO SAUFEIA.

Vis futui, nec vis mecum, Saufeia, lavari:
Nescio quod magnum suspicor esse nefas.
Aut tibi pannosæ dependent pectore mammæ,
Aut sulcos uteri prodere nuda times;
Aut infinito lacerum patet inguen hiatu,
Aut aliquid cunni prominet ore tui.
Sed nihil est horum, credo, pulcherrima nuda es.
Si verum est, vitium pejus habes; fatua es.

Tu, o Saufella, vuoi essere immembrata, ne vuoi lavarti meco. Non so, ma sospetto qualche gran difetto: o che le mamme ti pendono rugose dal petto, o che temi di lasciar vedere i solchi del tuo ventre: o che la lacera tua ninfa si vede nella smisurata tua apertura: o qualche altra cosa vien fuori dal fesso della tua natura. Ma nulla è di tutto questo, credo che nuda sei bellissima. S'egli è vero, hai un vizio peggiore: sei fatua. *Graglia.*

LXXIII. TO PHŒBUS.

Dormis cum pueris mutuniatis,
Et non stat tibi, Phœbe, quod stat illis.

Quid vis me, rogo, Phœbe, suspicari?
Mollem credere te virum volebam,
Sed rumor negat esse te cinædum.

Tu dormi con giovani membruti, e non ti sta, o Febo, quel che sta a loro. Che vuoi, dimmi, o Febo, ch' io ne sospetti? volevo crederti un cinedo: ma quel che si dice non è che sti un cinedo.
Graglia.

LXXIV. TO GARGILIANUS.

With the psilothrum[1] you make sleek your face, with the dropax[1] your bald head. Are you afraid of the barber, Gargilianus? How will your nails fare?[2]—for certainly you cannot pare them by means of resin or Venetian clay.[3] Cease, if you have any modesty left, to disgrace your miserable head, Gargilianus: leave such things for the other sex.

One lotion smugs thy face, and one thy crown.
Dost dread the razor, or dost hope renown?
How treat thy talons? Them corrode away
Nor can fell rosin, nor Venetian clay.
Cease then, and blush t' expose thy barren scull:
One daubs but where one may nor shave nor cull.
Elphinston.

LXXV. TO LUPERCUS.

Stare, Luperce, tibi jam pridem mentula desit:
Luctaris demens tu tamen arrigere.
Sed nihil erucæ faciunt bulbique salaces,
Improba nec prosunt jam satureia tibi.
Cœpisti puras opibus corrumpere buccas:
Sic quoque non vivit sollicitata Venus.
Mirari satis hoc quisquam vel credere possit,
Quod non stat, magno stare, Luperce, tibi?

Gia da lungo tempo, o Luperco, il tuo membro cessa stare, tuttavia tu arrabiato ti sforzi arrigere. Ma nulla fanno le rughe, e gli incitevoli bolbi, ne tampoco ti giova la oltre modo lasciva satureia. Tentasti corrompere con ricchezze le innocenti bocche. Venere sollecitata così non ha vigore. Nessuno c'è che possa ciò bastantemente ammirare o credere, che ciò che non ti consta, tanto, o Luperco, ti costi.
Graglia.

Scallions and lose rochets nought prevail,
And heightening meats in operation fail;

[1] Names of unguents. [2] The Roman barbers used to pare the nails.
[3] Materials of which unguents for the face and head were made.

Thy wealth begins the pure cheeks to defile,
So venery provok'd lives but a while:
Who can admire enough, the wonder's such,
That thy not standing stands thee in so much?
Fletcher.

LXXVI. TO BASSUS.

You are all on fire for old women, Bassus, and look with contempt on young ones; and it is not a handsome lady that charms you, but one just on the brink of the tomb. Is not this, I ask, madness? is not your desire insane? To love a Hecuba, and disdain an Andromache!

LXXVII. TO BÆTICUS.

Neither mullet, Bæticus, nor turtle-dove delights you; nor is hare ever acceptable to you, or wild boar. Nor do sweetmeats please you, or slices of cake; nor for you does Libya or Phasis send its birds. You devour capers and onions swimming in disgusting sauce, and the soft part of a gammon of bacon, whose freshness is disputable; and pilchards and tunny, whose flesh is turning white: you drink wines which taste of the resin seal, and abhor Falernian. I suspect that there must be some other more secret vice in your stomach: for why, Bæticus, do you eat disgusting meats?[1]

Nor mullet delights thee, nice Betic, nor thrush;
The hare with the scut, nor the boar with the tush;
No sweet cakes or tablets: thy taste so absurd,
Nor Libya need send thee, nor Phasis, a bird.
But capers, and onions, besoaking in brine,
And brawn of a gammon scarce doubtful, are thine.
Of garbage, or flitch of hoar tunny, thou 'rt vain:
The rosin 's thy joy, the Falernian thy bane.
I dread thy poor stomach hints some dark abuse:
Else why, Betic, relish alone the refuse? *Elphinston.*

LXXVIII. TO PAULINUS, ON BOARD SHIP.

You have emptied your vessel once, Paulinus, while the ship was going at full speed. Do you wish again to repeat the act? You will be a Palinurus,[2] if you do.

As the keel flew, Paulinus swell'd the sea.
Would he once more? He 'd Palinurus be. *Elphinston.*

[1] He insinuates that Bæticus is guilty of that with which he charges him in Ep. 81.

[2] A play upon the word, as if compounded of πάλιν, "again," and οὐρεῖν *urinam reddere.*

LXXIX. ON SERTORIUS.

Rem peragit nullam Sertorius, inchoat omnes.
Hunc ego, cum futuit, non puto perficere.

Sertorio intraprende ogni cosa, e nessuna ne termina. Io credo che costui quando immembra nemmen compisca. *Graylia.*

LXXX. TO APICIUS.

You complain of no one, Apicius; you slander no one; and yet rumour says you have an evil tongue.

Apicius ne'er complaynes, does no man wrong;
Yet the voyce goes, he has a filthy tongue. *Fletcher.*

LXXXI. TO BÆTICUS.

Quid cum femineo tibi, Bætice Galle, barathro?
Hæc debet medios lambere lingua viros.
Abscissa est quare Samia tibi mentula testa,
Si tibi tam gratus, Bætice, cunnus erat?
Castrandum caput est: nam sis licet inguine Gallus,
Sacra tamen Cybeles decipis: ore vir es.

Che affari hai tu, o Betico Gallo, col femineo baratro? Questa tua lingua è fatta per lambire a mezzo gli uomini. A che motivo la mentola fu a te con Samia tegola recisa, se a te, o Betico, sì grato era il c——? Il tuo capo merita esser castrato: imperoche, quantunque sii Gallo nelle pudenda, tuttavia inganni i sacrifici di Cibele: sei uomo nella bocca. *Graglia.*

LXXXII. TO RUFUS.

He who would consent to be the guest of Zoilus, would not hesitate to sup with the strumpets of the Summœnium,[1] and drink, without a blush, from the broken pitcher of Leda.[2] This, I contend, would be both easier and more decent. Clothed in an effeminate kind of robe, he lies upon a couch which he wholly covers, and, propped up on purple and silk cushions, thrusts aside his guests with his elbows on this side and that. At hand stands a minion, who hands to his master, ready to vomit, red feathers and toothpicks of lentisc wood; while, if he is oppressed by the heat, a concubine, reclining by his side, wafts upon him a pleasant coolness with a green fan; and a young slave scares away the flies with

[1] A part of the city near the walls, as its name signifies.
[2] A courtesan. See B. i. Ep. 93; B. iv. Ep. 4.
[3] The feathers of the phœnicopterus, used to provoke vomiting.

a rod of myrtle. A softener,[1] with nimble art, strokes his whole body, and passes her skilled hand over all his limbs. The signal of snapping his fingers is watched by an eunuch, who presents him with the vessel which his copious draughts render indispensable. Meanwhile Zoilus himself, leaning backwards to the crowd at his feet, among the puppies who are licking up the giblets of geese, divides among his athletes the neck of a wild-boar, or bestows upon his favourite the thigh of a turtle-dove; and while to us is offered wine from Ligurian rocks, or such as has been ripened in the smoke of Marseilles, he hands to his creatures Opimian nectar in crystalline and myrrhine vases; and, while he himself is drenched with essences from the stores of Cosmus, he is not ashamed to divide amongst us in a little gilt shell, unguents such as only the lowest women use. Finally, overcome by many draughts from his large cups, he falls snoring asleep. We sit at the table, and, ordered to keep silence while he is grunting, drink each other's healths by signs. Such is the insolence which we have to endure from this presuming Malchion; nor do we ask to be avenged, Rufus. He has an evil tongue.[2]

Whoe'er with a Zoilus' treat can put up,
As well at a prostitute's table may sup;
And e'en, while yet sober, were far better off
From Leda's lame porringer humbly to quaff.

Behold him betrick'd on the couch he has seized,
On either side elb'wing that he may be eased;
Supported on purple, and pillows of silk;
The catamite standing, that nothing may bilk.

To Zoilus squeamish his minister lends
The ruddy provokers, and lentisk extends:
And now in a swim while he's stewing, poor man!
A lolloping concubine flaps the green fan.

As thus she restores him to regions of light,
A minion with myrtle puts insects to flight.
Meantime the bold stroker his person must skim,
And ply her arch palm o'er his each lazy limb.

[1] Tractatrix. The Romans carried their luxury and effeminacy at this time to such an extent as to have their limbs rubbed by the hands of young slaves as they reclined at table. To this practice the expression in the text refers, which we have ventured to render "a softener."

[2] Fellat.

The fingers, now snapp'd, give the eunuch the sign,
My lord has a mind to alembic his wine.
The latter unwearied persisting the filler,
The dextrous emasculate guides the distiller.

The treater converts, the repeat to complete,
His thoughts and his eyes on the crew at his feet;
He duly reflects what to servants he owes,
And so to the dogs the goose-giblets he throws.

The kernels, and other nice bits of the boar,
He portions to those who have toil'd on his floor:
And, sleek to plump up his most favourite widgeon,
He deals the plump thighs of his best potted pigeon.

To us while the rocks of Liguria present,
Or fumes of Massilia, their must and their tent;
The nectar Opimian he gives to refine,
In crystals and myrrhines, for zanies the wine!

Himself made essential from Cosmus' first flasks,
His guests to accept a few droplings he asks,
From out his gold shell scarce sufficing to shed
The unguent upon an adulteress' head.

O'erpower'd with deep goblets, sweet Zoil besnores:
And, though we recline, none the musick deplores.
We smile, or we sweat, or we swill, now by nods;
Nor can we revenge—such a feast of the gods!

Elphinston.

LXXXIII. TO CORDUS.

You bid me write shorter epigrams, Cordus. Act me now the part of Chione. I could not say anything shorter.[1]

LXXXIV. TO TONGILION.

What says your trollop, Tongilion? I do not mean your trull?—"What then?"—Your tongue.
What does thy strumpet say, Tongilion?
I do not mean thy wench. "What then?"—Thy tongue.

Fletcher.

LXXXV. TO A JEALOUS HUSBAND.

Who persuaded you to cut off the nose of your wife's gallant? Wretched husband, that was not the part which outraged you. Fool, what have you done? Your wife has

[1] I express myself as briefly as possible, by comparing you to Chione [illegible] 87 and 97.

lost nothing by the operation, since that which pleased her in your friend Deiphobus is still safe.

Offended lord, what could thee discompose,
So cruelly to lop th' offender's nose?
That suff'ring limb, as thine, was innocent:
Nor feels the paramour the punishment.
Ne'er canst thou hope t' extinguish either fire,
While the incendiary remains entire. *Elphinston.*

LXXXVI. TO THE CHASTE MATRON.

I forewarned and admonished you, chaste matron, not to read this part of my sportive book: and yet, you see, you continue to read. But if, chaste as you are, you go to see the acting of Panniculus and Latinus, read on; these verses are not more shameless than the pantomimes.

I warn'd you, madam, not to read:
But I foretold, and you proceed.
If you indulge to see some plays,
You safely may peruse my lays. *Elphinston.*

LXXXVII. TO CHIONE.

Rumour says, Chione, that you have never had to do with man, and that nothing can be purer than yourself. And yet when you bathe, you veil not that part which you should veil. If you have any modesty, veil your face.

LXXXVIII. ON TWO BROTHERS.

Sunt gemini fratres, diversa sed inguina lingunt.
Dicite, dissimiles sint magis, an similes?

Vi sono due fratelli somigliantissimi, ma lambiscono contrarie pudenda. Dite se sieno più dissimili, o simili? *Graglia.*

LXXXIX. TO PHŒBUS.

Use lettuces, Phœbus, use aperient mallows; for you have a face like one suffering from constipation.

Use lettuce limp, emollient mallows gain:
Thy sturdy stare bespeaks a stubborn strain.
Elphinston.

XC. ON GALLA.

Galla will, and will not, comply with my wishes; and I cannot tell, with her willing and not willing, what she wills.

My Galla will and will not buss;
My fancy never could,
By willing and not willing thus,
Suppose what Galla would. *Fletcher.*

XCI. ON A VETERAN SOLDIER.[1]

When a dismissed veteran, a native of Ravenna, was returning home, he joined on the way a troop of the emasculated priests of Cybele. There was in close attendance upon him a runaway slave named Achillas, a youth remarkable for his handsome looks and saucy manner. This was noticed by the effete troop; and they inquired what part of the couch he occupied. The youth understood their secret intentions, and gave them false information; they believed him. After drinking sufficiently, each retired to his couch; when forthwith the malicious crew seized their knives, and mutilated the old man, as he lay on one side of the couch; while the youth was safe in the protection of the inner recess. It is said that a stag was once substituted for a virgin; but in this case something of a different nature was substituted for a stag.[2]

When old Misitius sought his native land,
Chance bid him join a sly Cybelian band.
Achillas, from his lord a slipp'ry stray,
Adhered the partner of Misitius' way.
Him eye the half-men; and their art employ,
To learn the lair that hopes the beauteous boy.
Suspecting well their aim to catch such elves,
And render them enervate as themselves,
Their industry industrious to deride,
The pricket points the bed; but not the side.
They quaff their wine, and now the slumbers please.
The slumbers o'er, the noxious steel they seize.
Misitius they unman, who next them lay;
Safe on the inner beam, and snug, the stray.
Once, for a virgin, bled a wond'rous hind:
Now, for a deer, a dotard was consign'd. *Elphinston.*

XCII. TO GALLUS.

My wife, Gallus, asks me to allow her one sweetheart,—only one. Shall I not, Gallus, put out his two eyes?[3]

[1] In most copies, the first line of this epigram is, *Cùm peteret patrios Misitius arva Ravennæ.* Schneidewin reads *missicius.*

[2] *Pro cervo.* Fugitive slaves are said to have been jestingly called *cervi*, "stags" or "deer."

[3] Ludit in verbo; per *oculos* vult *testes.*

Allow me one gallant, my consort cries.
I shall not, Gallus, pluck out both his eyes. *Elphinston.*

XCIII. TO VETUSTILLA.

Though you have seen three hundred consuls, Vetustilla, and have but three hairs, and four teeth, with the chest of a grasshopper, and the legs of an ant; though your forehead shows more folds than a matron's dress, and your bosom resembles a spider's web; though in comparison with your vast jaws the mouth of crocodile of the Nile is small; though the frogs at Ravenna chatter more melodiously than you, and the gnat of Atria sings more sweetly; though your eyesight is no better than the owl's in the morning, and your body exhales the odour of the husband of the she-goat; though your loins are those of a lean duck, and your legs shrunk like those of a withered old Cynic; though the bath-keeper does not admit you into the bath till he has extinguished his light, and then only among the prostitutes that lodge in the tombs; though it is winter with you even in the month of August, and not even a pestilent fever can unfreeze you, you nevertheless dare to think of marriage after two hundred years of widowhood, and insanely expect somebody to fall in love with relics like yours. Who, I ask, even if he were willing to till a rock, would call you wife?—you whom Philomelus but recently called grandmother. But if you will have your corpse meddled with, let Coris the grave-digger prepare you a couch, such as alone befits your nuptial rites, and let the kindler of the funeral pile bear the marriage torches for the new bride. Such a torch is the only one that Hymen can offer you.

Alert Antiquilla, on thee
Kind consuls three hundred have smiled:
What beauties remain, let us see,
Of one but so lately a child.

Three hairs, and four teeth, are the dwindle
Fell Chronus allows thy command:
Thy grasshopper-breast on a spindle
As fine as an antling's can stand.

Thy forehead more furrows has made,
Than any high dame in her stole:
Thy panters, unpropt, are decay'd
To nets of Arachne's control.

Think not that I search for thy flaws;
Too mean a pursuit to be mine!
But narrow the crocodile's jaws,
Compared, Antiquilla, with thine.

Ravenna's brisk froglings becroke
Less hoarse, my gruff crony, than thou;
And Adria's high hornets invoke
A hum thou canst hardly avow.

Thine eyes are as clear as thy notes:
Thou seest as the owl in the morn.
Thou smell'st like the lord of the goats:
Compare of each kind is thy scorn.

But now, to descend to the stump:
What gives an old cynic to rage,
Emaciate duck, is thy rump;
And bony the war he must wage.

The bather will blow out his lamp,
To thee ere he open his doors;
Then, careless of age, or of stamp,
Admit all the bustuary whores.

Bland August thy winter we know:
Insatiate must still be thy maw?
Ah! how can poor Hymen e'er glow,
Where pestilence' self cannot thaw?

Thou only two hundred hast slain,
And would'st the third century wed:
Would'st have a man, madding in vain,
Attend thy cold ashes to bed?

Yet, wish'd he to harrow a stone,
Who 'd honour such mate as a wife?
Whom call'd Philomelus a crone,
Who 'd e'er call the love of his life?

But, scraped if thy carcase must be,
Coricles the clinic shall strow
The couch: he alone can agree
With thy hymenean to go.

The burner the torches shall bear,
Before the desirable bride:
A torch can alone enter there;
Where Pluto himself will preside. *Elphinston.*

XCIV. TO RUFUS.

You say the hare is not sufficiently cooked, and call for a

whip. You would rather cut up your cook, Rufus, than your hare.

The hare not done! you storm; and fly to flog:
Rather than cut the hare, you 'll cut the dog. *Elphinston.*

XCV. TO NÆVOLUS.

You never say, "Good day!" first, Nævolus: but content yourself with returning the salute, though even the crow is often in the habit of saying it first. Why do you expect this from me, Nævolus? I pray you, tell me. For I consider, Nævolus, you are neither better than I am, nor have precedence of me in the eyes of the world. Both Cæsars have bestowed upon me praise and rewards, and have given me the rights of a father of three children. I am read by many; and fame has given me a name known throughout the cities of the earth, without waiting for my death. There is something, too, in this, that Rome has seen me a tribune, and that I sit in those seats whence Oceanus[1] excludes you. I suspect that your servants are not even as numerous as the Roman citizens that Cæsar has made at my request. But you are a debauchee, Nævolus, and play your part excellently in that capacity. Yes, now you take precedence of me, Nævolus; you have decidedly the advantage. Good day to you.

Nævolus ne'er salutes first, but replies,
Which the taught crow himself seldom denies.
Why dost expect this from me, Nævolus?
Since thou art not more great nor good than us?
Both Cæsars have rewarded my due praise,
And me to th' priv'lege of three sons did raise.
I 'm read by every mouth, known through the town,
And before death receive my quick renown.
And this is worth your note, I 'm tribune too,
And sit where that Oceanus caps you;
How many by great Cæsar's grant are made
Free denizens because by me 'twas pray'd?
The number far exceeds thy family:
But thou shock'st nature, Nævolus, feed'st high:
Now, now thou over-com'st me sheere; thus, thus,
Thou art my better. Salve, Nævolus. *Fletcher.*

[1] The officer who had the charge of the seats appropriated to the knights in the theatre, and who saw that no improper persons occupied them. He is mentioned B. vi. Ep. 9 and elsewhere.

XCVI. TO GARGILIUS.

Lingis, non futuis meam puellam;
Et garris quasi mœchus, et fututor.
Si te prendero, Gargili, tacebis.

Tu lingi, non immembri la mia ragazza: e ti milanti qual drude, e qual' immembratore. Se t'acchiappo, o Gargilio, tacerai.
Graglia.

XCVII. TO RUFUS.

I advise you, Rufus, not to let Chione read this little book of mine. She is hurt by my verses: and she may hurt me in return.

Let not Snow, my dear friend, chill this bundle of spirt.
If she thaw by my fire, in her turn she may hurt. *Elphinston.*

XCVIII. TO SABELLUS.

Sit tibi culus quam macer requiris?
Pædicare potes, Sabelle, culo.

Vuoi tu sapere quanto 'l tuo orripigio sia magro? tu puoi, o Sabello, sodomizar con quello. *Graglia.*

XCIX. TO THE COBBLER.

You ought not, cobbler, to be angry with my book; your trade, and not your life, is satirized in my writings. Allow me innocent pleasantries. Why should I not have the right of amusing myself, if you have had that of getting throats cut?[1]

Why art offended, Cerdo, with my book?
Thy life, and not thy person, 's by me strook.
Then suffer harmless wit; why is 't not due
For me to sport, when stabbing 's free to you?
Fletcher.

C. TO RUFUS.

It was twelve o'clock, Rufus, when I sent the messenger to you, and, I suppose, he must have been wet through when he handed you my verses. For it happened that the sky was pouring down floods of rain. This was exactly the weather in which it was proper for the book to be sent.[2]

[1] See Eps. 16 and 59.
[2] As it deserved to be corrected with water and a sponge; see B iv Ep. 10.

I hied thee, my Rufus, a runner at six,
Who, soak'd to the skin, would my glories present;
While heav'n deign'd her torrents most copious to mix:
No other so proper way could they be sent. *Elphinston.*

BOOK IV.

I. ON THE EMPEROR DOMITIAN'S BIRTH-DAY.

O AUSPICIOUS birth-day of Cæsar,[1] more sacred than that on which the conscious Ida witnessed the birth of Dictæan Jupiter, come, I pray, and prolong thy duration beyond the age of Pylian Nestor, and shine ever with thy present aspect or with increased brilliancy. Let Cæsar, decked with abundance of gold, sacrifice to Minerva on the Alban mount, and let many an oak-garland pass through his imperial hands. Let him welcome the approaching secular games with magnificent sacrifices, and celebrate the solemnities due to Romulean Tarentus.[2] We ask indeed great things, O ye gods, but such as are due to earth; since for so great a god as Cæsar what prayers can be extravagant?

Cæsar's bright birth-day 's to be honour'd more
Than Jove's, on Ida's top by Rhea bore.
May Rome this day's return more often see,
Than, aged Nestor, thine was seen by thee,
And, than the present, still more glorious be.
May he on earth (his head adorn'd with gold)
Keep Pallas' feast; as president behold
The poet's and the rhetor's strife, and crown
With 's mighty hand the highest in renown.
May he the secular games, none twice e'er saw,
Behold; be privileged beyond nature's law.
Great things I ask, but which from heaven are due;
For such a prince too much we cannot sue. *Anon.* 1695.

[1] Domitian was born on the 24th of October.

[2] Tarentus was a place near the Campus Martius, where an altar of Pluto and Proserpine was buried in the ground, and was disinterred only at the time of the Secular Games.

II. ON HORATIUS.

Horatius, a little while ago, was the only one, among all the spectators of the games, who appeared in black clothes, when the plebeians, the knights, and the senate, with their sacred chief, were sitting in white array. Suddenly snow fell in great abundance; and Horatius became a spectator in white.[1]

Horace, mid the jovial crew,
Saw the show in sable hue.
Third, and next, and first estate,
With the chief all candid sate.
Sudden burst the flaky snow:
Horace saw, in white, the show. *Elphinston.*

III. ON THE SNOW WHICH FELL ON DOMITIAN AT THE GAMES.

See how thick a fleece of silent congealed water flows down upon the face and robes of Cæsar. Still he pardons Jupiter for sending it, and, with head unmoved, smiles at the waters condensed by the sluggish cold, being accustomed to brave the constellation of the Northern Boötes, and to disregard the Great Bear drenching his locks.[2] Who can be sporting with the dried waters and gambolling in the sky? I suspect this snow came from Cæsar's little son.[3]

See the fleece of silent wave
Play on Cæsar's face and vest!
See him smile, as bland as brave,
At the slow-congealing jest.

Once he could Boötes tire,
Helice might soak his hair.
Who thus dry upon the fire?
It must be the ravish'd heir. *Elphinston.*

IV. TO BASSA.

Of the odour of a lake whence the water has retired; of the miasmata which rise from the sulphureous waters of Al-

[1] It was usual originally for all the spectators to appear in white at the games (see B. xiv. Ep. 137), but this custom had begun to be neglected in the time of Domitian. Some of the commentators suppose Martial to intimate that the gods sent the snow to show their displeasure at the black dress of Horatius.

[2] An allusion to Domitian's expedition into Germany.

[3] Domitian's son by his wife Domitia, who died when he was very young.

bula; of the putrid stench of a marine fish-pond; of a lazy goat in amorous dalliance; of the old shoes of a tired veteran; of a fleece twice drenched in Tyrian dye;[1] of the fasting breath of the Jews; of that of wretches under accusation; of the expiring lamp of the filthy Leda; of ointment made of the dregs of Sabine oil; of a fox in flight, or of the nest of the viper,—of all these things, Bassa, I would rather smell than smell like you.

Of a drying ditch, the pool;
Crudest cloud, when min'rals cool;
Of a stagnant pond, the gale;
Of a goat, when spirits fail;
Weary vet'ran's frowsy vest;
Fleece in purple twice bedress'd;
Flavor of the fasting Jew;
Panting of the culprit crew;
Lewdest Leda's dying lamp;
Unguent of the Sabine vamp;
Fox's flight, and viper's cell;—
Bassa, thou might'st better smell. *Elphinston.*

V. TO FABIANUS.

What do you, Fabianus, an honest and poor man, sincere in speech and in heart, expect from visiting the City? You can neither be a pander nor a parasite, nor, with your monotonous voice, a crier, to call up persons trembling under accusation: nor can you corrupt the wife of your dear friend, nor feel any desire after frozen old women, nor sell empty smoke about the palace;[2] nor award praise to Canus, or to Glaphyrus.[3] How then, unhappy man, will you live? "I am a trustworthy person, a faithful friend." That is nothing at all: it would never make you a Philomelus.

Honest and poor, faithful in word and thought,
What hath thee, Fabian, to the city brought?
Thou neither the buffoon nor bawd canst play;
Nor with false whispers th' innocent betray;
Nor corrupt wives; nor from rich beldams get
A living by thy industry and sweat;

[1] That there was an unpleasant smell from the Tyrian dye appears from B. i. Ep. 50, *Olidaque vestes murice.*

[2] Pretend to sell favours of the emperor.

[3] Names of musicians. Philomelus was also a musician, and extremely rich: B. iii. Ep. 31.

Nor with vain promises and projects cheat;
Nor bribe nor flatter any of the great.
But you 're a man of learning, prudent, just;
A man of courage, firm, and fit for trust.
Why, you may stay, and live unenvied here;
But (faith) go back, and keep you where you were.
Cowley.

VI. TO MALISIANUS.

You wish to be thought, Malisianus, as chaste as a modest virgin, and as innocent as a child, although you are more abandoned than he who recites in the house of Stella[1] poems composed in the metre of Tibullus.

Malisian, haste, and tell me how
You can unbend the modest brow
Of chastest maid, or sweetest child
That ever blandly blush'd or smiled?
When all the while you conscious are
Of sentiments corrupter far
Than he, who wakes a Stella 's ire
By waking a Tibullus' lyre. *Elphinston.*

VII. TO HYLLUS.

Why do you refuse, youthful Hyllus, to-day, what you freely gave yesterday? Why are you so suddenly become cruel, who but now were so kind? You now excuse yourself on account of your beard, and your age, and your hairy limbs. O night, how long hast thou been, that hast made a youth into an old man! Why do you mock me, Hyllus? You were yesterday a boy; tell me, how are you to-day a man?

Why, how now, Hyllus, child,
To yield make such a sputter!
Who wast before so mild,
Nor ventur'dst once to mutter?

Thy beard, thy bristles, years,
Thou scruplest not attesting:
How long one night appears,
That shoots a sage clandestine!

But yesterday a boy,
Why brave us with thy treason?
To-day thy pow'rs employ,
To prove the man of reason. *Elphinston.*

[1] Stella the poet, mentioned B. i. Ep. 8, and elsewhere. Tibullus is said to have written some Priapeia in iambic metre.

VIII. TO EUPHEMUS.

The first and second hours of the day [1] exhaust the clients who pay their respects to their patrons; the third exercises the lungs of the noisy pleaders; until the fifth Rome employs herself in various occupations; the sixth brings rest to the fatigued; the seventh closes the day's labours. The eighth suffices for the games of the oily palæstra; the ninth bids us press the piled-up couches at table. The tenth is the hour for my effusions, Euphemus, when your skill is preparing ambrosial delicacies, and our excellent Cæsar relaxes his cares with celestial nectar, and holds the little cups in his powerful hand. At that time give my pleasantries access to him; my muse with her free step fears to approach Jupiter in the morning.

The two first hours o' th' great consumed are;
The third in lawyers' pleadings at the bar;
The trades of Rome the fourth and fifth employ,
The sixth some rest, the seventh all rest enjoy:
From eight to nine in exercise is spent,
The ninth on feasting all men are intent:
The tenth hour 's proper for my book and me.
And, Euphem, thou who dost the board o'ersee,
And order our great lord's ambrosial fare,
When nectar has dissolved his public care,
His mighty hand the sober cup does hold,
To introduce my mirth, thou may'st be bold.
My muse forbears licentiously to rove
I' th' morn, when serious, to importune Jove. *Anon.* 1695.

IX. TO FABULLA.

Fabulla, daughter of surgeon Sota, you desert your husband to follow Clitus, and give him both presents and love. You act like a sot.[2]

Of doctor Health thou wayward child,
For Vainlove hast thy lord beguiled.
While thus thou send'st thy smiles astray,
Nor Health directs, nor Hope the way. *Elphinston.*

X. TO FAUSTINUS.

While my book is yet new and unpolished,[3] while the page

[1] Reckoning from our six in the morning.

[2] An attempt to imitate the pun in ἔχεις ἀσώτως without which there is no point to the English reader.

[3] *Crassâ fronte.* Not yet smoothed with the pumice-stone.

y dry fears to be touched, go, boy, and bear the little
at to a dear friend, who deserves beyond all others
ve the first sight of my trifles. Run, but not without
g duly equipped; let a Carthaginian sponge accompany
book; for it is a suitable addition to my present. Many
sures, Faustinus, would not remove all its faults; one
onging would.

Whiles that my book is new and rough, and feares
To have its undryed page took by the ears,
Goe, boy, present this small gift to my friend,
He that deserves my toys at the first end:
Run, but yet let the sponge accompanie
The book, for it becomes each gift from mee.
Faustinus, 't is not many blots, we say,
Can mend my merry flashes, one blot may. *Fletcher.*

XL. TO SATURNINUS.

While, puffed up beyond measure by an empty name, you were entranced with delight, and were ashamed, unfortunate man, of being merely Saturninus,[1] you stirred up war under the Parrhasian Bear, like he who bore arms for his Egyptian consort. Had you so entirely forgotten the ill-fortune of that name, which the fierce rage of the sea at Actium overwhelmed? Or did the Rhine promise you what the Nile denied to him, and were the northern waters likely to be more propitious? Even Antony fell by our arms, who, compared with you, traitor, was a Cæsar.

While thou wert proud to bear Antonius' name,
And that of Saturninus didst disclaim;
Thou arms in Germany 'gainst Cæsar bore,
As Antony in Egypt did before.
What Fate attends that name didst thou not fear?
Of his disgrace at Actium never hear?
Or did the Rhine promise success to thee,
Tho' Nile to him deny'd the victory?
That famous Antony by Rome's sword did fall;
Compared to thee, whom Cæsar we might call.
Anon. 1695.

XII. TO THAIS.

You deny no one, Thais; but, if you are not ashamed of denying no one, at least be ashamed of denying nothing, Thais.

[1] Saturninus was a Roman general, who, having taken offence at some ... Domitian, excited an insurrection in Germany. Martial ... to become a second Antony.

Thais denyes no man: If no shame thence spring;
Yet let this shame thee, to deny no-thing. *Fletcher.*

XIII. TO RUFUS, ON A HAPPY MARRIAGE.

Claudia Peregrina, Rufus, is about to be married to my friend Pudens. Be propitious, Hymen, with thy torches. As fitly is precious cinnamon united with nard, and Massic wine with Attic honey. Nor are elms more fitly wedded to tender vines, the lotus more love the waters, or the myrtle the river's bank. Mayest thou always hover over their couch, fair Concord, and may Venus ever be auspicious to a couple so well matched. In after years may the wife cherish her husband in his old age; and may she, when grown old, not seem so to her husband.

Strange, Claudia 's married to a friend of mine.
O Hymen, be thou ready with thy pine!
Thus the rare cinnamons with the spicknard joyne,
And the Thesean sweets with Massick wine.
Nor better doe the elm and vine embrace,
Nor the lote-tree affect the fenny place.
Nor yet the myrtles more
Love and desire the shore.
Let a perpetual peace surround their bed,
And may their loves with equall fire be fed!
May she so love him old, that to him shee,
Though old indeed, may not seem so to bee. *Fletcher.*

XIV. TO SILIUS ITALICUS.

Silius, glory of the Castalian sisters, who exposest, in mighty song, the perjuries of barbaric rage, and compellest the perfidious pride of Hannibal and the faithless Carthaginians to yield to our great Scipios; lay aside for a while thy austere gravity, and while December, sporting with attractive games, resounds on every side with the boxes of hazard, and plays at tropa with fraudulent dice,[1] accord some indulgence to my muse, and read not with severe but with cheerful countenance my little books, abounding with

[1] Some copies have *rotâ*; some *pompâ*; some *popâ*. *Tropâ* is a conjecture of Brodæus, adopted by Schneidewin. It was a game played by throwing dice into a hole prepared for the purpose. See Pollux, vii. 203, and Meinecke, Fr. Com. Gr. ii. p. 113.

jocular pleasantries. Just so perhaps might the tender Catullus venture to send his sparrow to the great Virgil.[1]

O thou, whose strains in loftiest style
(O Silius, glory of the Nine!)
Tell barbarous warfare's varied wile,
Hannibal's ever new design;
And paint the Scipios in the field,
Where Carthage false was forced to yield,

Awhile your grandeur put away;
December now, with rattling dice
Cast from the doubtful box, is gay;
And Popa[2] plied his false device;
'T is now an easy festive time
That well befits my careless rhyme.

Then smooth your frowns; with placid brow
Read, pr'ythee, these my trifling lays,
My lays where wanton jests o'erflow;
For thus, perchance, his sparrow's praise
Catullus, whom sweet strains attend,
To mighty Maro dared to send. *George Lamb.*

XV. TO CÆCILIANUS.

When you asked me yesterday for the loan of a thousand sesterces, Cæcilianus, for six or seven days, I said, "I have not so much." But, on the pretence of a friend's arrival, you now ask me for a dish and some vases. Are you a fool? Or do you think me a fool, my friend? I refused you a thousand; shall I give you five thousand sesterces?

Ten pound thou begg'dst to borrow th' other day,
Which speedily thou promised to repay.
I had it not, as civil I did say.
But thou, by a friend's visit much surprised,
To borrow of me silver plate devised.
Art thou a fool? or me dost one suppose?
When ten I would not, fifty pound I'd lose? *Anon.* 1695.

XVI. TO GALLUS.

It was rumoured, Gallus, that you were not exactly the step-son of your mother, while she was the wife of your father. This however could not be proved while your father was

[1] Catullus flourished before Virgil, but Martial is purposely guilty of the anachronism, that he may compare Silius Italicus to Virgil, as he compares himself to Catullus. [2] The tavern-keeper.

alive. Your father, Gallus, is now no more; yet your step-mother still lives in the house with you. Even if the great Cicero could be recalled from the shades below, and Regulus himself were to defend you, you could not be acquitted; for she who does not cease to be a step-mother after a father's death, Gallus, never was a step-mother.

That, Gallus, thou wast never son-in-law
To her thy father's consort late we saw,
The rumour rose; but could not hope to thrive,
While he, by whom thou liv'st, was yet alive.
Now, where thine awful sire no more is seen,
The step-dame revels an unrivall'd queen.
For thee should Tully break the Stygian laws,
And Regulus himself attempt thy cause,
Thy cause were lost. Who ceases not to be
Thy step-dame, Gallus, ne'er was such to thee.
Elphinston.

XVII. TO PAULUS.

You request me to write verses against Lycisca, Paulus, of such a nature that she may be angry on reading them. Paulus, you are unfair; you wish to get her all to yourself.

Why, Paulus, would you have me write
On Phillis, to provoke her spite?
The reason is, as you must own,
You 'd have her for yourself alone. *Anon.*

XVIII. ON A YOUTH KILLED BY THE FALL OF A PIECE OF ICE.

Just where the gate near the portico of Agrippa is always dripping with water,[1] and the slippery pavement is wet with constant showers, a mass of water, congealed by winter's cold, fell upon the neck of a youth who was entering the damp temple, and, when it had inflicted a cruel death on the unfortunate boy, the weapon melted in the warm wound it had made. What cruelties does not Fortune permit? Or where is not death to be found, if you, waters, turn cut-throats.

'T was from a spout, which pours into the street,
And makes the pavement slippery to the feet,
An icicle depending grew, until
By its own weight the ponderous ruin fell;

[1] See B. iii. Ep. 47.

Struck on the neck a boy upon the ground;
Wounded to death; then melted in the wound.
From cruel fortune can we more endure?
If waters stab, where can we be secure? *Hay.*

XIX. ON A CLOAK.

I send you a foreign cloak, the stout workmanship of a Gallic weaver, which, though of a barbarous country, has a Lacedæmonian name;[1] a gift of small value, but not to be despised in cold December. Whether you are rubbing into your skin the clammy wrestler's oil, or playing at tennis to warm you; whether you are catching the dusty ball with your hand, or sharing with your competitors the featherlike weight of the loose bladder,[2] or seeking to surpass the light Athas[3] in the race, this will be a defence to you, that the searching cold may not affect your wet limbs, or unpropitious Iris oppress you with sudden rain. Clad in this gift, you will laugh at winds and showers; nor will you be equally safe in Tyrian silk.

The frowsy foster of a female hand,
Of name Laconian, from a barb'rous land;
Tho' rude, yet welcome to December's snow:
To thee we bid the homely stranger go.
Whether in limber liniment thou toil,
Or in the Trigonal thy fibres boil;
Whether thy hand the dusty Harpast snatch,
Or the Wind-bomb thy flying foot shall catch:
Whether the nimble Athas thou 'd'st outrun;
Or dare the bravest feat, that braves the sun:
That into glowing limbs no cold may glide,
That baleful Iris never drench thy pride;
This fence shall bid thee scorn the winds and showers.
The Tyrian lawn pretends no equal powers. *Elphinston.*

XX. TO COLLINUS, ON CÆRELLIA AND GELLIA.

Cærellia calls herself an old woman, when she is but a girl; Gellia calls herself a girl, when she is an old woman. Nobody can endure either, Collinus; the one is ridiculous, the other disgusting.

[1] Endromis.

[2] A large light ball, which appears to have been thrown or knocked about with the hand or fist.

[3] A boy famous for his swiftness. Pliny, H. N. vii. 20.

Cerellia, young, affects to say she 's old.
Old Gellia 'mong the girls would be enroll'd.
What either does, Collinus, canst digest?
The young one plays the fool, the old the beast.
Anon. 1695.

XXI. ON SELIUS, AN ATHEIST.

Selius affirms that there are no gods, and that heaven is empty; and thinks he has sufficient proof of his opinion in seeing himself become rich while he maintains it.

Selius affirms, in heav'n no gods there are:
And while he thrives, and they their thunder spare,
His daring tenet to the world seems fair. *Anon.* 1695.

Selius asserts, there is no providence:
And what he thus asserts, he proves from hence,
That such a villain as himself still lives;
And, what is more, is courted too, and thrives. *Hay.*

That there's no God, John gravely swears,
And quotes, in proof, his own affairs;
For how should such an atheist thrive,
If there was any God alive?
Westminster Review, April, 1853.

XXII. ON CLEOPATRA, HIS WIFE.

Cleopatra, after having submitted to the first embrace of love, and requiring to be soothed by her husband, plunged into a glittering pool, flying from his embrace; but the wave betrayed her in her hiding-place; and she shone through the water though wholly covered by it. Thus lilies are distinctly seen through pure glass, and clear crystal does not allow roses to be hidden. I leaped in, and, plunging beneath the waves, snatched struggling kisses; more was forbidden by the transparent flood.

The virgin danger pass'd, the bride enraged,
Sweet Cleopatra, to be disengaged,
And scare mine arms, dives in the baths most clear:
But the kind waters soon betrayed her there,
For though thus hid her glories did appear,
Like to soft lilies in a crystal grave,
Or roses closed in gems no cover have.
With that I dived, and cropped the struggling kisses,
Ye, glittering streams, forbade the other blisses. *Fletcher*

LIII. TO THALIA, ON THE POET LUSTICUS BRUTIANUS.[1]

Whilst you are too dilatory, Thalia, and take long to consider which is the first, which the second, in your estimation, or to whom shall be assigned the palm in Greek Epigram, Callimachus has himself conceded the superiority to the eloquent Brutianus;[2] and if he, satiated with Attic wit, should now sport with our Roman Minerva, make me, I pray you, second to him.

While thou deliberat'st too long,
Whom, in sublime inscriptive song,
Thou first or second shalt decree;
Callimachus bids Brutian be
The foremost bard, in Attic sense;
Who, did he Roman salt dispense,
Would leave my vanity unvex'd:
Do but, Thalia, name me next. *Elphinston.*

XXIV. TO FABIANUS.

Lycoris has buried all the female friends she had, Fabianus: would she were the friend of my wife!

Lycoris of her friends still makes an end:
I would she were to my wife such a friend. *Wright.*

Lycoris' friends are rarely of long life:
I wish she were acquainted with my wife. *Anon.* 1695.

XXV. TO THE BANKS OF ALTINUM AND AQUILEIA.

Ye banks of Altinum,[3] that rival the rural beauties of Baiæ, and thou wood that sawest the fall of the thunder-stricken Phaëton; thou Sola,[4] fairest of the Dryads, who wast taken to wife by the Faun of Antenor's land near the Euganean lake; and thou, Aquileia, who delightest in Ledæan[5] Timavus, at the spot where Cyllarus drank of thy seven streams: Ye shall be the haven and the resting-places of my old age, if my retirement be at my own disposal.

Altinum's shores, that with the Baian vie;
Ye conscious poplars, that a Phaëthon sigh;

[1] Mentioned by Pliny, Epist. vii. 22.
[2] That is, the world has acknowledged his superiority over Callimachus.
[3] A town on the Adriatic, towards Venice.
[4] Sola was the name of a lake in those parts.
[5] Timavus is here called Ledæan, because it was visited by [illegible] of Leda, when they were among the Argo-

Thou fairest Dryad on Antenor's lawn,
Who weddedst on Euganean lake his Faun:
Blest Aquileia, whom Timavus awes,
Where Cyllarus his sevenfold waters draws:
Hail, peaceful port and pillow of my age!
So mine it prove to choose my final stage. *Elphinston*

XXVI. TO POSTUMUS, AN AVARICIOUS MAN.

By not having been to see you at home in the morning for a whole year, do you wish me to say how much, Postumus, I have lost? I suppose about twice thirty and thrice twenty sesterces. Pardon me, Postumus, I pay more for a toga.[1]

For not attending on thee a whole year,
What I have lost thereby, Posthumus, hear.
Five hundred pence at least upon this score.
'T is much: a gown would yet have cost me more.
Anon. 1695.

XXVII. TO DOMITIAN.

You are in the habit, Cæsar, of frequently commending my little books. A jealous rival, behold, says you ought not to do so; yet you do it none the less on that account. You have even not been content to honour me with words alone, but have bestowed on me gifts such as no other could have given me; behold again, my envious rival gnaws his black nails. Give me, Cæsar, so much the more, that he may be the more mortified.

My books thou often gracest with thy praise,
Tho' malice it denies, thou oft giv'st bays;
Nor only by thy words, this truth is known,
But honours too, which thou canst give alone;
Envy to black my fame yet goes on still;
Cæsar, give more, till thou the envious kill. *Anon.* 1695.

XXVIII. TO CHLOE, SQUANDERING HER PROPERTY ON LUPERCUS.

You have given, Chloe, to the tender Lupercus stuffs from Spain and from Tyre, of scarlet hue, and a toga washed in the

[1] If your sportulæ amounted to a hundred and twenty sesterces in the course of the year, a toga, which I should wear out in visiting you, would cost me more than that sum.

warm Galæsus,[1] Indian sardonyxes, Scythian emeralds, a hundred gold pieces newly coined; whatever indeed he asks, you never fail to give him. Poor shorn lamb! Unhappy woman, your Lupercus will strip you bare.

Thou on young Lupercus, fool,
Dol'st the works of Spanish wool:
Tyrian robe, and scarlet vest,
Gown, in warm Galæsus drest;
Sardonyx from farthest Ind;
Em'rald of the Scythian kind:
Hundred lords,[2] of novel coin:
And what else he can enjoin.
Woe to thee, self-wasting fair!
Thy Luperc will strip thee bare. *Elphinst.*

XXIX. TO PUDENS.

The number of my books, dear Pudens, forms an objection to them; the ever-recurring toil fatigues and satiates the reader. Rarity gives a charm: thus early fruits are most esteemed; thus winter roses obtain a higher price; thus coyness sets off an extravagant mistress; and a door ever open attracts no young suitor. Persius is oftener noticed on account of one book, than the empty Marsus for the whole of his Amazonid. For yourself, when you are reading any one of my little books, imagine it to be the only one; it will then be of more value in your eyes.

The number of my books does them much wrong,
The reader 's tired and glutted with their throng;
Scarce things take most, first fruits please those are nice,
Roses in winter bear the highest price:
Persius' one book 's more celebrated far
Than Marsus' bulky Amazonian War.
Reading a book of mine, feign there 's no more;
Thus of my wit thou 'lt make the greater store. *Anon.* 1695.

XXX. TO A FISHERMAN, THAT HE MAY SPARE DOMITIAN'S FISH.

Withdraw, fisherman, I warn you, far from the Baian lake, fly, that you may not retire with guilt on your head. These waters are inhabited by sacred fish, who know their

[1] Made of the wool of sheep fed on the banks of the Galæsus, a river near Tarentum. See B. iii. Ep. 43.

[2] *Dominos.* Coins with the head of the emperor on them.

sovereign, and lick his hand, a hand than which the world contains nothing more powerful. They even have each its name, and each comes up at the voice of its master when called. Once, in this deep pool, as an impious Libyan was drawing up his prey with quivering rod, he was suddenly struck with blindness, and unable to see the captured fish; and now, abhorring his sacrilegious hooks, he sits a beggar on the banks of the Baian lake.[1] But do you withdraw while you may, and while you are yet innocent, casting into the waters only harmless morsels of food, and respecting the tender fish.

From the Baian lake, with awe,
Angler, I advise, withdraw:
Lest, of hallow'd blood unspilt
Thou shouldst rash incur the guilt.
Sacred fishes, swimming bland,
Hail their lord, and lick his hand:
Hand whose greater cannot wave,
Or to sacrifice or save.
Name respective know they all,
And attend their master's call.
Once a Libyan rued the deed,
When he play'd the trembling reed.
Sudden light his eyes forsook,
Nor display'd the fish he took.
Now he well the hook may hate,
Clothed with so dire a bait;
Where he, by the Baian pool,
Sits a blinded begging fool.
Then, dear angler, still by law
Innocent, do thou withdraw.
Throwing first a simple dish,
Venerate devoted fish. *Elphinston.*

XXXI. TO HIPPODAMUS.

As to your desire to be named and read of in my books, and your belief that it would be something of an honour to you, may I be confounded, if your wish is not most agreeable to me; and I am most anxious to give you a place in my verse. But you have a name imposed upon you unfavourable to the inspiration of the Muses; a name which a

[1] A story perhaps wholly the invention of the poet; or perhaps rumour may have afforded some foundation for it. Amos supposes, that Martial may allude to some wretch whose eyes were put out by Domitian, for fishing in the pond. "Gems of Latin Poetry," p. 211.

barbarous mother gave you, and which neither Melpomene, nor Polyhymnia, nor pious Calliope, nor Phœbus, could pronounce. Adopt, then, some name which is acceptable to the Muses; "Hippodamus" can never be introduced with good effect.[1]

Cause thou desirest to be read and named
So in my books, as by it to be famed,
Let me not live the thing much pleases me,
And in my lines I would insert thee free,
But that thy name is so averse to all
The Muses, which thy mother did thee call,
Which nor Melpom'ne nor Polymnia may,
Nor sweet Calliope with Phœbus say.
Adopt thee then some grateful name to us;
How wretchedly this sounds! Hippodamus! *Fletcher.*

XXXII. ON A BEE ENCLOSED IN AMBER.

The bee is enclosed, and shines preserved, in a tear of the sisters of Phaëton, so that it seems enshrined in its own nectar. It has obtained a worthy reward for its great toils; we may suppose that the bee itself would have desired such a death.

Here shines a bee closed in an amber tomb,
As if interr'd in her own honey-comb.
A fit reward fate to her labours gave;
No other death would she have wish'd to have. *May.*

The bee enclosed, and through the amber shown,
Seems buried in the juice which was his own.
So honour'd was a life in labour spent:
Such might he wish to have his monument. *Hay.*

XXXIII. TO SOSIBIANUS.

As your desk, Sosibianus, is full of elaborate compositions, why do you publish nothing? "My heirs," you say, "will publish my verses." When? It is already, Sosibianus, time that you should be read.

Thou say'st th' hast poems by thee of great worth:
Why dost thou not, Sosibian, bring them forth?
Thy heirs, thou say'st, will cause them to be read;
'T is pity 't is not done, and thyself dead. *Anon.* 1695.

[1] Martial, we may suppose, disliked the sound of this name. It is used frequently, as an epithet, in Homer.

[2] The tears which the sisters of Phaëthon shed at his death, are said to have been changed into amber. Ovid, Metam. b ii.

XXXIV. TO ATTALUS.

Although, Attalus, your toga is very dirty, whoever says that you have a snow-like toga speaks the truth.[1]

Though thy gown 's dirty, he says true, I know,
Who says thou hast a gown that looks like snow. *L. H. S.*

XXXV. ON A COMBAT OF DOGS IN THE THEATRE.

We have seen gentle does engage in fight with opposed horns, and fall under the impartial stroke of fate. The hounds gazed on their prey; and the proud huntsman stood amazed that nothing remained for his knife to do. Whence are feeble minds warmed with so great fury? Thus fight bulls; thus fall heroes.

Wee saw faint deere with furious butts, of late,
Each other meet, and dye with mutuall fate.
The dogs beheld their prey, the huntsman proud
Admired no worke was to his knife allow'd.
Whence should faint hearts such furie entertaine?
So fight sterne bulls, so valiant men are slaine. *May.*

The timorous deer against themselves make head,
The fight forsake not, till they both lie dead:
The dogs look'd on, huntsmen amazed appear,
No prey employment found for either here.
In softest breasts what moved a rage so high?
Bulls rush on bulls, and stoutest men so die. *Anon.* 1695.

XXXVI. TO OLUS.

Your beard is white, Olus, your hair is black. The reason is, that you cannot dye your beard, though you can dye your hair.

Thy beard is hoary; but thy locks are black:
To tinge the beard thou hast not yet the knack.
Elphinston.

XXXVII. TO AFER.

"Coranus owes me a hundred thousand sesterces, Mancinus two hundred thousand, Titius three hundred thousand, Albinus six hundred thousand, Sabinus a million, and Ser-

[1] *Quisquis te niveam dixit habere togam.* The commentators have been much perplexed about the signification of *niveam* in this passage, and in a similar one in B. ix. Ep. 50, *Quam* (togam) *possis niveam dicere jure tua.* Some think the meaning is that the toga hung in tatters, like flakes of snow; others, that its colours were bleached to dirty white.

ranus another million; from my lodging-houses and farms I receive three millions, from my Parmesan flocks six hundred thousand." Such are the words, Afer, that you daily din into my ear; and I know them better than my own name. You must pay me something, to enable me to bear this. Dispel my daily nausea with a round sum: I cannot listen to your catalogue, Afer, for nothing.

"Coranus does a hundred to me owe;
Mancinus three; Albinus twice this; so
Sabinus doth; Serranus ten; I know
A sixth, ten more: then from my lands do come,
My flocks and city rents, a vaster sum."
This thou, whole days, relat'st, and I retain
With that exactness as I do my name.
Say not to what thy income does amount,
But something tell which turns to my account:
I cannot hear thee, gratis, thus excite,
Be thy tales true or false, my needy appetite. *Anon.* 1695.

"Ten thousand pounds in bank and South-Sea funds;
Twenty in India stock, and India bonds;
Five thousand more have you in three per cents.;
A thousand are your Kent and Essex rents;
Those from Barbadoes are of late the same."
All this I know, as well as my own name.
The daily tale is grown extremely dull:
I cannot hear it gratis, on my soul.
For every time give me a guinea still;
Repeat it then as often as you will. *Hay.*

XXXVIII. TO GALLA.

Galla, say "No:" love is soon sated, unless our pleasures are mixed with some pain; but do not continue, Galla, to say "No" too long.

Galla, deny; and render passion strong:
But, prudent Galla, do n't deny too long. *Elphinston.*

XXXIX. TO CHARINUS.

You have bought up all sorts of silver plate; you alone possess the old masterpieces of Myro, and the handiwork of Praxiteles and Scopas; you alone have the productions of Phidias' graver, and the labours of Mentor. Nor are genuine Gratiuses[1] wanting in your collection, nor vases inlaid with

[1] *Gratiana vera*, the workmanship of one Gratius: Plin. H. N xxxiii. 11.

Callaic[1] gold, nor embossed ones from the tables of your ancestors. Yet, amidst all your silver, I wonder, Charinus, that you possess none pure.[2]

Charinus, thou 'st a rare collection made
Of silver works, both massy and o'erlaid
Alone dost Myron's, Scopas' pieces show,
What Mentor and Praxiteles could do;
Alone dost Phidias' noble gravings vaunt,
Alone the true Gratianus dost not want;
Enchased goblets of pure Spanish ore,
All double gilt, thy father's table bore.
What 's in these wonders to be wonder'd most,
A penny current-coin thou canst not boast.
Anon. 1695.

Wrought, graved, emboss'd, of old and modern date,
In the best taste, how great your stock of plate!
Here Phidias, there Praxiteles doth stand:
Here the sole piece, that 's left, of Mentor's hand.
This cistern did a Jerningham invent:
That bowl and cup were both design'd by Kent.
'Mongst all the things where art and fancy join,
I wonder you no silver have in coin. *Hay.*

XL. TO POSTUMUS.

When the halls of the Pisos, and the thrice-illustrious house of the learned Seneca, were displaying long lines of pedigrees, I preferred you, Postumus, to all such high personages; you were poor and but a knight, but to me you were a consul. With you, Postumus, I counted thirty winters; we had one couch in common between us. Now, full of honours, and rolling in wealth, you can give, you can lavish. I am waiting, Postumus, to see what you will do for me. You do nothing; and it is late for me to look about for another patron. Is this, Fortune, your act? Postumus has imposed upon me.

Though Piso's stem speaks great nobility,
Seneca shows a threefold pedigree,
And both their courts to my access are free;

[1] Vases manufactured by the Callæci or Gallicians in Spain, or of metal brought from their country.

[2] A play on the word *pure*. Martial means that Charinus's table was defiled with debauchery. The translators in verse have not had regard to this meaning. Compare B. i. Ep. 77.

Yet my salutes to thee I first did bring,
Poor, and a knight, but unto me a king:
Ten years, twice told, in amity we led,
One table served us, and one common bed.
Thou 'rt noble now and rich, canst throw away;
What to our ancient friendship wilt thou pay?
I may expect: but thou hast nought to say.
Grown old, a patron I can't seek, though poor
On me, or faith, hast thou imposed more? *Anon.* 1695

XLI. TO A POET RECITING BADLY.

Why, when about to recite, do you wrap your neck in wool? That wool would be more proper for our ears.

Why, wrapt about your neck, wool do you wear?
That wool would better serve to stop our ear. *Wright.*

When thou thy poems dost recite, for fear
Of catching cold, fur 'bout thy neck dost wear.
This fitter were for th' ears of them that hear.
Anon. 1695.

XLII. TO FLACCUS, ON HIS FAVOURITE AMAZONICUS.

If any one could possibly grant my wishes, hear, Flaccus, what sort of favourite I would desire. The youth should, first, be born on the banks of the Nile; no land knows better how to bestow attractions. Let him be whiter than snow; for in dusky Egypt that colour is more beauteous, as more rare. Let his eyes rival the stars, and his floating locks play upon his neck; I do not love, Flaccus, carefully arranged locks. Let his forehead be small, and his nose slightly aquiline; and let his lips rival Pæstan roses in redness. Let him often seek my caresses when I refuse them; refuse his when I seek them; and let him be often more sportive than his master. Let him be jealous of other youths, and ever keep young damsels at a distance; and, while a man to all else, let him be a youth to me alone. "I understand," say you; "you do not deceive me; for I can testify that your description is exact. Such was my Amazonicus."

If I could such obtain, as I desire,
Hear then what beauty, Flaccus, I admire.
One born in Egypt, i' th' first place, I'd choose,
Such artificial charms none else do use:
I'd have her skin white as the driven snow,—
From that swarth clime the fair do fairest show;

Her eyes with stars should vie, her flowing hair
Fall on her neck, which I to curls prefer;
Her forehead should be smooth, well shaped her nose,
Her lovely lips a rosy red disclose;
Sometimes I'd have her kind, and sometimes coy,
In no man's courtship, but mine own, to joy;
Young men to hate, ev'n her own sex to fear;
To others ice, to me a maid appear.
Now, Flaccus, I foreknow what thou wilt say.
Cælia, my Cælia, thou dost here display. *Anon.* 1695.

XLIII. TO CORACINUS.

I did not call you, Coracinus, an unnatural debauchee; I am not so rash or daring; nor am I a person to utter falsehoods willingly. If I so spoke of you, Coracinus, may I find the flagon of Pontia and the cup of Metilus[1] hostile to me; I swear to you by the extravagance and madness of the rites of Isis and Cybele. What I said, however, was of a light and trifling nature,—a something well known, and which you yourself will not deny; I said, Coracinus, that you are strangely fond of the female sex.

XLIV. ON MOUNT VESUVIUS.

This is Vesuvius, lately green with umbrageous vines; here the noble grape had pressed the dripping coolers. These are the heights which Bacchus loved more than the hills of Nysa; on this mountain the satyrs recently danced. This was the abode of Venus, more grateful to her than Lacedæmon; this was the place renowned by the divinity of Hercules.[2] All now lies buried in flames and sad ashes. Even the gods would have wished not to have had the power to cause such a catastrophe.[3]

Vesuvius, shaded once with greenest vines,
Where pressed grapes did yield the noblest wines;
Which hill far more than Nysa Bacchus lov'd,
Where satyrs once in mirthfull dances mov'd,
Where Venus dwelt, and better lov'd the place
Than Sparta, where Alcides temple was,
Is now burnt downe, rak'd up in ashes sad.
The gods are grill'd that such great power they had.
May.

[1] Two poisoners of that day.
[2] There were temples of Venus and Hercules on the mountain.
[3] This was the eruption of Vesuvius in which Pliny the elder lost his life. Plin. Ep vi. 16.

Vesuvius, cover'd with the fruitful vine,
Here flourish'd once, and ran with floods of wine:
Here Bacchus oft to the cool shades retired,
And his own native Nysa less admired:
Oft to the mountain's airy tops advanced,
The frisking Satyrs on the summits danced:
Alcides here, here Venus, graced the shore,
Nor loved her favourite Lacedæmon more.
Now piles of ashes, spreading all around
In undistinguish'd heaps, deform the ground:
The gods themselves the ruin'd seats bemoan,
And blame the mischiefs that themselves have done.

Addison.

XLV. TO APOLLO.

To thee, Phœbus, Parthenius, the chamberlain of Domitian makes these offerings, in behalf of his son Burrus, joyfully and with full censer; that he, who this day marks his first five years by entering a second lustrum, may live many Olympiads of years. Grant accomplishment to the prayers of a father; so may thy Daphne delight in thee, and thy sister rejoice in unspotted virginity; so mayst thou glory in perpetual youth; so may Bacchus never possess, Phœbus, locks as long as thine.

Accept, great Apollo, the censer of joy,
Parthenius the Palatine lights for his boy;
That Burrus, who hails his first lustre complete,
Olympiads unnumber'd of glory may greet.
Oh, sanction the vow: so be loved by thy tree;
So guard thy fair sister virginity's glee;
So bloom thou perennial, with radiance divine;
Not Bromius' own head boasting honours like thine.

Elphinston.

XLVI. ON SABELLUS.

The Saturnalia have made Sabellus a rich man.[1] Justly does Sabellus swell with pride, and think and say that there is no one among the lawyers better off than himself. All these airs, and all this exultation, are excited in Sabellus by half a peck of meal, and as much of parched beans; by three half pounds of frankincense, and as many of pepper; by a sausage from Lucania, and a sow's paunch from Falerii; by

[1] It was customary for clients and dependents to make presents to their patrons at the Saturnalia, celebrated in December.

a Syrian flagon of dark mulled wine, and some figs candied in a Libyan jar, accompanied with onions, and shell-fish, and cheese. From a Picenian client, too, came a little chest that would scarcely hold a few olives, and a nest of seven cups from Saguntum, polished with the potter's rude graver, the clay workmanship of a Spanish wheel,[1] and a napkin variegated with the laticlave. More profitable Saturnalia Sabellus has not had these ten years.

Of Saturnian joys a Sabellus may tell,
And display the new riches that give him to swell.
He may think, 'mid the pleaders, and safely declare
That himself is most blessed beyond a compare.

Say, my Muse, what makes Belly so proud and so vain?
Of split beans half a peck, half a bushel of grain;
Of frankincense and pepper, thrice half a pound stanch;
A Lucanian sausage, Faliscian panch;

Or of deep must decocted a Syrian flask;
Superfine candied figs, a fair Libyan cask;
With some scallions, perwinkles, some choicest of cheese;
And whatever a high-pamper'd palate can please.

Nor, amid Saturnalian boons, be forgot
Of old half-shrivell'd olives, no overgrown pot:
Nay, of crockery smooth'd with the potter's rough tool,
See a sweet set of seven, says the Saguntine school.

Though his plate burnish neither the silver nor steel,
'T is the well-temper'd clay of a good Spanish wheel.
On a board so supplied universally spread,
With a cloth of broad border, white striving with red.

Now can envy unburst eye the cloth, plate, or cates,
If but half be the truth, that Sabellus relates?
Can she deem that Sabellus, or lawyer alive,
Tasted richer Saturnians these twelvemonths twice five?

Elphinston.

XLVII. ON A FIGURE OF PHAËTON.

An encaustic figure of Phaëton is depicted upon this tablet. What do you mean, painter, by burning Phaëton a second time?

Behold poor Phaëton again sublime!
Ah! why burn Phaëton a second time? *Elphinston.*

[1] A potter's wheel. The earthenware manufacture of Spain was of a very inferior character.

XLVIII. TO PAPILUS.

Percidi gaudes: percisus, Papile, ploras.
Cur, quæ vis fieri, Papile, facta dolet?
Pœnitet obscœnæ pruriginis? an magis illud
Flet, quod percidi, Papile, desieris?

Tu godi d'essere immembrato: e dopo d'esserlo stato, tu, o Papilo, piangi. Perchè, o Papilo, ti lagni tu di ciò che vuoi che ti si faccia? ti penti tu dell' osceno prurito? ovvero piangi tu, Papilo, per desiderarlo maggiormente? *Graglia.*

XLIX. TO FLACCUS.

He knows not, Flaccus, believe me, what Epigrams really are, who calls them mere trifles and frivolities. He is much more frivolous, who writes of the feast of the cruel Tereus; or the banquet of the unnatural Thyestes; or of Dædalus fitting melting wings to his son's body; or of Polyphemus feeding his Sicilian flocks. From my effusions all tumid ranting is excluded; nor does my Muse swell with the mad garment of Tragedy. "But everything written in such a style is praised, admired, and adored by all." I admit it. Things in that style are praised; but mine are read.

Thou know'st not, trust me, what are Epigrams,
Flaccus, who think'st them jests and wanton games.
He wantons more, who writes what horrid meat
The plagu'd Thyestes and vex'd Tereus eat,
Or Dædalus fitting his boy to fly,
Or Polyphemus' flocks in Sicily.
My booke no windy words nor turgid needes,
Nor swells my Muse with mad smothurnal weedes.
Yet those things all men praise, admire, adore.
True; they praise those, but read these poems more.
May.

You little know what Epigram contains,
Who deem it but a jest in jocund strains.
He rather jokes, who writes what horrid meat
The plagued Thyestes and vex'd Tereus eat;
Or tells who robed the boy with melting wings;
Or of the shepherd Polyphemus sings.
Our muse disdains by fustian to excel,
By rant to rattle, or in buskins swell.
Though turgid themes all men admire, adore,
Be well assured they read my poems more.
Westminster Review, Apr. 1852.

L. TO THAIS.

Why, Thais, are you constantly saying that I am old? One is never too old, Thais, for what you require.

My age, you, Thais, often spell:
One 's ne'er too aged—to do well. *Elphinston.*

LI. TO CÆCILIANUS.

When you had not six thousand sesterces, Cæcilianus, you used to be carried about ostentatiously in a vast litter borne by six men. But since the blind goddess has given you two millions, and your coins have overflowed your coffers, behold you have taken to go on foot. What prayers ought I to offer on your behalf for such merit, such praise-worthy modesty? May the gods restore you, Cæcilianus, your litter!

When six thousand, Cæcilian, exceeded thy store,
Thee to bus'ness or pleasure six huge fellows bore.
When her thousands twice ten the blind goddess bestow'd,
And thy coin burst the budget, thy foot took the road.
For a merit so modest, what wish can be fair?
May the gods, poor Cæcilian, restore thee thy chair!
Elphinston.

LII. TO HEDYLUS.

If you do not leave off, Hedylus, being drawn by a yoke of goats, you, who were recently a *ficus*, will become a *caprificus*.[1]

LIII. TO COSMUS, ON AN ILLITERATE FELLOW PRETENDING TO BE A CYNIC.

Yonder person, Cosmus, whom you often see in the recesses of the temple of our Pallas, and on the threshold of the new temple,[2]—an old man with a stick and a wallet; whose hair bristles white and dirty, and over whose breast a filthy beard descends; whom a wax-coloured cloak, sole partner of his bare bed, covers; and to whom the crowd that encounters him gives food forced from them by his importunity,—him, I say, you take for a Cynic, but you are deceived by a false appearance; he is no Cynic, Cosmus. What then?—a dog.[3]

[1] An untranslatable pun on the words *caper* and *ficus*. *Ficus* signifies the piles, or a person afflicted with them; *caprificus*, a wild fig tree.

[2] The temple of Minerva Flaviana, recently built by Domitian. See B. ix. Ep. 2.

[3] The name Cynic, "dog-like," is derived from κύων, "a dog.

He who i' th temples you so often meet,
In public porches, Cosmos, and the street,
With bag and staff, nasty, and antique dress'd,
His hair an end, beard hanging down his breast;
Who, for a cloak, a coverlet does use;
Barks for his meat, the givers of t' abuse;
A Cynic to be thought does make this stir:
But he no Cynic is. What then? A cur. *Anon.* 1695.

LIV. TO COLLINUS.

O Collinus, to whom it has been granted to obtain the crown of oak in the Capitol,[1] and to surround thy deserving locks with its foliage first of all thy race, make the most, if thou art wise, of every day, and always imagine that thy last is come. No one ever succeeded in moving the three wool-spinning sisters;[2] they observe rigidly the day which they have fixed. Though thou be richer than Crispus, more firm-minded than Thrasea's self, more magnificent than the splendid Melior, Lachesis adds nothing to the thread; she unwinds the spindles of her sisters, and one of the three always puts a stop to the prolongation of it.

You, whom your country's honours high do raise,
And crown with merited but early praise;
If you are wise, make use of every hour,
And never think another in your power.
No man could ever soften cruel fate;
But what that once decrees must be our date.
Were you polite as Sidney, or as great,
Had Cato's soul, or Marlborough's estate,
Still is life's line by the three sisters sped:
Not one prolongs, but one still cuts, the thread. *Hay.*

LV. TO THE POET LUCIUS.

O Lucius,[3] glory of thy age, who dost not allow old Gaius[4] and our Tagus to yield the palm to eloquent Arpi,[5] let him who has been born among the cities of Greece sing of Thebes or Mycenæ in his lay, or famous Rhodes, or the

[1] In the Quinquennial games, instituted by Domitian to Jupiter Capitolinus.
[2] The Fates.
[3] Lucius was a native of Spain, contemporary with Martial.
[4] Gaius was a river of Spain, sometimes called Old Gaius, say the commentators, when it was afterwards named Gravius.
[5] Lucius imitated Horace, who was born in Apulia, in which Arpi was situate.

Ledæan palæstræ[1] of licentious[2] Lacedæmon. For us, born among the Celts and Spaniards, let us not be ashamed of repeating in grateful verse the harsher names of our own land; Bilbilis, renowned for its mines of cruel iron, a town which surpasses in this respect the Chalybes and the Norici; Platea, resounding with the working of its own steel, a town which the river Salo, that tempers arms, surrounds with shallow but unquiet waters; Tutela; the dances of Rixamæ; the joyful festivities of Cardua; Peterus, red with intertwined roses; Rigæ, and its ancient theatres constructed by our ancestors; the Silai, unerring in the use of the light dart; the lakes of Turgontus and Perusia; the pure waters of the humble Vetonissa; the sacred oak-grove of Buradon, through which even the tired traveller walks;[3] and the fields of the vale of Vativesca, which Manlius tills with lusty steers. Do these rough names excite a smile, fastidious reader? Smile, if you please; I prefer them, rough as they are, to Butunti.[4]

Lucius, thou glory of thy times,
Who, by th' enchantment of thy rhymes,
Nor lett'st old Gaius quit the field,
Nor Tagus' praise to Arpi's yield:
By bards, 'mid Argive cities sprung,
Be Thebes or great Mycenæ sung;
Or Rhodes renown'd, or Leda's schools,
Where lustful Lacedæmon rules.
From Celts and bold Iberians, we
Shall twang the stubborn names with glee;
Nor deem it shame, in duteous verse,
Parental honours to rehearse.
Be thou, my Bilbilis, proclaim'd,
For might of savage metal famed.
Nor Chalybs nor Noricians try
With thy superior sons to vie.
Hark! how thy Platea's blows astound
The echoes, with her iron-sound!
Her Salo locks, the lord of arms,
With gentle grasp, but potent charms.

[1] Palæstræ, wrestling-grounds, called Ledæan because Castor and Pollux, the sons of Leda, distinguished themselves in athletic exercises.

[2] In allusion, probably, to the wrestling and running of girls in the gymnasia.

[3] Attracted by its beauty and inviting shade.

[4] A town of Apulia. B. ii. Ep. 48.

Tutela, come; and bring along
The Rixamars, with dance and song;
The Carduans, with their festal joys;
And Peteros, who never cloys,
As blushing still with wattled rose;
And Rigæ, seat of ancient shows.
Silaans, sure with slender shaft;
Ye gladdest lakes, that ever laugh'd!
Both Turgens and Petusia, hear:
Ye rills, who, ravishing the ear
Of little Vetonissa, rove;
And Baradon's holm-hallow'd grove,
Where Sloth herself would ceaseless stray,
Nor lose her patience, or her way.
But never shall the Muse forget
The winding vales, unequall'd yet,
That Matinessa's toil endears
To Manlius, by her sturdy steers.
Nice reader, at each rustic name,
Thy stomach stirring, not thy blame,
Thou laugh'st; laugh on: still be they mine,
And be the sweet Bitunti thine. *Elphinston.*

LVI. TO GARGILIANUS.

Do you wish me, Gargilianus, because you send large presents to old men and widows, to call you munificent? There is nothing on earth more sordid or meaner than you are, who call your snares gifts. In like manner is the guileful hook bountiful to fishes, and the crafty bait a boon to the silly inhabitants of the forests. What the difference is between giving liberally, and making such presents, I will teach you, if you do not know. Make them, Gargilianus, to me.

Gifts t' old rich men thou send'st, and widows all,
Yet would'st be thought, Gargilian, liberall.
There 's nought more sordid, nought more base than thee,
To call thy snares a liberalitie.
So to the greedy fish the hooke is kinde:
Such favour beasts from cousening bates do finde.
But wouldst thou know true liberalitie?
I 'll teach thee then; bestow thy gifts on me. *May.*

Rich presents, to old men and widows sent,
You hope may prove you are munificent.
What can your sordid baseness more declare,
When for a present thus you send a snare?

Such presents makes the angler to the trout:
Such presents in a mouse-trap are set out.
If you would learn what 's generous and free,
A real present is one sent to me. *Hay*

LVII. TO FAUSTINUS.

Whilst I am detained by the voluptuous waters of the attractive Lucrine lake, and the caves warmed with fountains issuing from the rocks of pumice-stone, you, Faustinus, are dwelling in the domain of the Argive colonists,[1] whither the twentieth milestone from the city brings you. But the bristly chest of the Nemæan lion[2] is now inflamed with heat, and Baiæ glows with more than its own warmth. So, then, farewell, ye sacred fountains and grateful shores, the home alike of Nymphs and of Nereids! In the cold winter you were preferable to the mountains of Hercules:[3] but now you must yield to the cool shades of Tibur.

While near the Lucrine lake, consumed to death,
I draw the sultry air, and gasp for breath,
Where streams of sulphur raise a stifling heat,
And through the pores of the warm pumice sweat,
You taste the cooling breeze, where, nearer home,
The twentieth pillar marks the mile from Rome:
And now the sun to the bright lion turns,
And Baiæ with redoubled fury burns;
Then, briny seas and tasteful springs, farewell,
Where fountain-nymphs confused with Nereids dwell;
In winter you may all the world despise,
But now 't is Tivoli that bears the prize. *Addison.*

LVIII. TO GALLA.

You lament in secret, Galla, the loss of your husband; you are ashamed, Galla, I suppose, to weep for a man.

Thy husband lost, thou wail'st in gloom, I ween.
Thou blushest, Galla, to make sorrow seen. *Elphinston.*

LIX. ON A VIPER ENCLOSED IN AMBER.

Whilst a viper was crawling on the weeping boughs of the

[1] Tibur, built by Catillus, a native of Argos. Hor. Od. ii. 6.
[2] The constellation Leo.
[3] The hills near Tibur, where Hercules was worshipped. See B. i Ep. 13

Heliades,[1] an amber-drop flowed upon the reptile as it lay in its way. While wondering at being fettered by the gummy exudation, it suddenly grew stiff, immured in the congealing mass. Pride not thyself, Cleopatra, on thy royal sepulchre; for a viper reposes in a tomb still nobler.

Creeping among the boughs, where gums doe drop,
The flowing amber did a viper stop:
Amazed awhile how in that dew she 's held,
That straight turn'd ice, and shee in it congeal'd.
Of your vast shrine bee n't, Cleopatra, proud,
Since vipers now are nobler tombs allow'd.
Old MS. 16*th Cent.*

As 'mong the poplar boughs a viper crawls,
The liquid gum upon him struggling falls:
With drops alone while wond'ring to be held,
He straight within the amber was congeal'd.
Then of thy tomb, proud queen, think not too high:
A worm far nobler here entomb'd doth lie. *Anon.* 1695.

LX. ON CURIATIUS.

Let us in the summer solstice retire to Ardea and the country about Pæstum, and to the tract which burns under the Cleonæan constellation;[2] since Curiatius has condemned the air of Tivoli, carried off as he was to the Styx notwithstanding its much-lauded waters. From no place can you shut out fate: when death comes, Sardinia[3] is in the midst of Tivoli itself.

When Leo rages with the summer's sun,
From pestilential climates never run;
Since, in the wholesom'st and the purest air,
The destinies Croatius did not spare.
When thy time's come, death from no place is bound,
Sardinia in the midst of Tibur 's found. *Anon.* 1695.

LXI. TO MANCINUS.

A little while ago, Mancinus, you joyfully boasted to us, in an exulting tone, that some friend of yours had made you a present of two hundred thousand sesterces. Only four days ago, as we were talking in the assembly-room of the poets, you told us that your cloak, which had cost ten thousand

[1] Daughters of the sun; sisters of Phaëton; who were metamorphosed into poplars. See Ep. 25 and 32. [2] The Constellation *Leo*.
[3] Sardinia was thought a very unhealthy island.

sesterces, was the gift of Pompulla; you swore that Bassa and Cælia had given you a real sardonyx, a brilliant opal, and two gems green as the waves of the sea. Yesterday, when you suddenly left the theatre while Pollio was singing, you remarked, as you ran off, that three hundred thousand sesterces had just come to you by a legacy; this morning you spoke of another hundred thousand, and this afternoon of a hundred thousand more. What extraordinary injury have we, your companions, wrought you? Have pity on us, unfeeling mortal, and at length hold your peace. Or, if your tongue cannot be silent, tell us now and then something that we should like to hear.

Two hundred bountied by a friend,
Mancinus, thou didst late pretend.
In poets' corner proved our walk;
Pompilla's present was thy talk:
Robes worth ten thousand, robes so fine!
The sardonyx with treble line,
And the two gems, so like the wave,
Bassa, thou swor'st, and Cælia gave.
Last night, while charming Pollio sung,
Succession shook thy flippant tongue.
No theatre thy foot could stay;
Three hundred fell that very day;
And one at morn, and one since noon.
Have mercy on us, vile buffoon.
From thy poor friends what canst thou dread,
That with thy wealth thou strik'st them dead?
Or if thy clack can never tire,
Say, sometimes, what thy friends desire. *Elphinston.*

LXII. ON LYCORIS.

Swarthy Lycoris has left Rome for Tivoli, sacred to Hercules; for she imagines that everybody becomes white there.[1]

To heights Herculean Lyco would repair,
Assured that ev'ry black was whiten'd there. *Elphinston.*

LXIII. ON CÆRELLIA.

While Cærellia, the mother of a family, was sailing from Bauli to Baiæ, she perished, drowned by the malice of the raging flood. What glory have ye lost, ye waters! Such a

[1] As it was a cooler place than Rome, and people were thought to be less scorched by the sun in it.

monstrous catastrophe ye did not of old allow to Nero, even though commanded to do so.[1]

From Baulian, while she seeks the Baian coast;
A mother 's murder'd by the madding main.
No more, ye waves, your wonted glory boast:
Such horror once a Nero begg'd in vain. *Elphinston.*

LXIV. ON THE GARDENS OF JULIUS MARTIALIS.

On the long ridge of the Janiculan Hill lie the few acres belonging to Julius Martialis; land more blessed than the gardens of the Hesperides. Secluded retreats are spread over the hills, and the smooth summit, with gentle undulations, enjoys a cloudless sky, and, while a mist covers the hollow valleys, shines conspicuous in a light all its own. The graceful turrets of a lofty villa rise gently towards the stars. Hence you may see the seven hills, rulers of the world, and contemplate the whole extent of Rome, as well as the heights of Alba and Tusculum, and every cool retreat that lies in the suburbs, with old Fidenæ and little Rubra, and the fruit-bearing grove of Anna Perenna, which delights in virgins' blood.[2] Thence may be seen the traveller on the Flaminian and Salarian roads, while his carriage is unheard, so that its wheels are no interruption to gentle sleep; neither is it broken by the cry of the boatswain, or the noise of hawsers, although the Mulvian bridge is near, and ships are seen gliding swiftly along the sacred Tiber. This country box, but which ought rather to be called mansion, is rendered additionally agreeable by the welcome of its owner; you will imagine it to be your own; so ungrudgingly, so liberally, is it thrown open to you, and with such refined hospitality. You would deem it the pious abode of Alcinous, or of Molorchus recently made rich.[3] You now, who think all these attractions insignificant, cultivate with a hundred spades cool

[1] Nero had contrived that his mother should be shipwrecked on the voyage to Bauli, but the project did not succeed. By drowning Cærellia, the waters lost the honour which they had gained by sparing Agrippina.

[2] *Quod virgineo cruore gaudet.* Whether it is meant that virgins were in old times sacrificed there, is uncertain. Such sacrifices to Anna Perenna are nowhere else mentioned.

[3] Molorchus was a shepherd worshipped for having entertained Hercules when he was seeking the Nemæan lion. He is said to have been recently made rich, because Domitian had built a temple to him near that of Hercules.

Tivoli or Prænestе, and give the slopes of Setia to one single husbandman; whilst I, for my part, prefer to all your possessions the few acres of Julius Martialis.

Martiall's few acres pleasanter
Than the Hesperian gardens are:
Along the ridge of hills which crooke
With many a large and hollow nooke,
The topp, with little swelling there,
Yett playne, enjoys a sky more cleare;
And whilst foggs spread the winding vales,
There only lightsome ayre ne'er fayles;
And gentler stars with happyness
This little lofty village bless,
Whence the sev'n hills distinctly wee,
And the world's lord, great Rome, do see,
The Tusculan and Alban mount,
And the suburban springs may count;
The old Fidene, Rubra's short bounds,
Perenna's apple-bearing grounds,
Which much in virgin blood delight.
There in the highways to our sight
The whirling chariots oft appeare;
Butt their sound cannot reach our eare,
To break soft sleepes, nor joyned voyce
Of seamen or the boatemen's noyse,
Though by the Milvian bridge so nigh
On Tiber's flood the ships sayle by.
This lovely farme, or rather seate,
Its master's bounty makes compleate;
With courteous frankeness still 't is showne,
So ope to guests they 'd thinke 't their owne.
It 's like the howse o' th' king or swayne,
Who heroes once did entertayne.
You now who all too little count
Cold Tiber or Prænestе, or Mount
Setia (which hundred teemes can't plow),
May all unto their Fame allow;
Whilst Martiall's acres I prefer,
Fewer, 't is true, but pleasanter. *Old MS. 16th Cent.*

LXV. ON PHILÆNIS.

Philænis is always weeping with one eye. Do you ask how that can be? She has but one.

With but one eye Philænis weeps. How done
If you inquire, know she hath got but one. *Wright.*

LXVI. TO LINUS.

You have always led the life, Linus, of a country gentleman; an existence than which none can be more inexpensive. It was only on the ides, and occasionally on the kalends of the month,[1] that you put on your toga; and one robe of ceremony lasted you ten summers. The forest sent you wild boars, and the field sent you hares, without cost; the well-searched wood gave you fat thrushes. The fish came easily snatched from the watery pool; and the red cask poured forth wines of native growth. No attendant of Grecian birth stood at your orders, but a rustic assemblage from the farm. As often as your amorous fancies were warmed and excited by wine, the housekeeper, or the wife of your hardy labourer, sufficed to appease them. Fire hurt not your house, nor Sirius your lands: no ship of yours was ever sunk in the deep; nor is any one now at sea. In your house dice never supplanted the quiet tali;[2] but all your stake was a few nuts. Tell us, then, where is the million sesterces which your parsimonious mother left you. Nowhere. You have accomplished a difficult thing, Linus.

Your life has ever in the country been
And in a way that nothing was so mean.
Scarce at a wedding a new bob did wear:
Your coat an old acquaintance of ten year.
From your estate your pork and venison came:
Your ponds supplied your fish, your woods your game.
And not a glass of wine throughout the year;
Your cellar stock'd with only your own beer.
No French valet appear'd in spruce attire:
Only John trots about your kitchen fire.
You ne'er had drunken frolic in your life,
That ever aim'd above a farmer's wife.
No loss by fire, or by tempestuous skies,
Of ships, insurance, freight, or merchandise.
You never play'd or ventured deep at White's:
The most was shilling whist on winter nights.
How is your mother's vast estate run out?
You 've brought a most surprising thing about! *Hay.*

LXVII. TO PRÆTOR.

The poor Gaurus begged of Prætor a hundred thousand

[1] Days of public business, ceremony, and sacrifices.
[2] Bones, with which children and country people played

sesterces, well known to him as he was by long-standing friendship, and told him that he wanted that sum alone to add to his three hundred thousand, to qualify him, as a full knight, to applaud the emperor.[1] Says Prætor: "You know, I shall have to give a sum of money to Scorpus and Thallus;[2] and would that I had only a hundred thousand sesterces to give them!" Ah! shame, shame on your ungrateful coffers, filled to no good purpose! That which you refuse to a knight, Prætor, will you bestow upon a horse?

Gaurus, in 's need, did of the Prætor pray
A hundred pound, grown in his friendship grey:
And said, that sum would give him a just right
To all the honours of a Roman knight.
But he reply'd: "An hundred pound I use
I' th' race to spend, nor this will me excuse."
Ah, shames it not, ingrate, thy friend to slight?
To give a horse what thou deny'st a knight?

Anon. 1695.

LXVIII. TO SEXTUS.

You invite me to a dinner that costs but a hundred farthings, while you yourself dine magnificently. Am I invited to dine with you, Sextus, or to envy you?

My mess cost cheap, thine the profusest sum;
To sup, not envy, Sextus, I did come. *Anon.* 1695.

LXIX. TO PAMPHILUS.

You always, it is true, Pamphilus, place Setine wine, or Massic, on table; but rumour says that they are not so pure as they ought to be. You are reported to have been four times made a widower by the aid of your goblet. I do not think this, or believe it, Pamphilus; but I am not thirsty.

Pure Massic wine thou dost not only drink,
But giv'st thy guests: though some this do not think.
Four wives, 't is said, thy flagon caused to die;
This I believe not, yet not thirst to try. *Anon.* 1695.

With the best wines of France you entertain:
Yet that your wine is bad the world complain:
That you have lost four wives by it; but I
Neither believe it, sir,—nor am a-dry. *Hay.*

[1] To sit in the theatre in the seats appointed for the knights; an order to which no one was admitted who had not a fortune of at least four hundred thousand sesterces. [2] Names of charioteers.

LXX. TO MARULLINUS.

The father of Ammianus, when dying, left him by his will nothing but a dry halter. Who would have thought it possible, Marullinus, that Ammianus could have been made to wish his father still alive?

Jack's father 's dead: and left him without hope:
For he hath nothing left him, but a rope.
By a strange turn did fortune thus contrive
To make Jack wish his father were alive. *Hay.*

LXXI. TO SAFRONIUS RUFUS.

I have been long seeking, Safronius Rufus, throughout the city, for a maiden that says No: but not one says No. Just as if it were not right, as if it were disgraceful, as if it were prohibited, No maiden says No. Is there then no maiden chaste? There are a thousand. What then does the chaste one do? She does not say Yes, certainly, but still she does not say No.

Long have I search'd, my Soph, the town,
To find a damsel that would frown.
But not a damsel will deny,
As if a shame 't were to be shy;
As if a sin, will no one dare:
I see not one denying fair.
"Then of the fair is no one chaste?"
A thousand, Soph: you urge in haste.
"What does the chaste? Enlarge my views."
She does not grant, nor yet refuse. *Elphinston.*

LXXII. TO QUINTUS.

You beg me, Quintus, to present you my works. I have not a copy, but the bookseller Trypho has. "Am I going to give money for trifles," you say, "and buy your verses while in my sober senses? I shall not do anything so ridiculous." Nor shall I.

You ask me for my books of poems still:
I have not one; but Dodsley's shop they fill.
"What! spend my money! and such trifles buy!
I am not such a fool," say you:—nor I. *Hay.*

LXXIII. ON VESTINUS.

When Vestinus, overcome with disease, was at his last hour, and just on the point of crossing the Stygian waters, he

prayed to the sisters who were spinning his last threads that they would bring their dark twine to an end with little delay. While, dead for himself, he lived a few moments for his dear friends, such affectionate prayers moved the stern goddesses. Then, having divided his great wealth, he retired from the light of day, feeling, after this was done, that he died an old man.

When on time's precipice Allworthy stood,
Ready to launch into th' eternal flood,
The cruel fates addressing thus he said,
"Ye goddesses, one moment spare my thread:
Lost though I am, let friends my bounty prove."
His pious prayers the rigid sisters move.
He his vast wealth divides; then quits the stage;
And in that moment lived a Nestor's age. *Hay.*

LXXIV. TO CÆSAR, ON SOME DOES FIGHTING.

Do you see what fierce combats the unwarlike does attempt, and how great rage there is in these timid animals? They burn to rush together upon death with their narrow brows. Do you desire to spare the does, Cæsar? Let the hounds loose upon them.

See how the tim'rous herd in fight engage!
How fearful deer express the fiercest rage!
Death from themselves they are not seen to fear!
Cæsar, set on the dogs, to save the deer. *Anon.* 1695.

LXXV. TO NIGRINA.

O Nigrina, happy in thy beauty of soul, happy in thy consort, chief glory of the daughters-in-law of Latium, it delights thee to share with thy husband the wealth inherited from thy father, rejoicing to associate and participate with him in all things. Though Evadne may have cast herself upon the funeral pyre of her husband, and have been burned; and though a fame in no respect inferior exalt Alcestis to the stars; thou hast done better; thou hast gained, by visible evidence, such reputation for affection, that thy love needs not to be attested by death.

Blest in thy spirit, in thy husband blest,
O thou of wives most honour'd, and the best;
Who your whole fortune to your consort spare;
And know no joy in which he bears no share,

Evadne died in her lord's funeral flame;
Nor less immortal is Alcestis' name;
Yet less did they, when they resign'd their breath:
Late is the proof of love, when after death. *Hay.*

Blest in yourself and in your husband too,
The mirror of our Roman dames are you,
Nigrina, that so generously impart
Your fortune where you wisely gave your heart.
Evadne and Alcestis we admire,
Who martyrs of chaste wedlock did expire:
Whereas in life your merits shine so clear,
You need not die to make your love appear. *Anon.*

LXXVI. TO AN AVARICIOUS FRIEND.

You have sent me six thousand sesterces, when I asked you for twelve: to obtain twelve, I must ask you for twenty-four.

I ask'd twelve thousand sesterces; six you gave;
Henceforth I 'll double ask what I would have. *Wright.*

Ten pound I begg'd; with half thou didst me speed:
Next time I 'll ask thee twice what I have need.
Anno. 1695.

LXXVII. ON ZOILUS, AN ENVIOUS MAN.

I have never hitherto asked riches of the gods, being content with moderate enjoyments, and happy in what I possess. —But now, poverty, I wish you (pray excuse me) to retire. What is the cause of this new and sudden prayer? I long to see Zoilus hang himself.

I ne'er begg'd riches from the gods before,
Well pleas'd with what I had, and to be poor:
But, want, now get thee hence: Heav'n grant me store.
Whence comes this sudden new desire of pelf?
I 'd fain see envious Zoilus hang himself. *Anon.* 1695.

I never did the gods importune,
To grant to me a monstrous fortune;
Contented with my little store:
But now I own I wish for more.
Whence comes this sudden love of pelf?
That Zoilus may hang himself. *Hay.*

LXXVIII. TO AFER.

Although you have seen sixty harvests gathered in, and your face glistens with many a white hair, you run hither and thither wildly throughout the city, and there is no

great man's chair to which you do not every morning assiduously pay your respects. Without you no tribune is allowed to leave his house, nor is either of the consuls excused from your dutiful attendance upon him. Ten times a day you return to the palace on the sacred hill, and talk unceasingly of your friends Sigerius and Parthenius. Let young men act thus—but than an officious old man, Afer, there is nothing more offensive.

Thrice twenty years you 've seen your grass made hay;
Your eyebrows too proclaim your hair is grey:
Yet through all quarters of the town you run;
At every ball, and levee, you make one.
No great man stirs, but you are at his heels;
And never fail both them who have the seals.
You never miss St James's; ever chat
Of Lord or Bishop this, or General that.
To youth leave trifles: have you not been told,
That of all fools no fool is like the old? *Hay.*

LXXIX. TO MATHO.

You were constantly, Matho, a guest at my villa at Tivoli. Now you buy it.—I have deceived you; I have merely sold you what was already your own.

So constant guest unto my farm ye 're known,
You buying it, I cheat, and sell your own. *Wright.*

You still were welcome at my country seat.
You buy it. It was yours before.—You 're bit. *Anon.*

LXXX. TO MARO.

You declaim, Maro, when you are ill with a fever. If you are ignorant that this is frenzy, you are not in your right senses, friend Maro. You declaim when out of order; you declaim while a victim to the semitertian ague. If you cannot excite perspiration by any other means, well and good. "Oh! but it is a great thing to do." You are mistaken; when fever is burning your vitals, the great thing is to be quiet, Maro.

Though fever-struck, thou plead'st still. Dost nott know
This madness is? That doth thy madness show.
Sick of an ague, still you bawle i' th' court;
If 't bee to make you sweat, y' have reason for 't.
'T is much to speake (you 'll say), when fires like these
The entrails burn.—No; much to hold one's peace.
Old MS. 16th Cen'.

LXXXI. ON FABULLA.

When Fabulla had read that epigram of mine, in which I complain that no maiden says No, she, although asked once, twice, and thrice, disregarded the prayers of her lover. Now, Fabulla, say Yes: I advised you to say No, but not to say No for ever.

When Fabulla heard the strain,
Where the poet dares to plain
That no damsel will deny;
Once, nay twice or thrice, the sigh
Of her lover she despised:
Now, Fabulla, be advised,
Yield a promise, and be clever:
Do deny; but not for ever. *Elphinston.*

LXXXII. TO RUFUS, WITH TWO BOOKS OF EPIGRAMS FOR VENULEIUS.

Recommend also, Rufus, these little books of mine to Venuleius, and beg him to grant me some few moments of his leisure, and, forgetting awhile his cares and occupations, to examine my trifles with indulgent ear. But let him not read them after either his first or his last glass, but when Bacchus is in his glory, and delights to witness convivial excitement. If it be too much to read two volumes, let him roll up one of them; and the task, thus divided, will seem shorter.

These, Rufus, to our Venuleius commend;
And beg him a moment with me to unbend.
Forget he must totally cares and designs,
Not critic severely my libertine lines.
Nor let him read after the first or last cup,
But when middle Bacchus bids spirits be up.
If two be too much, double one parcel down;
So half, perhaps, better the pleasure will crown.
Elphinston.

LXXXIII. TO NÆVOLUS.

When you are devoid of care, Nævolus, nobody is more disagreeable than you; when you are in trouble, Nævolus, nobody is more pleasing. When devoid of care you answer nobody's salutation, you look down on every one, you seem to think every one a slave, and no man living worthy of your regard. When you are in trouble, you make presents to one person, you pay your respects to another as your lord

and patron, and invite everybody to your house. Pray be always, Nævolus, in trouble.

Nothing more insolent than you in place;
And nothing more obliging in disgrace.
In place, you bow to none; scorn every soul:
"This fellow is a scrub; and that is dull."
'T is "dine with me;" "your servant!" in disgrace:
Is it then proper you should have a place? *Hay.*

LXXXIV. ON THAIS.

There is no one among the people, or in the whole town, who will assert that Thais has granted him favours, although many desire and entreat them. Is Thais then, I ask, so pure? By no means; she has an evil tongue.

LXXXV. TO PONTICUS.

We drink out of glass, Ponticus; you, out of porcelain.[1] Why? Lest a transparent vessel should betray the better quality of your wine.

We drink in glass, but you in stone; and why?
Lest clear glass should your better wine descry. *Wright.*

Thy cup 's of china, ours of glass. Why so?
That we thy sordid usage may not know:
One glass two sorts of wine would plainly show.
Anon. 1695.

LXXXVI. TO HIS BOOK, SENT TO APOLLINARIS.

If thou wishest to be approved by Attic ears, I exhort and advise thee, my little book, to please the learned Apollinaris.[2] No one is more acute than he, or more learned, nor is any one more candid or more indulgent. If he shall receive thee to his heart, and repeat thee with his lips, thou wilt neither have to dread the sneers of the malignant, nor wilt thou furnish parchment coverings for anchovies. If he shall condemn thee, thou mayst run forthwith to the stalls of the salt-meat sellers, to have thy back scribbled upon by their boys.[3]

Wouldst thou, by Attic taste approved,
By all be read, by all be loved,

[1] Literally *Murrhine ware*, made of fluor spar. [2] See B. vii. Ep. 26.
[3] Supposed to mean, who may improve themselves in writing, by practising on the back of the parchment; or who, after wrapping up the fish in it, might inscribe prices, or the addresses of customers, on it.

To learned Harris' curious eye,
By me advised, dear Muse, apply.
In him the learned judge you 'll find,
In him the candid friend and kind.
If he repeats, if he approves,
If he the laughing muscles moves,
Thou nor the critic's sneer shalt mind,
Nor be to pies or trunks consign'd.
If he condemns, away you fly,
And mount in paper kites the sky,
Or, dead, 'mong Grub-street's records lie.
Dr Hoadley. Addressed to the author of *Hermes*.

LXXXVII. TO FABULLUS.

Your wife Bassa, Fabullus, has always a child at her side, which she calls her delight and her darling. And, that you may have the greater cause for wonder, she is not at all fond of children. What is her reason, then? She is troubled with wind.

Bassa, a little child has ever near,
Which she does call her playfellow and dear:
For such yet cares not, if you 'll credit fame.
How then? She's rude, and the child bears the blame.
Anon. 1695.

Thy Bassa, Fabullus, a child bears about,
On whom she strives ev'ry sweet name to bestow:
Before made she never with children a rout:
Some 'scapes she may blushless on innocence throw.
Elphinston.

LXXXVIII. TO ONE WHO DID NOT ACKNOWLEDGE THE RECEIPT OF MARTIAL'S PRESENT.

You have sent me nothing in return for my little gift, and five of the days of the Saturnalia are passed. Thus neither have six scruples of Septician silver[1] been sent to me, nor a table-cloth, fit present for a complaining client, nor a jar red with the blood of the Antipolitan tunny, nor one containing small prunes, nor a little basket of wrinkled Picenian olives, so as to enable you to say that you have not forgotten me. You may deceive others by your words and your smiling countenance; to me you will be henceforth an unmasked deceiver.

For the little boon that went,
You, regardless, nothing sent:

[1] See note on B. viii. Ep. 71.

And, what heightens my amaze,
Five has Saturn seen his days.
Scruples one of Septy's name,
Nor a cloth from client came;
Not a jar so sweetly red
With the blood poor tunny shed:
Nor the texture of the twigs;
Fraught with tiny Coctan figs,
Nor the wisely wattled frail,
With Picenian wrinkles pale:
That you should prefer the plea,
You had once remember'd me.
Others, then, you may beguile
With your silken words and smile:
You to me have shown your plan;
So are half an honest man. *Elphinston.*

LXXXIX. TO HIS BOOK.

Enough, enough! little book! we have already reached the end of the parchment. You would still go on, and add to your bulk, and cannot confine yourself within due limits; just as if you had not done enough, when you had completed the first page. The reader is now quite querulous, and out of patience; the librarius[1] himself now cries out, "Enough, enough, little book."

Oh, 't is enough, it is enough, my book;
Upon the utmost page thou now dost look.
Would'st thou swell further yet? yet larger be?
Not leave thy paragraphs and margins free?
As if to some known period thou didst tend,
When ev'ry epigram may be thy end.
Reader and printer tired, no more can brook;
'T is time thyself pronounce the last line strook.
Oh, 't is enough, oh, 't is enough, my book. *Anon.* 1695.

[1] Librarius may be either librarian, bookseller, or transcriber.

BOOK V.

1. TO DOMITIAN, WITH THE AUTHOR'S BOOK.

THIS offering, O Cæsar, whether thou art residing upon the hills of Palladian Alba, and looking thence on the one side upon the temple of Diana, and on the other upon the waters of Thetis,—or whether the truth-telling sisters are learning thy oracular responses,[1] where the smooth waters of the straits bathe the suburban meadows; or whether the nurse of Æneas,[2] or the daughter of the Sun,[3] or Anxur, white with health-giving waters, attracts thee;—this offering I send to thee, auspicious support and protection of our empire, by whose continued preservation we believe that Jupiter shows his gratitude.[4] Do thou but receive it; I will imagine that thou hast read it, and proudly indulge in Gallic[5] credulity.

Whether i' th' Alban Mount thy station be,
Where thou the prospect hast, on one side, sea,
Diana's Grove on th' other; or before
This, if Caieta's bay delight thee more,
The hill named from the daughter of the sun,
Or where the Anxur's wholesome streams do run.
O health and safety of the public state!
Whose evils, as our own, we deprecate;
And whom, when prosperous and we happy see,
Grateful we then believe the gods to be,
Receive this little book I to thee send,
Only a gracious hand vouchsafe t' extend;
I 'll think thou read'st it, though thou cast it by,
Pleased with a Gallic, rude credulity. *Anon.* 1695.

[1] Whether thou art residing at Antium, where Fortune was worshipped under the form of two sisters, representing good and evil fortune.

[2] Caieta, so called from the nurse of Æneas, said to have been buried there.

[3] Circeii, which had its name from Circe.

[4] For the restoration of the Capitol after it had been destroyed by fire. Suetonius, Domit. c. 5. Comp. B. vii. Ep. 59.

[5] The Gauls had the character, among the Romans, of being credulous.

II. TO HIS READERS.

Ye matrons, youths, and virgins, to you is our page dedicated. But you who delight in wanton sallies and licentious jests may read my first four books, which are of a more free character. The fifth book is for the amusement of the lord of the world; and is such as Germanicus may read without a blush in the presence of the Cecropian virgin-goddess.[1]

Ye matrons, boys, and virgins neat,
To you my page I dedicate.
Thou whom more shameless sports delight,
And naked pleasant wit, invite
Thy fancy to my four first books:
This fifth shall sport with Cæsar's looks;
Which great Domitian may be bold
Before his goddess to unfold. *Fletcher.*

III. TO DOMITIAN.

Degis,[2] who now, O Germanicus, lives on the banks of our river,[3] having come to thee from the placid waters of the Ister, is said in his delight and overjoyment at having just seen the guardian of the world, to have addressed his companions thus:—"How much better is my fate than that of my brother, since I am allowed to behold so closely that god whom he adores at so great a distance!"

When Degis, sent from Ister's subject waves,
Hail'd the blest bank victorious Tiber laves;
Astonish'd, as o'erjoy'd, the stranger saw
The man, from whom mankind beseeches law;
And thus, on either hand, address'd his mate:
How raised is ours, beyond our brethren's fate!
To us is giv'n to gaze th' empyreal star,
Which they are humbly proud t' adore afar. *Elphinston.*

IV. TO PAULUS, ON MYRTALE.

Myrtale is wont to smell of deep draughts of wine; but, to

[1] Meaning that Domitian, who loved to be called Germanicus, from his expedition into Germany, might read this book in the presence of chaste Minerva, a goddess whom he especially worshipped. Suet. Domit. c. 4.

[2] Supposed to have been the brother of Decebalus, king of the Dacians, and to have come to Rome as an ambassador. [3] The Tiber.

deceive us, she eats bay-leaves, and cautiously mingles them in her cups instead of water. Whenever, Paulus, you observe her with flaming face and swollen veins approaching you, you may well say, "Myrtale drinks bays." [1]

Myrtale often smells of wine, but, wise,
With eating bay-leaves thinks it to disguise:
So nott with water tempers the wine's heate,
But covers it. Henceforth if her you meete
With red face and swell'd veynes, modestly say,
"Sure Myrtale hath drunk o' th' bayes to day."
Old MS. 16th Cent.

V. TO SEXTUS.

Sextus, eloquent keeper of the Palatine library, who enjoyest the immediate presence of the god that inhabits it (for it is thy privilege to learn the cares of the emperor as they rise within him, and to know the secret soul of our ruler), make room somewhere for my little books also, near those of Pedo, of Marsus, of Catullus. Near the heaven-inspired lay of the Capitoline war,[2] place the lofty epic of the sublime Virgil.

Sextus, whose winning Muse presumes t' explore
The Palatine Minerva's matchless lore,
'T is thine t' approach her friend, the earthly god;
T' imbibe his graces, and attend his nod.
'T is thine to scan and soothe each springing care;
To mark the hue his inmost secrets wear.
Oh! to thy friend some little nook assign,
Where Pedo, Marsus, and Catullus shine:
But place the heavenly Capitolian strains
Fast by the buskin'd Maro's grand remains. *Elphinston.*

VI. TO THE MUSES. A REQUEST TO PARTHENIUS.

If it is not too much to ask, or too troublesome to you, ye Muses, make this request of your favourite Parthenius:—So may a long and happy old age, under the rule of Cæsar, bring thy last hour; so mayst thou prosper, even envy herself looking favourably on thee; and so may Burrus soon ap-

[1] An allusion to certain poetasters, who were said to seek inspiration by eating laurel-leaves.

[2] Some poem on the war raised by the party of Vitellius is evidently meant; written either by Domitian or by Sextus. This war is called *Bellum Vitellianum*. Suetonius, Domit. c. 1.

preciate the virtues of his father, as thou shalt admit this timid and small collection within the sacred precincts of the prince's privacy. Thou knowest the times when our Jove is at ease, when he beams on us with his own benignant countenance, with which he is wont to refuse nothing to suppliants. Thou hast no reason to fear that our request is extravagant; a book which is decorated with cedar and purple, and swells proudly with dark bosses, never makes too great or inconvenient demands. Yet do not put these compositions too forward; but hold them as if thou wert offering and contemplating nothing. If I know the votary of the nine sisters, he will of his own accord ask for the purple-covered book.

If what I ask appears to you not great,
O Muses! your Parthenius thus entreat:—
May thy old age come late, and happy end:
Cæsar be safe, and, to the last, your friend;
So above envy may you ever be,
Your son a scheme of all your virtues see,
As you this timorous, bashful book shall grace
When in the sacred presence 't is in place.
To you the prince's gracious moods are known,
When with serenest looks, and most his own,
He shines on all who to his throne address,
And measures bounty out to each distress.
Nor apprehend, this trifling gilded book
Aims at high things, does for great matters look;
You need not offer 't, hold it in your hand,
As one designing nothing to demand:
If the nine sisters' patron I do know,
Himself will you command the book to show. *Anon.* 1695.

VII. TO VULCAN, ON THE RESTORATION OF THE CITY AFTER BEING PARTIALLY DESTROYED BY FIRE.

As the flames renew the nest of the Assyrian phœnix, when ever the solitary bird has lived through its ten centuries so Rome, renewed, has put off her former old age, and has herself assumed the looks of her guardian. Forget at length, I beseech thee, Vulcan, thy cause of complaint against us,[1] and spare us: we are, it is true, descendants of Mars, but we are also descendants of Venus. Spare us, mighty lord; so

[1] As being the offspring of Mars, to whom Vulcan was an enemy on account of the liberties which he had taken with Venus.

may thy sprightly consort pardon the nets forged at Lemnos,[1] and resign herself to love thee.

As ruins renovate th' Assyrian nests,
When twice five ages the Sol's bird hath spent;
So Rome her old decrepitness digests,
Dress'd in the visage of her president.

Now, Vulcan, I beseech, forget and spare
Our grief, w' are Mars and Venus progeny:
So thy loose wife shall pass the Lemnian snare,
And in chaste love affect thee patiently. *Fletcher.*

VIII. ON PHASIS.

The edict of our supreme lord and ruler, by which the seats in the theatre are more exactly defined, and the knight is allotted a place free from contact with the vulgar, was lately the theme of Phasis' approbation in the theatre, where, flaming with purple robes, he was boasting proudly, and in a pompous tone: "At length we can sit more at our ease; the dignity of the knighthood is now restored; we are not pressed or contaminated by the mob." These and such remarks was this upstart uttering, when Leitus[2] ordered his arrogant purple robes to change their seat.

While Phasis in the theatre of late,
Phasis, in purple shining, did dilate
On th' emperor's edict, which each order graced,
And 'cording to their dignity them placed,
These swelling words, big with conceit, he spake:—
"At length we nobles here our ease may take;
Regard 's had of us, and our seat 's set out,
We 're neither press'd, nor dirty'd by the rout."
While, lolling, thus he did the rout despise,
The lictor bids his saucy purple rise. *Anon.* 1695.

IX. TO SYMMACHUS.[3]

I was indisposed; and you straightway came to see me, Symmachus, accompanied by a hundred of your pupils. A

[1] Nets in which Venus and Mars were caught by Vulcan. See Odyss. B. viii.

[2] Leitus, having the charge of the equestrian seats, ordered Phasis to quit them, as not being qualified by his fortune to be in the order of knights.

[3] A physician, who came to visit Martial, accompanied, according to the fashion of those times, by his pupils.

hundred hands, frozen by the northern blast, felt my pulse. I had not then an ague, Symmachus, but I have now.

I droop'd; straight Symmachus to me does hie,
An hundred quacks bearing him company;
An hundred frozen hands my pulse did crave:
Before I had no ague, now I have. *Anon.* 1695.

X. TO REGULUS.

For what reason shall I say it happens, that fame is refused to writers while living, and that but few readers love the compositions of their own day? It is doubtless the character of envy, Regulus, ever to prefer the ancients to the moderns. Just so, ungrateful as we are, do we frequent the ancient portico of Pompey;[1] just so do old men extol the mean temple of Catulus.[2] Ennius was read by thee, O Rome, while Virgil was alive; and Homer was derided by his own age. Rarely did the theatres applaud and crown Menander; Ovid was known only to his Corinna. Do not, however, ye little books of mine, be in haste for fame: if glory comes only after death, I am in no hurry for it.

What 's this? that fame to living men 's denied?
And readers their own times seldom affect?
Regulus, these are tricks of envious pride,
The present still for old things to reject.
So most ingrate we seek old Pompey's shades,
And praise the totter'd fane of Catulus.
While Maro lived, Ennius whole Rome invades,
And Homer's age laugh'd him ridiculous.
Crowned Menander seldom heard a shout,
Corinna her own Naso knew alone.
O my small books, ne'er hasten to go out:
If praise come after death, I 'll not go on. *Fletcher.*

XI. TO SEVERUS, ON THE POET STELLA.[3]

My friend Stella, Severus, wears on his fingers sardonyxes, emeralds, diamonds, jaspers. Though there are many gems on his fingers, there are more in his verses, whence, I conclude, his hand is so decorated.

My Stella does upon his fingers wear
Em'ralds and diamonds, sapphires, rubies fair;

[1] Preferring it to the newer ones of Domitian and others
[2] Built by Lutatius Catulus. It was mean in comparison with more modern temples. [3] See Ep. 8.

Many bright gems upon his hands we see,—
More, and more radiant, in his verses be.
The brilliant fancies in his lines which stand,
Seem to proceed from his adorned hand. *Anon.* 1695.

XII. ON STELLA.

That Masthlion proudly carries nodding burdens upon his sturdy head, or that the gigantic Ninus holds seven or eight boys on each arm, seems to me by no means difficult, when my friend Stella bears, upon any one of his fingers, ten girls.[1]

That the haughty Masthlion now
Wields such weights on perched brow;
Or that Linus finds his praise,
With each hand eight boys to raise
Cannot seem a matter hard,
Or attract supreme regard;
When my Stella, without pother,
On one finger, this or t' other,
Can, by so enchanting aids,
Carry half a score of maids. *Elphinston.*

XIII. TO CALLISTRATUS.

I am, I confess, Callistratus, and have always been, poor; yet I am not an obscure or unknown knight, but am read throughout the world, and people say of me, "That is he!" and, what death has awarded to but few, has become mine during my lifetime. But you have halls, resting upon a hundred columns; your coffers with difficulty contain the wealth which you have gained as a freedman; vast farms in Egyptian Syene are yours; and Gallic Parma shears for you innumerable flocks. Such are you and I; but what I am, you cannot be; what you are, any one of the multitude may be.

I am, I own, and ever have been, poor,
But yet a gentleman, and not obscure.
Spread through the world my writings and my name;
Few in the grave have reach'd my living fame.
You have a house on a vast colonnade;
More wealth than merchant ever gain'd in trade;
Your farms in Evesham Vale rich harvests crown;
Many your flocks which feed on Bansted Down.

[1] The representations, perhaps, of the nine Muses, and of his mistress Hiantis See B. vi Ep 21

Such you and I: like me you cannot be;
Fortune may make a cobbler like to thee. *Hay.*

Yes, I am poor, Callistratus, I own;
And so was ever; yet not quite unknown:
Graced with a knight's degree; nor this alone,
But through the world my verse is frequent sung;
And "That is he!" sounds buzz'd from every tongue:
And what to few, when dust, the fates assign,
In bloom and freshness of my days is mine.
Thy ceilings on a hundred columns rest;
Wealth, as of upstart freemen, bursts thy chest;
Nile flows in fatness o'er thy ample fields;
Cisalpine Gaul thy silky fleeces yields.
Lo! such thou art, and such am I: like me,
Callistratus, thou canst not hope to be;
A hundred of the crowd resemble thee. *Elton.*

XIV. ON NANNEIUS.

Nanneius, having been always accustomed to sit in the front row, at the time when anybody was allowed to take a place, moved his quarters, after being twice or thrice requested to do so, yet still seated himself on the benches of the knights, almost immediately behind Caius and Lucius. Thence for awhile, with his head shrouded in a hood, he remains a spectator of the games; ungracefully peeping with but one eye. Being again ejected, the unhappy wight crossed to the standing way, and, leaning over the end of a seat, half kneeling, he endeavoured to make it appear to the knights that he was sitting, and to Leitus that he was standing.

Nanneius used in the first rank to sit,
While so the sleeping edict did permit:
But, that revived, thrice routed, up he truss'd
His camp, and to the lowest seat was thrust,
Ev'n behind Caius, Lucius, straitly pent:
Where, wrapping up his head, and there content
Ill-favour'dly to see but with one eye,
The lictor did the wretch no sooner spy,
But thence he chased him to the farthest space,
Between the cells; where, taking up his place,
Half standing, and half leaning 'gainst the end
Of the knights' form, which did his stress befriend,
Free from exceptions here on ev'ry hand,
To some he boasts to sit; to some, to stand. *Anon.* 1695.

XV. TO DOMITIAN.

This is the fifth book, Augustus, of my sportive effusions, and no one complains of having been injured by my verse. But many a reader rejoices in an honoured name, to whom lasting fame is secured by my gift. "And yet of what use are these trifles, however much they respect personal character?" Granted that they are of no use to many, still they amuse me.

This is the fifth book of my drolling Muse,
Yet none complain my verses them abuse;
But many given they have a noble name,
Who by my pen enjoy immortal fame.
What profits this, some say, though so it be?
If none it profits, yet it pleases me. *Anon.* 1695.

XVI. TO THE READER.

That, although I could write on serious, I prefer to write on amusing topics, is your fault, kind reader, who read and repeat my verses all over Rome. But you do not know how much your favour costs me. If I were to plead causes at the temple of the scythe-bearing god,[1] and to sell my words to persons trembling under accusation, many a seaman whom I had defended would send me jars of Spanish wine, and the lap of my toga would be stained with all sorts of coin. But, as it is, my book is merely a guest and sharer of revels, and my page affords amusement for which I receive no pay. Not even the poets of old were content with empty praise; in those days the smallest present made to the immortal bard (Virgil) was Alexis. "You write charmingly," you say, "and we will reward you with praises for ever."—Do you pretend not to understand my hints? You will, I suspect, make *me* a lawyer.

That I, who could be serious, thus doe write,
Deare reader, 't is for your, not my delight,
Who my lines thro' the towne reade and repeate:
But what I lose by this you know not yet.
For would I plead for prisoners waiting death,
Or unto careful clients sell my breath,
That many a piece of Spanish wine would yield,
And with much gold my bosome would be fill'd.
But now I and my bookes are only guests,
And gratis make you merry at your feasts.

[1] Saturn, a temple of whom was near the forum. Macrob. b. i. c. 8

But former poets were not pay'd with prayse;
Alexis was least meed for Virgil's layes.
Now you cry, "Good." That 's all. Nay then I see
You not conceive me. I must lawyer bee.
Old MS. 16th Cent

XVII. TO GELLIA.

While you were telling us of your ancestors, and their ancestors, and the great names of your family, while you looked down on our equestrian order as a mean rank, and while you were asserting that you would marry no one who did not wear the broad border of the senator, you married, Gellia, a porter.

Of rank, descent, and title proud,
Mere gentry Lady Susan could not bear;
She 'd wed but with a duke, she vow'd—
And so absconded with a player. *N. B. Halhed.*

XVIII. TO QUINTIANUS.

Since, in this month of December,[1] in which napkins, and elegant shoe-fastenings,[2] and wax-tapers, and tablets, and tapering vases filled with old Damascene plums, fly about in all directions, I have sent you nothing but my little books, the offspring of my study, I may seem to you stingy or rude. But I hate the crafty and mischievous arts of presents. Gifts are like fish-hooks; for who does not know that the greedy char is deceived by the fly which he swallows? Whenever the poor man abstains from making presents to his rich friend, Quintianus, he shows a liberal spirit.

Now in December that the napkins fly
About, spoons, candles, paper, plums, that I
Only my home-born books a present make,
For rude or covetous thou may'st me take.
But, know, I hate the vile ensnaring trade,
By which a gift a baited hook is made;
Which is not cast to feed the hungry fish,
But for a prey to fill the fisher's dish.
Then, Quinctianus, to his wealthy friend,
A poor man 's lib'ral when he nought does send.
Anon. 1695.

[1] In which presents were made, during the Saturnalia.

[2] *Ligula*. It is uncertain whether *ligula* here means a shoe-fastening, as in B. ii. Ep. 29, or a small ladle or spoon, as in B. viii. Ep. 33, and B. xiv. Ep. 120.

XIX. TO CÆSAR.

If any reliance is to be placed on true report, no age, Cæsar, can be preferred to yours. When have men had the privilege of beholding triumphs better deserved? When have the Palatine gods done more to merit our gratitude? Under what ruler has Mars's Rome shown herself fairer or greater? Under what prince was there ever so much liberty? This vice, however, exists, and not a small one, although it be but one, that the poor man cultivates friends who simply treat him with ingratitude. Who bestows any portion of his wealth upon his old and faithful friend, or whose train is accompanied by a knight whom he has helped to create? To have sent at the time of the Saturnalia a silver spoon of small weight, or a gaudy toga worth ten scruples, is extravagant liberality; and our proud patrons call such things presents. Perhaps there may be one, who will chink out a few gold pieces. But since these men are not our friends, be thou, Cæsar, a friend to us; no virtue in a prince can be more pleasing than generosity. But before you have read thus far, Germanicus, you will have been laughing at me to yourself for giving you advice which is for my own benefit.

If truth make e'er her mandates heard,
No times to thine can be preferr'd.
Great Cæsar, who could triumphs see
Equal to those display'd by thee?
Or can the period be assign'd,
That boasted palace-gods more kind?
More great or glorious, under whom
Effulged, high sir, imperial Rome?
And under what auspicious reign
Had liberty so large domain?
  Yet one defect I must confess;
Nor can I cloak or make it less.
The widgeon, in dependent state,
Must oft th' ungrateful cultivate.
Who to an old and faithful friend
Will now his faculties extend?
Or where is now the patron known,
Attended by a knight his own?
To send a ladle of six ounces,
Amid the Saturnalian flounces;

Or, in the hope of high renown,
Ten scruples' worth of flaming gown
This is a lux'ry worthy kings,
Who princely hold so paltry things.
An oddity may be so school'd,
As down to chink some bits of gold
Still, as such instances are rare,
Be bounty, Cæsar, more thy care.
No virtue can more sweetly shine,
Or in a prince be more divine.
But now I see Germanic stint
The smile: and so I drop the hint. *Elphinston.*

XX. TO JULIUS MARTIALIS.

If you and I, dear Martialis, might enjoy our days together free from care,—if it rested with us to dispose of our leisure time, and to spend in each other's company a life of true ease,—we should know no halls or mansions of lordly patrons, nor vexatious lawsuits and troubles of courts, nor proud family busts; but carriage airings, conversation, reading, the Campus Martius, the shady porticoes, the Virgin water,[1] the warm baths;—such places would be our constant resorts, and such our daily occupation. As it is, neither of us lives for himself, but sees his good days flee from him and vanish; days which are ever being lost to us, and set down to our account. Should any one, then, delay to live, when he knows how?

If, dearest friend, it my good fate might be
T' enjoy at once a quiet life and thee,
If we for happiness could leisure find,
And wand'ring time into a method bind,
We should not, sure, the great men's favour need,
Nor on long hopes, the court's thin diet, feed;
We should not patience find to daily hear
The calumnies and flatteries spoken there;
We should not the lords' tables humbly use,
Or talk in ladies' chambers love and news;
But books and wise discourse, gardens and fields,
And all the joys that unmixt Nature yields.
Thick summer shades, where winter still does lie,
Bright winter fires that summer's part supply.
Sleep not controll'd by cares confin'd to night,
Or bound in any rule but appetite.

[1] Water so called, which Agrippa brought by an aqueduct from Præneste.

Free, but not savage or ungracious mirth,
Rich wines to give it free and easy birth.
A few companions, which ourselves should choose;
A gentle mistress, and a gentler muse.
Such, dearest friend, such, without doubt, should be
Our place, our business, and our company.
Now to himself, alas! does neither live,
But see good suns, of which we are to give
A strict account, set and march thick away.
Knows a man how to live, and does he stay? *Cowley*

XXI. TO REGULUS, ON APOLLODOTUS, A PERSON OF WEAK MEMORY.

The rhetorician Apollodotus, Regulus, used formerly to salute Decimus by the name of Quintus; Crassus, by that of Macer.[1] Now he returns the salutation of each by his own name. How much can care and labour effect! He had written the names down, and learned them by heart.

Instead of Decimus thou didst Quintus greet,
And Macrus name when thou didst Crassus meet;
What wonders we to labour may impute;
Writing and conning, thou canst both salute!

Anon. 1695.

XXII. TO PAULUS.

If I did not wish, as well as deserve, to find you at home this morning, may your Esquiline mansion, Paulus, be removed still farther from me! But I live close to the Tiburtine column, near the spot where rustic Flora looks upon ancient Jove. I must surmount the steep path of the Suburran hill, and the pavement dirty with footsteps never dry; while it is scarcely possible to get clear of the long trains of mules, and the blocks of marble which you see dragged along by a multitude of ropes. Worse than all this is it, that, after a thousand toils, your porter tells me, fatigued as I am, that you are not at home. This is the end of my useless labour and dripping toga: even to have seen Paulus at home in the morning was scarcely worth so much. The most attentive client always meets with most neglect from his friends. Unless you sleep longer in the morning,[2] you cannot be my patron.

[1] Decimus, "tenth," he called Quintus, "fifth;" Crassus, "fat," Macer, "lean."

[2] So that I may find you at home when I call on you.

Thee at home, honour'd Paul, in the morn,
If I wish'd not, and earn'd not, to see;
Be my glory debased to my scorn,
And thine Esquiline farther from me.

Fast by Tibur's famed pillar I rhyme,
Where rude Flora contemplates old Jove;
Then the steepy Suburra must climb,
And the rocks never dry must I rove.

Of the mules I must break the long train,
And of marbles bedragg'd for the dome.
Worst of all, after labour so vain,
Thy gruff porter denies thee at home.

This I pay, the great Paulus to miss:
This atones both the rain and the wind.
Let me die, if a price such as this
I 'd afford, the best patron to find.

Thus the drudges of duty may weep,
And protectors extol as divine.
But, my Paul, if thou canst never sleep,
Thou canst ne'er be a sov'reign of mine. *Elphinston.*

XXIII. TO BASSUS, PRETENDING TO BE A KNIGHT.

You used to wear garments of the colour of grass,[1] Bassus, while the laws concerning the seats in the theatre were a dead letter. But since the care of a discreet censor[2] has bid them revive, and the knight, more certain of his position, obeys the directions of Oceanus,[3] you shine forth in a garb dyed either with saffron-colour or vermilion, and think you deceive others by such a dress. No cloak, Bassus, is worth four hundred thousand sesterces,[4] or, before all men, my friend Cordus would have been a knight.[5]

In the hue of fair nature plain Bassus was dress'd,
While the statutes theatric continued at rest.
But, the moment the censor benign bade them wake,
And the knight ascertain'd heard an Ocean that spake,
Only scarlet and purple betinctured thy clothes.
Thus thou fanciest, shrewd Bassus, on fools to impose.

[1] You wore a dress of green, or of whatever colour you pleased, while the Roscian law, which allotted the knights seats distinct from the other spectators, was disregarded. Now you dress splendidly, that you may appear to have a right to the equestrian seats.
[2] Domitian. [3] Holding the same office as Leitus, Ep. 8.
[4] The fortune requisite for a knight. [5] For he has at least a fine robe.

But no robes ever four hundred thousand have cost:
Else my Cordus a steed, before all, had emboss'd.
Elphinston.

XXIV. ON HERMES, AN EMINENT GLADIATOR.

Hermes is the pride of his age in martial contests; Hermes is skilled in all kinds of arms; Hermes is a gladiator and a master of gladiators; Hermes is the terror and awe of his whole school; Hermes is he of whom alone Helius is afraid; Hermes is he to whom alone Advolans submits; Hermes is skilled in conquering without a blow; Hermes is his own body of reserve;[1] Hermes makes the fortunes of the letters of seats; Hermes is the object of care and anxiety to the actresses; Hermes walks proudly with the warlike spear; Hermes threatens with Neptune's trident; Hermes is terrible with the helmet shading the face; Hermes is the glory of Mars in every way; Hermes is everything in himself, and thrice a man.[2]

Hermes, the martial glory of the age,
Skilful in all the combats of the stage;
Hermes, master of fence, and fencer too;
The cock and terror of the sword-men's crew;
Hermes, whom Helius fears, but fears alone,
Advolans yields to, yet to him but one;
Hermes, that knows to conquer without blows,
The second to himself against all foes;
Hermes, the stage's mint and endless gain,
The love and strife of all their female train;
Hermes, that proudly shakes the warlike spear,
And fiercely threat'ning does the trident bear;
Hermes, when casked for the blindfold fight,
When moped and drooping seems, does then affright;
Hermes engrosses all men's gifts in one,
And Trismegistus' name deserves alone. *Anon.* 1695.

XXV. ON CHÆRESTRATUS, A KNIGHT IN REDUCED CIRCUMSTANCES.

"You have not four hundred thousand sesterces, Chærestratus; rise, Leitus[3] is coming; quick; away with you; run, hide yourself." Does any one call him back, and restore

[1] Other gladiators were succeeded by fresh ones, when they were tired; Hermes was never tired.

[2] In allusion to Hermes Trismegistus. This Hermes is as great in the arena as the other was in science.

[3] See Ep. 8.

him to the seat he is leaving? Does any patron offer him a share of his lordly riches? Is there such person whose name we may commit in verse to fame and the applause of the people. Where is he, who does not wish to sink in obscurity to the waters of Styx? Would not such generosity, I ask, be better than to sprinkle the stage with a rufous cloud,[1] and to be drenched with a shower of saffron-water? Or than to spend four hundred thousand sesterces upon a horse which will not appreciate it; or that the nose of Scorpus[2] may glisten everywhere in gold? O rich man, rich to no purpose, and faithless to thy friend, dost thou read and approve these verses? What glory dost thou allow to escape thee!

Wanting a knight's estate, you want the style;
The lictor comes: "Stand up, void, stay a while."
Does any the degraded knight call back?
O noble deed! Is any friend not slack
Out of vast wealth his title to restore,
Not lost by any vice, but being poor?
His gen'rous name we will commit to verse,
Which all succeeding ages shall rehearse!
Who 's thus resolved his better part to save,
And not descend entire into the grave?
And were 't not nobler so great wealth bestow,
Than on a vain, ambitious, public show?
On brass unfeeling statues it expend,
Although the artifice the charge commend?
O rich in vain! O falsely seeming wise!
Who read, approve, and yet true fame despise.

Anon. 1695.

XXVI. TO CORDUS.

If in calling you lately, Cordus, in one of my jocose effusions, the *alpha* of Cloaks, the expression happened to move your indignation, you may call me in return the *beta* of Togas.[3]

That Alpha I dubb'd thee, proud Cordus, of cloaks,
When late I behight thee a prince in my jokes,

[1] The stage and theatre used to be sprinkled with saffron. See De Spectac. Ep. 3. [2] A charioteer.

[3] See B. ii. Ep. 57. The words in the original are *alpha pœnulatorum* and *beta togatorum*. The *pœnula* seems to have been worn chiefly by the upper class of people; the *togati* denotes those who attended on the patrons as clients.

My freedom perchance has attracted thy frowns:
If so, thou may'st dub me the Beta of gowns. *Elphinston*

XXVII. TO A KNIGHT BY BIRTH, DEFICIENT IN THE FORTUNE REQUIRED BY LAW.

You have, I admit, a knight's intelligence, education manners, and birth; your other qualities you have in common with the multitude.[1] The fourteen rows of seats[2] are not of so much consequence to you, that you should seat yourself there to grow pale at the sight of Oceanus.[3]

For garb, for parts, all thee would noble rate,
If thou plebeian were 't not in estate.
To sit 'mongst knights 't is not a grace so high,
To make thee pale, whene'er the lictor 's nigh. *Anon.* 1695.

XXVIII. TO AULUS.

By no excellence of character, Aulus, could you induce Mamercus to think or speak well of you, even though you surpassed the two Curtii in piety, the Nervæ in inoffensiveness, the Rusones in courtesy, the Macri in probity, the Maurici in equity, the Reguli in eloquence, the Pauli in wit. Mamercus gnaws everything with his foul teeth. Perhaps you think him envious; I may think him, whom no one can please, a wretch.

Mamercus' good conceit or word to gain,
The best endeavours, Aulus, are in vain.
Excel the Curii in a pious fame,
'Bove Nerva, Rufus, get a courteous name,
In justice Macrus, Mauricus outdo;
Renowned Regulus and Paulus too
For mirth and eloquence: yet all he bites
With canker'd teeth, and to asperse delights.
You judge, perhaps, that envy 's his disease;—
I think unhappiness, whom none does please.
Anon. 1695.

To the best character he can't afford
One favourable thought or civil word.
Could you a man pious as Cranmer find,
Humble as Tillotson, as Hough resign'd;

[1] You are deficient, like them, in the fortune requisite for a knight.
[2] See Ep. 23.
[3] See Ep. 23. As you have not the required pecuniary qualification, you will not take a seat on any of those benches, lest Oceanus should question your title to it.

Benevolent as Berkeley, were there one;
Upright as Holt, polite as Addison;
Could one in eloquence with Somers vie;
Had Dorset's wit, or Pelham's probity;
Or could to one all these endowments fall,
Still would he snarl, traduce, and censure all.
Seems he to you satirical at worst?
I think that man, whom none can please, is cursed.
Hay.

XXIX. TO GELLIA.

Whenever you send me a hare, Gellia, you say, "Marcus, you will be handsome for seven days."[1] If you are not joking, my darling, and if what you say is true, you, Gellia, have never eaten hare.

When thou present'st me, Gellia, with a hare,
Marcus, thou say'st, 't will make thee seven days fair.
If hare be such a beautifying meat,
Thou ne'er of one in all thy life didst eat. *Anon.* 1695.

XXX. TO VARRO, WITH A PRESENT OF THE AUTHOR'S WORKS.

Varro, whom the tragic muse of Sophocles would not refuse to recognise, and who are not less admirable in Calabrian lays, put aside your work, and let not the scene of the eloquent Catullus[2] detain you, or Elegy with her graceful locks. But read these verses, which are not to be despised in smoky December, and are accordingly sent to you in that month; sent to you in that month; unless perchance you think it fitter and more agreeable, Varro, to lose nuts at the Saturnalia.[3]

Varro, whom envy must allow
A soul of Sophoclean fire!
Whom coy Calabria deigns t' avow
The lord of her exalted lyre!

Defer each talk: nor let the scene
Of magical Catullus stay
Thine eyes; or elegy serene,
With tresses soft, in trim array.
The produce of December's smoke,
Thou mayst (O strange!) superior choose;
Unless it seem the higher joke,
With Saturn's self thy nuts to lose. *Elphinston.*

[1] According to a superstitious notion. See Plin. H. N. xxviii. 19.
[2] Supposed to be a writer of farces, mentioned by Juvenal, Sat. viii.
[3] To play for nuts was a common amusement at the Saturnalia.

XXXI. ON A SHOW OF BOYS SPORTING WITH BULLS.

See with what hardihood yon troop of children spring upon the quiet bulls, and how the gentle animals delight in their burdens. One hangs upon the tips of the horns; another runs at pleasure along the back, and brandishes his arms over the whole body. But their savageness is unaroused and at rest; the arena would not be safer; a plane surface might even be more dangerous. Nor do the gestures of the children betray any trepidation; but each of them appears sure of gaining the victory, and each of the bulls seems to be anxious not to prevent it.

See how th' advent'rous boys insult secure,
While the mild bulls their weight and sport endure:
One hangs upon a horn, while others run
O'er their broad backs, skirmish, assault, and shun
Each other's blows: the bulls, as frozen, stand;
Combat they could not firmer on the land.
The children strive for th' palm, without all fear;
The bulls, alone, solicitous appear. *Anon.* 1695.

XXXII. TO FAUSTINUS.

Crispus, by his last will, Faustinus, did not give a farthing to his wife. To whom then did he give it? To himself.[1]

Crispus by will no doit of all his pelf
Gave to his wife: whom then? even to himself.
Fletcher.

Crispus one doit of 's wealth to none did leave.
What came of 't, then? Who did his land receive?
Alive, to 's belly he did all bequeath. *Anon.* 1695.

XXXIII. TO A LAWYER.

A certain lawyer is said to carp at my verses. I do not know who he is. If I find out, lawyer, woe to you!

A lawyer's said, unknown, my book to flout,
But woe be to thee, if I find thee out! *Fletcher.*

XXXIV. AN EPITAPH ON EROTION, WHO DIED AT NEARLY SIX YEARS OLD, AFTER HER PARENTS.

To thee, O Fronto my father, and to thee, O Floccilla[2] my

[1] He had squandered it all in luxury before his death.

[2] The Latin is, *Hanc tibi Fronto pater, genitrix Floccilla, puellam*, which leave the sense ambiguous. See Smith's Dict. of Gr. and Rom. Biogr. art. *Martialis.*

mother, I commend this child, the little Erotion, my joy and my delight, that she may not be terrified at the dark shades and at the monstrous mouth of the dog of Tartarus. She would just have passed the cold of a sixth winter, had she lived but six days longer. Between protectors so venerable may she sport and play, and with lisping speech babble my name. Let no rude turf cover her tender bones, and press not heavy on her, O earth; she pressed but lightly on thee.

Ye parents Fronto and Floccilla here,
To you I do commend my girl, my dear,
Lest pale Erotion tremble at the shades,
And the foul dog of hell's prodigious heads.
Her age fulfilling just six winters was,
Had she but known so many days to pass.
'Mongst you, old patrons, may she sport and play,
And with her lisping tongue my name oft say.
May the smooth turf her soft bones hide, and be,
O earth, as light to her as she to thee! *Fletcher.*

XXXV. ON EUCLIDES, A PRETENDED KNIGHT, BETRAYED BY DROPPING HIS KEY.

While Euclides, clad in purple robes, was exclaiming that his income from each of his farms at Patras was two hundred thousand sesterces, and from his property near Corinth still more, and while he was tracing down his long pedigree from the beautiful Leda, and resisting Leitus, who was trying to make him leave his seat,[1] suddenly there dropped from the toga of this knight, so proud, so noble, so rich, a large key Never, Fabullus, was a key a worse friend.[2]

While Euclid, clad in purple, loud did brawl,
And near together by the ears did fall
With Leitus, bidding him his seat to leave,
Protesting proudly, that he did receive
Two thousand yearly patrimonial rent,
And more, which his Corinthian manor sent;
Produced an ancient goodly pedigree,
Derived from Leda, by which all might see
He was in truth a knight, rich, potent, great;
A huge foul key, the badge of slaves, i' th' heat

[1] He had seated himself in the seats of the knights. See Ep. 8 and 14.

[2] The key showed that he was a slave; as it was the office of every slave to carry the key of that department of the household of which he had the charge.

Unfortunately from his bosom fell.
Did y' e'er of such a spiteful key hear tell? *Anon.* 1695

XXXVI. TO FAUSTINUS.

A certain individual, Faustinus, whom I had praised in a book of mine, affects not to know the fact, as though he owed me nothing; he has deceived me.[1]

Sim, whom I 've prais'd in verse, ignores the feat,
Unwilling to be grateful.—Sim 's a cheat. *W. S. B.*

XXXVII. ON THE YOUNG EROTION.

Child, more sweet to me than the song of aged swans, more tender than a lamb of Phalantine Galæsus,[2] more delicate than a shell of the Lucrine lake; thou to whom no one could prefer the pearls of the Indian Ocean, or the newly polished tooth of the Indian elephant, or the newly fallen snow, or the untouched lily; whose hair surpassed the fleece of the Spanish flock, the knotted tresses of the dwellers on the Rhine, and the golden-coloured field-mouse;[3] whose breath was redolent with odours which rivalled the rose-beds of Pæstum, or the new honey of Attic combs, or amber just rubbed in the hand; compared to whom the peacock was ugly, the squirrel unattractive, the phœnix a common object; O Erotion, thy funeral pyre is yet warm. The cruel law of the inexorable Fates has carried thee off, my love, my delight, my plaything, in thy sixth winter yet incomplete. Yet my friend Pætus forbids me to be sad, although he smites his own breast and tears his hair equally with myself. "Are you not ashamed (says he) to bewail the death of a little slave? I have buried a wife,—a wife distinguished, haughty, noble, rich, and yet am alive." What fortitude can be greater than that of my friend Pætus?—He inherits (by the death of his wife) twenty millions of sesterces, and yet can live.

The girl that was to ear and sight
More soft of tone, of skin more white,
Than plumaged swans, that yield in death
The sweetest murmur of their breath;
Smooth as Galæsus' soft-fleeced flocks;
Dainty as shells on Lucrine rocks;

[1] By making me no return.
[2] A river near Tarentum, which was founded by Phalantus. See B. iii. Ep. 43.
[3] Her hair was auburn.

As Red-sea pearls; bright ivory's glow;
Unsullied lilies; virgin snow;
Whose locks were tipp'd with ruddy gold,
Like wool that clothes the Bætic fold;
Like braided hair of girls of Rhine;
As tawny field-mouse sleek and fine;
Whose vermeil mouth breathed Pæstum's rose,
Or balm fresh honey-combs disclose;
Or amber yielding odour sweet
From the chafing hand's soft heat;
By whom the peacock was not fair;
Nor squirrels, pets; nor phœnix, rare:
Erotion crumbles in her urn;
Warm from the pile her ashes burn:
Ere yet had closed her sixteenth year,
The Fates accursed have spread her bier;
And with her all I doated on,
My loves, my joys, my sports, are gone.
Yet Pætus, who, like me distress'd,
Is fain to beat his mourning breast,
And tear his hair beside a grave,
Asks, "Blush you n.. to mourn a slave?
I mourn a high, rich, noble wife;
And yet I bear my lot of life."
Thy fortitude exceeds all bounds:
Thou hast two hundred thousand pounds:
Thou bear'st, 't is true, thy lot of life;
Thou bear'st the jointure of thy wife. *Elton.*

XXXVIII. TO SEXTUS, ON CALLIODORUS, WHOSE PROPERTY WITH THAT OF HIS BROTHER AMOUNTED TOGETHER TO THE FORTUNE OF A KNIGHT.

Calliodorus, friend Sextus, possesses (who does not know it?) the fortune of a knight; but Calliodorus has also a brother. He who divides four hundred thousand sesterces would halve a fig. Do you think that two men can sit on one horse? What want you with a brother, a troublesome Pollux? if you had not this Pollux, you would be a Castor.[1] While you are one, you require, Calliodorus, two seats. You are committing a solecism, Calliodorus. Rise, or else imitate the sons of Leda, and, as you cannot sit along with your brother, Calliodorus, occupy the seat by turns.

[1] You would have been a complete and acknowledged knight. *Castor gaudet equis*, &c. Hor. A. P.

Calliodor has a knight's estate, all know,
The mischief is, he has a brother too,
Who claims one half, the fig in twain does split,
And on one horse two knights are fain to sit.
How can thy brother's aim and thine agree?
No Pollux hadst thou, thou might'st Castor be;
But being one, as two if you take place,
A solecism 's plainly in the case.
Leda's kind offspring imitate you may,
Sit knights by turns, not both on the same day.
Anon. 1695.

XXXIX. TO CHARINUS.

Thirty times in this one year, Charinus, while you have been arranging to make your will, have I sent you cheese-cakes dripping with Hyblæan thyme. I am ruined: have pity on me at length, Charinus. Make your will less often, or do that once for all, for which your cough is ever falsely leading us to hope. I have emptied my coffers and my purse. Had I been richer than Crœsus, Charinus, I should become poorer than Irus, if you so frequently devoured my poor repast.

'Bove thirty wills a year thou dost subscribe,
Oft'ner I send thee junkets for a bribe:
I am exhaust, Charinus, pity me;
The bottom of the chest and purse I see.
Delude no more, make thy will once and die,
To show thy cough was real, not a lie.
Though I in wealth like Crœsus did abound,
Than Irus I should yet be poorer found,
Should'st thou, I say not tarts, daily devour,
But of vile beans and pompions such a pow'r. *Anon.* 1695.

XL. TO ARTEMIDORUS, UNSUCCESSFULLY SACRIFICING TO THE GRACES.

You have painted Venus, Artemidorus, while Minerva is the object of your veneration, and do you wonder that your work has not given pleasure?

Dost thou admire, when Pallas is thy saint,
That but a sorry Venus thou dost paint?
When rigid virtue has thy study been,
For wanton verse wouldst thou the laurel win?
Anon. 1695

XLI. TO DIDYMUS.

Though you are more enervated than a languid eunuch, and weaker than the Celænean minion of the mother of the gods, to whom the mutilated priests of that inspiring goddess howl, you prate of theatres, and rows of seats, and edicts,[1] and purple robes, and Ides[2] and buckles,[3] and equestrian incomes; and, with a hand polished with pumice-stone, point out the poor. I shall see, Didymus, whether you are entitled to sit on the benches allotted to the knights; you certainly are not to sit on those of the married men.

You, than emasculate, still less a man;
Soft, as the Celenean boy, we scan;
Whom the mad mother's maimlings mourn the most
Of theatres, degrees, and laws you boast;
Of flowing robes, and brilliant broaches tell,
Of Ides renown'd and valuations fell:
And for yon poor, your wealth to ascertain,
Your pumiced hand displays the due disdain.
If, 'mid the knights, your seat we soon shall see;
'Mid husbands, Didymus, you cannot be. *Elphinston.*

XLII. WHAT IS GIVEN TO FRIENDS IS NOT LOST.

A cunning thief may burst open your coffers, and steal your coin; an impious fire may lay waste your ancestral home; your debtor may refuse you both principal and interest; your corn-field may prove barren, and not repay the seed you have scattered upon it; a crafty mistress may rob your steward; the waves may ingulf your ships laden with merchandise. But what is bestowed on your friends is beyond the reach of fortune; the riches you give away are the only riches you will possess for ever.

Thieves may break locks, and with your cash retire;
Your ancient seat may be consumed by fire:
Debtors refuse to pay you what they owe;
Or your ungrateful field the seed you sow;
You may be plunder'd by a jilting whore;
Your ships may sink at sea with all their store:
Who gives to friends, so much from fate secures;
That is the only wealth for ever yours. *Hay.*

[1] Alluding to the edict of Domitian about the seats of the knights. Ep. 8.
[2] The Ides of July, when the knights rode in procession.
[3] Buckles for the robe worn by the knights.

Your slave will with your gold abscond,
The fire your home lay low,
Your debtor will disown his bond,
Your farm no crops bestow:
Your steward a mistress frail shall cheat;
Your freighted ship the storms will beat;
That only from mischance you 'll save,
Which to your friends is given;
The only wealth you 'll always have
Is that you 've lent to heaven.
English Journal of Education, Jan. 1856.

XLIII. ON THAIS AND LÆCANIA.

Thais has black, Læcania white teeth; what is the reason? Thais has her own, Læcania bought ones.

Thais her teeth are black and nought,
Lecania's white are grown:
But what 's the reason? these are bought,
The other wears her own. *Fletcher.*

Nell's teeth are white; but Betty's teeth are brown:
Hemmet's Nell's are; but Betty's are her own. *Hay.*

Kate's teeth are black; white lately Bell's are grown:
Bell buys her teeth, and Kate still keeps her own. *Hodgson.*

XLIV. TO DENTO.

How has it come about, I ask, how has it so suddenly come about, Dento, that though I have asked you to dinner four times, you have (who would believe it?) constantly presumed to refuse me? You not only avoid looking back when I call, but you flee from me as I follow you,—me whom you so lately used to hunt for at the baths, at the theatres, and at every place of resort? The reason is, that you have been captivated by a more delicate table, and that a richer kitchen has attracted you like a dog. But very soon, when your rich host shall have found you out, and left you in disgust, you will come back to the bones of your old dinner with me.

What is the cause? what new thing 's fallen out?
That Dento, oft invited, is so stout,
(Beyond belief) my table to refuse?
He, who through all the porticos did use,
The baths, the theatres, to hunt me out,
Flies, when I call, and will not turn about.

The myst'ry is, he 'as found a fatter treat;
Like dogs, is drawn by strongest scent of mess.
But soon as known, the great he will disgust;
Then for my scraps he 'll leap, and for a crust. *Anon.* 1695.

XLV. TO BASSA.

You say, Bassa, that you are beautiful; you say that you are a maiden. She who is not so, Bassa, is generally ready to say that she is.

Thou mak'st thee fair, and young bidd'st us suppose.
To do and say what is not, Bassa knows. *Elphinston.*

XLVI. TO DIADUMENUS.[1]

As I dislike all kisses, except those which I have secured with a struggle, and as your anger, Diadumenus, pleases me more than your face, I often flog you that I may often have to solicit you. The result is, that you neither fear me nor love me.

While ev'ry joy I scorn, but that I snatch;
And me thy fury, more than features, catch;
I often condescend to ask consent:
That thou nor fear'st nor lovest me, proves the event.
Elphinston.

XLVII. ON PHILO.

Philo swears that he has never dined at home, and it is so; he does not dine at all, except when invited out.

Thou say'st, thou never supp'st at home. 'Tis right,
That is, thou fast'st, when none does thee invite,
Anon. 1695.

Ned swears he never sups at home: then Ned,
Not supping out, goes supperless to bed. *Hay.*

Jack boasts he never dines at home,
With reason, too, no doubt:
In truth, Jack never dines at all,
Unless invited out. *Anon.*

XLVIII. ON ENCOLPUS.[2]

To what does not love compel us? Encolpus has shorn his locks, against the wish of his master, who did not even forbid him. Pudens permitted, though lamenting it. Just so did the father, foreboding evil, give up the reins to the rash Phaëton. Just so did the stolen Hylas, and the discovered

[1] B. iii. Ep. 65. [2] See B. i. Ep. 32.

Achilles, part with their locks, the latter gladly, though to the grief of his mother. But may thy beard be in no haste to come, or presume on thy shorn hair; but may it be late in appearing, in return for so great a sacrifice.

Whither will not all-duteous love compel!
His vow obtain'd, Encolpus' honours fell.
While thus the thankful boy religion kept,
Though not forbidding, feeling Pudens wept.
So Phœbus yielded erst th' willing rein
To the rash youth, whom he forbade in vain.
So ravish'd Hylas laid his glory down:
So caught Achilles kindled for renown,
When he denied his graceful locks to flow,
And triumph'd impious in a mother's woe.
But make no haste, nor trust the votive hair;
And late, thou beard, for such a boon repair. *Elphinston.*

XLIX. TO LABIENUS, PARTIALLY BALD.

When I happened to see you a while ago, Labienus, sitting alone, I thought you were three persons. The number of the divisions of your bald head deceived me. You have on each side locks of hair, which might grace even a youth. In the middle, your head is bare, and not a single hair is to be remarked in the whole of that extensive area. This illusion was of advantage to you in December, when the emperor distributed the presents of the Saturnalia; you returned home with three baskets of provisions. I fancy that Geryon must have resembled you. Avoid, I advise you, the portico of Philippus; if Hercules sees you, it is all over with you.[1]

When, Labiene, by chance I thee did see
Sitting alone, I thought thou hadst been three.
The number of thy baldness me deceived,
For here and there thy hairs I then retrieved,
Which a boy's head will hardly well become;
Upon thy crown lies a large vacant room,
A floor wherein no hair 's observed to be.
Yet this December's error yields to thee,
That when the emp'ror keeps his solemn day,
Thou carry'st three shares of his alms away.
Geryon, I suppose, was such a one:
But when thou seest Philippus' porch, begone;
If Hercules shall spy thee, th' art undone. *Fletcher.*

[1] Hercules, whose statue is in the portico of Philippus, will take you for the three-headed Geryon.

I saw thee lately sitting all alone,
And that thou hadst been three I durst have sworn,
Thy seeming num'rous heads so me deceived,
Thy pate here lock'd, and there of hair bereaved;
Not with love-locks, which beauteous boys do wear,
But some parts tufted were, much broader bare.
Thy various baldness stood thee late in stead,
When Cæsar doled the people meat and bread;
For thou bor'st home what did belong to three:
The fam'd Geryon, sure, was such as thee.
Philippus' portico I advise thee fly:
If Hercules spy thee, thou art sure to die. *Anon.* 1695.

L. TO ACHROPINUS.

Whenever I dine at home, Charopinus, and do not invite you, your anger forthwith exceeds all bounds; you are ready to run me through with a drawn sword, if you discover that my kitchen fire has been lighted without a view to your entertainment. What then, shall I not be allowed for once to defraud you of a dinner? Nothing is more shameless, Charopinus, than that throat of yours. Cease at length, I pray you, to watch my kitchen, and allow my hearth sometimes to disappoint you.

If I e'er sup at home, and not chance to invite,
My poor Charopine fills, not with food, but with spite.
Nay, his rage draws the whinyard to whip my lungs through,
When he learns that my hearth dared to heat without you.
Is my ev'ry such theft an infringement of law?
Surely nought is more impudent than such a maw.
Cease, I pray, to attend to my culinar chimes;
And let my cunning cook put upon you sometimes.
Elphinston.

LI. TO RUFUS, ON A PRETENDED LAWYER.

That person yonder, who has his left arm heavily laden with manuscripts, who is closely pressed by a beardless band of short-hand writers, who fixes a grave look on papers and letters, which people bring him from various quarters, assuming a demeanour like that of Cato, or Cicero, or Brutus, that person, I say, Rufus, even should torture try to compel him, cannot properly utter "good morning," either in Latin or in Greek. If you think I am joking, let us go and address him.

He whose left arm loaden with books you see,
And throng'd with busy clerks to that degree,
Whose face composed attentively does hear
Causes and suits pour'd in at either ear,
Most like a Cato, Tully, or a Brute,
If put upon the rack, could not salute
In Latin, *Ave*, or Χαῖρε in the Greek:
And, if thou doubt the truth, let 's to him speak.
Anon. 1695.

LII. TO POSTUMUS.

YOUR services to me I remember, and shall never forget Why then am I silent about them, Postumus? Because you yourself talk of them. Whenever I begin to speak to any one of your favours, he immediately exclaims, "He has told me of them himself." There are certain things which cannot be well done by two people; one is enough in this case. If you wish me to speak, keep silence yourself. Believe me, Postumus, gifts, however great, are deprived of their value by garrulity on the part of the donor.

What thou conferr'st on me I do
Remember, and shall think on too.
Why therefore do I hold my tongue?
Cause, Posthumus, thou ne'er hast done.
As often as I go to treat
Of these thy gifts to them I meet,
'T is presently replied, "Forbear,
He whisper'd it into my ear."
Two men some things cannot do well:
One person may suffice to tell,
And do this work: if it may please
That I shall speak, then hold thy peace.
For prithee, Postumus, believe,
Though that thy gifts are great to give
All thanks must perish, and are lost,
When authors their own actions boast. *Fletcher.*

Your favours to me I remember well;
But do not mention them; because you tell.
Whenever I begin, I 'm answer'd straight,
"I heard from his own mouth what you relate."
Two ill become the business but of one;
Be you but silent, I will speak alone.
Great are your gifts; but when proclaim'd around,
The obligation dies upon the sound. *Hay.*

To John I owed great obligation,
But John, unhappily, thought fit
To publish it to all the nation:
Sure John and I are more than quit. *Prior.*

LIII. TO BASSUS, A WRITER OF TRAGEDIES.

Why, my good sir, do you write about the Colchian queen? why about Thyestes? what have you to do, Bassus, with Niobe, or Andromache? The fittest subject for your pen is Deucalion, or, if he does not please you, Phaëton.[1]

My Bassus, why? why dost thou write
Thyestes' feast? Medea's flight?
What hast to do with Niobe?
Or Troy's remains, Andromache?
Deucalion's feat 's a theme more fit,
Or Phaëthon's, to share thy wit. *Fletcher.*

Why dost thou, Bassus, of Thyestes write?
Niobe's tears, or of Medea's flight?
A fitter subject of thy verse by far,
Phaëthon's burning, or the Deluge, were. *Anon.* 1695.

LIV. ON A RHETORICIAN.

My friend, the rhetorician, has become an improvisatore; he had not written down Calpurnius's name, yet he saluted him correctly.[2]

Extemporist thou 'rt now, and of renown,
Calpurnius canst salute, not writing down. *Anon.* 1695.

LV. ON THE IMAGE OF AN EAGLE CARRYING JUPITER.

Tell me whom thou art carrying, queen of birds. "The Thunderer." Why does he carry no thunderbolts in his grasp? "He is in love." For whom is he warmed with passion? "For a youth." Why dost thou, with thy mouth open, look round so mildly on Jupiter? "I am speaking to him of Ganymede."

Say, queen of birds, whom hast thou there?
"The mighty thunderer I bear."
I see no bolts; and that seems odd.
"No bolts become a loving god."
The object what? "A beauteous boy:
This Ganymede is all his joy." *Elphinston.*

[1] Intimating that his tragedies had better be thrown into the water or the fire. [2] See Ep. 22.

LVI. TO LUPUS.

To what master to intrust your son, Lupus, has been an anxious object of consideration with you for some time. Avoid, I advise you, all the grammarians and rhetoricians; let him have nothing to do with the books of Cicero or Virgil; let him leave Tutilius [1] to his fame. If he makes verses, give him no encouragement to be a poet; if he wishes to study lucrative arts, make him learn to play on the guitar or flute. If he seems to be of a dull disposition, make him an auctioneer or an architect.

Whene'er I meet you, still you cry,
"What shall I do with Bob my boy?"
Since this affair you'd have me treat on,
Ne'er send the lad to Paul's or Eton.
The Muses let him not confide in,
But leave those jilts to fate or Dryden.
If with damn'd rhimes he racks his wits,
Send him to Mevis or St Kit's.
Would you with wealth his pockets store well?
Teach him to pimp or bolt a door well:
If he 'as a head not worth a stiver,
Make him a curate or hog-driver. *Tom Brown.*

You on one great concern your thoughts employ;
Still asking how to educate your boy.
First, carefully avoid, if you are wise,
All Greek and Latin masters, I advise.
Let him both Cicero and Virgil shun,
Unless you wish him to be quite undone.
Then, of a lad you never can have hope,
Who verses makes, or reads a line in Pope.
If he in gainful business would engage,
Teach him to sing or play upon the stage.
Or if he is too dull to be a player,
Teach him to job, and he may die a mayor. *Hay.*

LVII. TO CINNA.

When I call you "My lord," do not be vain, Cinna. I often return your slave's salutation in a similar way.

When "Sir" I call thee, be not pleased; for know,
Cinna, I often call thy servant so. *Wright*

[1] A rhetorician, whose daughter Quintilian married.

On a newly made Baronet.

Though I do "Sir" thee, be not vain, I pray:
I "Sir" my monkey Jacko every day.
Cyrus Redding. N. M. Mag., 1828.

LVIII. TO POSTUMUS.

You tell me, Postumus, that you will live to-morrow; you always say to-morrow, Postumus. Tell me, Postumus, when will that to-morrow arrive? How far is that to-morrow off? Where is it? or where is it to be found? Is it hidden among the Parthians and Armenians? That to-morrow already counts up as many years as those of Priam or Nestor. For how much, tell me, may that to-morrow be bought? You will live to-morrow: even to-day it is too late to begin to live. He is the wise man, Postumus, who lived yesterday.

To-morrow, Posthumus, to-morrow still
Thou sayst, thou'lt live: but, Posthumus, when will
That morrow come? how far? where to be found?
Is 't in the Parthian or Armenian ground?
Or can that morrow Priam's age out-boast?
Or Nestor's? tell what will that morrow cost?
Thou 'lt live to-morrow?—this day's life 's too late:
He 's wise that lived before the present date. *Fletcher.*

To-morrow you will live, you always cry;
In what fair country does this morrow lie,
That 't is so mighty long ere it arrive?
Beyond the Indies does this morrow live?
'T is so far-fetch'd, this morrow, that I fear
'T will be both very old and very dear.
"To-morrow I will live," the fool does say;
To-day itself 's too late,—the wise lived yesterday. *Cowley.*

"To-morrow, and to-morrow," still you say,
"To-morrow I 'll reform, but live to-day."
When will to-morrow come? or where be found?
Lurks it on Indian or Peruvian ground?
'T is now, alas! three generations old,
And at no price is that to-morrow sold.
For look! the hour of sale has pass'd away:
He who is wise has purchased yesterday. *Hodgson.*

LIX. TO STELLA.

In forbearing to send you either silver or gold, eloquent Stella, I have acted for your interest. Whoever makes great

presents, wishes great presents to be made him in return. By my present of earthenware vases you will be released from such an obligation.

That I nor gold nor silver to thee send,
I this forbear, for thy sake, learned friend.
Who gives great gifts, expects great gifts again;
My cheap ones to return will cause no pain. *Anon.* 1695.

LX. TO A DETRACTOR.

Although you bark at me for ever and ever, and weary me with your shameless invectives, I am determined to persist in denying you that fame which you have been so long seeking, namely, that you, such as you are, may be read of in my works throughout the whole world. For why should any one know that you ever existed? You must perish unknown, wretched man; it must be so. Still there will not be wanting in this town perhaps one or two, or three or four, who may like to gnaw a dog's hide. For myself, I keep my hands away from such corruption.

Snarl on; you never shall your purpose gain:
What long you seek, you still shall seek in vain,
Who aim at any, rather than no fame:
I will not, to abuse you, use your name.
It never in my writings shall be seen,
Or the world know that such a wretch hath been.
Try to make others angry when you bellow,
I scorn to meddle with a dirty fellow. *Hay.*

LXI. TO MARIANUS.

Who is that curly-pated fellow, who is always at the side of your wife, Marianus? Who is that curly-pated fellow? He who is always whispering some soft nothing into my lady's gentle ear, and pressing her chair with his right elbow? He on all of whose fingers is displayed the light summer ring, and whose legs are disfigured by not even a single hair? Do you give me no answer? "He attends," say you, "to my wife's affairs." Truly he is a trustworthy gentleman, and looks like a man of business,—one who bears the character of agent in his very face; the Chian Aufidius[1] will not be more energetic than he. Oh how well, Marianus, you deserve a slap from Latinus! I imagine you will be

[1] A licentious character of that day, mentioned by Juvenal, ix. 25.

the successor of Panniculus.[1] He attends to your wife's affairs! Does that curly-pated fellow attend to any affairs? Yes, he attends, not to your wife's affairs, but yours.

Who is that beau? pray tell me, for you know,
Still near your wife? pray tell me, who 's that beau,
Still pouring nonsense in her glowing ear;
With his right elbow leaning on her chair;
Who on his hand the sparkling brilliant wears—
His hand almost as soft and white as hers?
"That man is, though he now so gay appears,
A lawyer who transacts my wife's affairs."
A lawyer that! I vow, you make me stare!
Surely Lord Foppington 's turn'd practiser.
A lawyer that! you are a precious 'squire,
Fit for a Gomez in the Spanish Fryar!
Your wife's affairs! believe me, one so fine
Transacts not her affairs, so much as thine. *Hay.*

LXII. TO HIS GUESTS, OFFERING THEM HIS HOUSE AND GROUNDS UNFURNISHED.

You may remain in my gardens, my guests, as long as you please, if you can submit to lie upon the bare ground, or if plenty of furniture is brought in for your use along with you; for as to mine, it has already suffered sufficiently from former guests. Not one cushion, even emptied of its feathers, remains to cover my broken couches, the sacking of which lies rotting with the cords all severed. Let us share the premises, however, between us. I have bought the gardens; that is the greater part: do you furnish them; that is the less.

Stay your owne time, and what my house affords
Take as your owne; so you can lye on boards,
Or will bring with you your own furniture,
For mine, o'er-worne, longer will not endure:
Of quilts to my patch'd bedds I have no store,
The bedd-cords broake, the ticks lie on the floore:
But if to live in common you think fitt,
I 've bought the house; do you then furnish it.
Old MS. 16th Cent.

LXIII. TO PONTICUS, A FOOLISH WRITER.

"What do you think," say you, "Marcus, of my compo-

[1] A clown, who played with Latinus as harlequin, or some simila. character. See B ii. Ep. 72.

sitions?" Such is the question which you often and anxiously put to me, Ponticus. I admire them, I am amazed, nothing is more perfect. Regulus himself must bow to your superior genius. "Do you think so?" say you; "then may Cæsar, then may Capitoline Jove be propitious to you!" Nay, may he be propitious to you rather!

Often you ask, solicitous as Bayes,
That I would cast my eye upon your lays.
I 'm charm'd—astonish'd: nothing is so fine:
'T is Shakespear's spirit breathes in every line.
"Think you so?" say you; "bless you for a true
Critic, as well as friend."—And God bless you. *Hay.*

LXIV. TO HIS SERVANTS.

Fill double cups of Falernian, Callistus; dissolve into it, Alcimus, the summer snow.[1] Let my hair drip richly with abundance of nard, and my temples be encircled with wreaths of roses. The Mausoleums, close at hand, bid us live, for they teach us that even gods[2] can die.

You, boy, two measures of briske wine let flow,
And you, pour on it summer cooleing snow;
Lett my moist haire with rich perfumes abound,
With loades of rosy wreaths my temples crown'd:
"Live now," our neighbouring stately tombes doe cry,
"Since kings, you see (your petty gods), can dye.
Old MS. 16th Cent.

Boy! let my cup with rosy wine o'erflow,
Above the melting of the summer snow:
Let my wet hair with wasteful odour shine,
And loads of roses round my temples twine:
Tombs of the Cæsars, your sad honours cry,
"Live, little men, for lo! the gods can die." *Hodgson*

Fill high the bowl with sparkling wine;
Cool the bright draught with summer snow.
Amid my locks let odours flow;
Around my temples roses twine.
See yon proud emblem of decay,
Yon lordly pile that braves the sky!

[1] Snow preserved till summer, for the purpose of being dissolved in the wine to cool it.

[2] The emperors, who desired to be worshipped as gods.

It bids us live our little day,
Teaching that gods themselves may die. *Mericale.*

LXV. TO CÆSAR.

The subjugation of the Nemean lion and the Arcadian wild-boar,—and of the athlete of the Libyan plain,—the conquest of the dread Eryx amid Sicilian dust,—the destruction of Cacus the terror of the woods, who, with stealthy cunning used to draw oxen by their tails to his cave,—secured to Alcides, notwithstanding the opposition of his stepmother, a place in heaven among the stars. But how small are such achievements, Cæsar, compared to what are performed on thy arena! There each new morning exhibits to us greater contests. How many monsters fall, more terrible than that of Nemea! How many Maenalian boars does thy spear[1] stretch on the ground! Were the thrice-conquered Iberian shepherd, Geryon, to be restored to life, thou hast a champion, Cæsar, that would conquer even him. And though the hydra of Grecian Lerna be often celebrated for the number of its heads, what is that monster compared to the crocodiles of the Nile? For such exploits, Augustus, the gods awarded early immortality to Alcides; to thee they will award it late.

While fain the envious stepdame would preclude
The meed of merit, in a vengeful mood;
To Hercules gave heaven, in various lore,
A Nemea's terror, and Arcadia's boar;
The chasten'd plaster of the Libyan school;
Hot Eryx laid in dust Sicilian cool;
The forest's panic, all unknown till then,
Who backward drew the heifers to his den
What portion these, dread Cæsar, of thy sand?
Superior combats does each morn command.
What huger than the Nemean monster fall!
And what Menalians does thy spear appal!
The threefold fight of the Iberian swain,
Returning, would renew a Geryon slain.
Oft bids the Grecian Lerna swell the style:
Yet what's a hydra to the births of Nile?
Soon gave just gods Alcides heaven to see;
But late, Augustus, shall they welcome thee.

Elphinston.

[1] The spear of Carpophorus, thy servant. See de Spectac. Ep. 15.

LXVI. TO PONTILIANUS.

Though I often salute you, you never salute me first; I shall therefore, Pontilianus, salute you with an eternal farewell.

Pontilian ne'er salutes till after me;
So his farewell shall everlasting be. *Fletcher.*

I often bow; your hat you never stir:
So, once for all, your humble servant, sir. *Hay.*

LXVII. ON A SWALLOW.

When the Attic birds, after their custom, were seeking their winter retreats, one of them remained in her nest. The other birds, returning at the approach of spring, discovered the crime, and tore the deserter in pieces. Her punishment came late; the guilty mother had deserved such a death, but it was at the time that she slaughtered Itys.[1]

When the Athenian birds explored their way
To the blest climes that know no winter's day,
One hapless twitt'rer, who disdain'd the rest,
Outbraved the rigours in the fenceful nest:
Till the clan, coming with the genial spring,
As a deserter held the loit'ring thing.
Thus late the guilty parent penance bore,
Who whilom her own guiltless Itys tore. *Elphinston.*

LXVIII. TO LESBIA, WITH A LOCK OF HAIR FROM GERMANY.

I send you this tress, Lesbia, from the northern regions, that you may know how much lighter your own is.[2]

Hair, from the clime where golden tresses grow,
I sent, that Lesbia's locks might brighter glow.
Elphinston

LXIX. ON MARK ANTONY.

O Antony, thou canst cast no reproach upon the Egyptian Pothinus,[3] thou who didst more injury by the mur-

[1] Alluding to the fable of Progne, who tore in pieces her son Itys, and was afterwards changed into a swallow.

[2] The courtesans at Rome, at that time, wore false light hair. Lesbia's was extravagantly light.

[3] For you are as bad as he. He killed Pompey, you Cicero. See B. iii. Ep. 66.

der of Cicero, than by all your proscription lists. Why did you draw the sword, madman, against the *mouth* of Rome? Such a crime not even Catiline himself would have committed. An impious soldier was corrupted by your accursed gold, and for so much money procured you the silence of a single tongue. But of what avail to you is the dearly-bought suppression of that sacred eloquence? On behalf of Cicero the whole world will speak.

So black, Mark Antony, so foul 's thy name,
That ev'n Pothinus' guilt thou dar'st not blame:
In Tully's gore alone more deeply dyed,
Than all the sea of blood thou shedd'st beside.
How durst thou, madman, sheath thy impious blade
In Rome's own throat?—in Tully's life invade
The commonwealth's? A crime that put a stand
To Cat'line's soul, and damp'd his daring hand.
Thou hir'dst a villain with accursed gold
To gag the tongue that did thy life unfold;
What boots it thee, to silence, at such price,
One divine tongue? Think'st so to hide thy vice?
For virtue now, and murder'd Tully's sake,
All tongues inveigh, and all philippics make.

Anon. 1695.

LXX. TO MAXIMUS, ON SYRISCUS.

Syriscus, while wandering about among the low taverns in the neighbourhood of the four baths,[1] has dissipated, Maximus, ten whole millions of sesterces, recently lavished upon him by his patron. Oh what gluttony, to have consumed ten millions of sesterces! And how much greater does it appear, when we consider that he consumed it without sitting down to table![2]

In rambling only through base booths and huts,
Vile tap-houses, and cellars among sluts,
Syriscus full five hundred pounds made fly
(His lord's vain gift) i' th' twinkling of an eye.
Strange luxury, to consume all this deal,
Nor sitting for't the time allow'd a meal! *Anon.* 1695.

LXXI. TO FAUSTINUS, INVITING HIM TO THE COOL GROVES OF TREBULA, A TOWN OF THE SABINES.

Where moist Trebula sinks in cool vales, and the green

[1] Those of Agrippa, Nero, Gryllus, and Titus.

[2] Without spending any of it among the better class of persons, who reclined on couches at their banquets.

fields are cool in the raging heat of summer, a country spot, Faustinus, never withered by the ardour of the Cleonæan lion,[1] and a house ever favoured by the Æolian south wind, invite you. Pass the long days of harvest on these hills; Tivoli shall be your winter retreat.

The gelid vales where Trebula commands,
Where Cancer smiles upon the verdant lands—
Lands that Cleonæ's fervours ne'er molest,
A dome by the Æolian south caress'd,
Invites her lord to breathe autumnal air:
His Tibur shall be winter's bland repair. *Elphinston.*

LXXII. TO RUFUS.

He who could call Jupiter the mother of Bacchus,[2] may very well, Rufus, call Semele his father.

Who sayes that Jove was Bacchus' mother, he
As well may call his father Semele. *May.*

He that affirms Jove Bacchus' mother, may
Prove Semele his father the same way. *Fletcher.*

LXXIII. TO THEODORUS.

Do you wonder for what reason, Theodorus, notwithstanding your frequent requests and importunities, I have never presented you with my works? I have an excellent reason; it is lest you should present me with yours.

"Why ne'er to me," the Laureat cries,
"Are poet Paulo's verses sent?"
"For fear," the tuneful rogue replies,
"You should return the compliment." *Hodgson.*

LXXIV. ON POMPEY AND HIS SONS.

The sons of Pompey are covered by the soils of Asia and Europe; Pompey himself by that of Africa, if indeed he be covered by any. What wonder that they are thus dispersed over the whole globe? So great a ruin could not have lain in a single spot.

Pompey's dead sons Europe and Asia have;
Libya, if any, was the father's grave.

[1] The constellation Leo, where the sun is in the heat of summer.

[2] Some foolish poet of that day may perhaps have called Jupiter the mother of Bacchus, in allusion to the story of Bacchus having been sewn up in Jupiter's thigh.

The mighty ruin spread the world's wide face,
Too great to lie in any single place. *Hay.*

LXXV. TO QUINTUS.

Lælia, who has become your wife, Quintus, in compliance with the law,[1] you may fairly call your lawful wife.

She 's married to avoid the law; now all
A very lawful wife her well may call.
Old MS. 16th Cent.

LXXVI. TO CINNA.

Mithridates, by frequently drinking poison, rendered it impossible for any poison to hurt him. You, Cinna, by always dining on next to nothing, have taken due precaution against ever perishing from hunger.

The king of Pontus, drinking poison still,
Attain'd the art to guard against the ill:
So you a like precaution do observe,
By dining always ill, to never starve. *Hay.*

As he that had used poison long
Found that it did him no great wrong,
You practise such a daily fast,
That hunger you 'll not feel at last. *Anon.*

LXXVII. TO MARULLUS.[2]

A certain person, Marullus, is reported to have made an excellent joke; he said that you carry oil in your ear.

It was a clever joke, though somewhat queer,
To say thou 'st oil, Marullus, in thine ear. *Anon.*

LXXVIII. TO TURANIUS.

If you are suffering from dread of a melancholy dinner at home, Turanius, you may come and fast with me. If you are in the habit of taking a preparatory whet, you will experience no want of common Cappadocian lettuces and strong leeks. The tunny will lurk under slices of egg; a cauliflower hot enough to burn your fingers, and which has but just left the cool garden, will be served fresh and green on a black platter; while sausages will float on snow-white porridge, and the

[1] For fear of the Julian law against adultery; a law which Domitian revived.

[2] A person slow to speak was said "to carry oil in his mouth." Marullus was slow to listen to others, and was therefore said to carry oil in his ear.

pale bean will accompany the red-streaked bacon. If you would know the riches of the second course, raisins will be set before you, and pears which pass for Syrian, and chestnuts to which learned Naples gave birth, roasted at a slow fire. The wine you will prove in drinking it.[1] After all this, if Bacchus perchance, as is his wont, produce a craving, excellent olives, which Picenian branches recently bore, will come to your relief, with the hot vetch and the tepid lupine.[2] The dinner is small; who can deny it?—but you will not have to invent falsehoods, or hear them invented; you will recline at ease, and with your own natural look; the host will not read aloud a bulky volume of his own compositions, nor will licentious girls from shameless Cadiz be there to gratify you with wanton attitudes; but (and I hope it will not be unpleasant or distasteful to you) the small reed-pipe will be heard. Such is my little dinner. You will follow Claudia, whom you earnestly wish should be with me before yourself.

To supp alone if grievous bee,
At your own home, come fast with me:
Your stomach to prepare, you shall
Have lettice and strong leekes with all;
A piece of ling with eggs, and greene
Coleworts with oil, shall there be seene
In platter brown, new gathered
From the cold garden where 't was bredd;
Pudding or sausage shall not faile,
And bacon redd, with beanes more pale.
If second course you do affect,
Dried latter-grapes you may expect;
The pleasant boasted Syrian peares;
And chestnutts which learn'd Naples beares,
Roasted i' th' embers, shall attend;
The wine your drinking will commend.
After which if you hungry grow
(As many cupps will make men doe),
Rich olives we will you allow,
Fresh gather'd from the Picene bough;
Or scalded lupines, or parch'd peas:
A slender supper, I confess,
But yet unforced; where you may bee
In your discourse and garb most free;

[1] By drinking it only when you feel thirsty. Or, you will make me think it good if you drink plenty of it.

[2] Parched peas and boiled lupines.

Nor tedious vo.umes forced to hear;
Nor wanton Spanish wenches there,
Wriggling with heat of lust, shall make
Their practised limbs all postures take:
The small pipe's notes shall then rebound,
But with no harsh unpleasing sound;
And the nice Claudia there shall bee,
Whom you would rather have than mee.

Old MS. 16*th Cent.*

LXXIX. TO ZOILUS.

Eleven times have you risen from the table, Zoilus, at one meal, and eleven times have you changed your dinner-robe, lest the perspiration retained by your damp dress should remain upon your body, and the light air hurt your relaxed skin. Why do not I perspire, Zoilus, who dine with you? why, to have but one robe keeps me very cool.

I' th' meal ten times thou from the board dost range,
And ev'ry time thou dost thy vestment change,
For fear lest, sweating, harm thy body get,
Between the air and garments that are wet.
Why sweat not I, who sup with thee, thou fool?
Who has no change of clothes is strangely cool.

Anon. 1695

LXXX. TO SEVERUS.

If you have the time, Severus, give something less than an hour—and you may count me your debtor for it—to the perusal and examination of my light effusions. It is hard to lose your holidays; yet I beg you to endure and put up with the loss for once. But if you peruse them in company with the eloquent Secundus—(but am I not too bold?)—this little book will owe you much more than it owes to its master. For it will be released from all anxiety, and will not see the rolling stone of the tired Sisyphus,[1] if polished by the Censorian file of the learned Secundus, in union with my friend Severus.

Would you but scarce one houre lay by,
These toyes of mine to reade, and try,
You'd thereby much oblige your friend.
It is too much thus to mispend.

[1] Will not be sent *ad inferos*; condemned to oblivion. By Secundus some suppose that Pliny the Younger is meant.

Your leasure time; yett do n't gainsay
To beare this loss of time, I pray.
Butt (might I bee so bold) would you
My lines with learn'd Secundus view,
They 'd thereby more indebted stand,
Than to their author's, to your hand.
For he shall scape tired Sisyph's stone,
Still rowling in oblivion,
Whom learn'd Secundus' critic file,
With yours, has smooth'd into a stile.
Old MS. 16th Cent

LXXXI. TO ÆMILIANUS.

If you are poor now, Æmilianus, you will always be poor. Riches are now given to none but the rich.

If thou art poor, Æmilian,
Thou shalt be ever so,
For no man now his presents can
But on the rich bestow. *Fletcher.*

You want, Æmilianus, so you may;
Riches are given rich men, and none but they. *Wright.*

Poor once and poor for ever, Nat, I fear;
None but the rich get place and pension here.
N. B. Halhed.

LXXXII. TO GAURUS.

Why did you promise me, Gaurus, two hundred thousand sesterces, if you could not give me a single ten thousand? Is it that you can, and will not? Is not that, I ask, still more dishonourable? Go, to the devil with you, Gaurus. You are a pitiful fellow.

Two hundred thousand why thy promise bear?
If, Gaurus, thou ten thousand could'st not spare?
Or canst, and wilt not? neither boast nor bellow:
Go, hang thyself: thou art a paltry fellow. *Elphinston.*

LXXXIII. TO DINDYMUS.

You pursue, I fly; you fly, I pursue; such is my humour. What you wish, Dindymus, I do not wish; what you do not wish, I do.

I fly, you follow; fly when I pursue:
What I love, hate; what hated, loved by you. *Wright.*

LXXXIV. TO GALLA, WHO HAD SENT MARTIAL NO PRESENT AT THE SATURNALIA.

The boy now sadly leaves his playthings, and returns at the call of his loud-voiced preceptor; and the drunken gamester, betrayed by the rattling of his seductive dice-box, is imploring mercy of the magistrate, having, but a little while before, been dragged from some obscure tavern. The Saturnalia are quite at an end, and you have sent me, Galla, neither the little nor the lesser gifts, which you used to send. Well, let my December pass thus. You know very well, I suppose, that your Saturnalia, in March,[1] will soon be here. I will then make you a return, Galla, for what you have given me.

Now the sad schoolboy crawls from play,
Call'd by his awful lord away;
And now, by his dear box betray'd,
Dragg'd from a tippling hole dismay'd,
The gambler, reeling on his legs,
The Ædile's gracious pardon begs.
Our joys are o'er, thou must confess;
Nor greater presents thou, nor less,
Hast sent to cheer the social ember;
But so let drawl our dull December.
Thou, Galla, know'st a feast a-coming,
And doutless ev'ry hour art summing,
Nor do I, more than thou, abhor
The Calends of the god of war.
Then, Galla, will I pay, with reason,
The love thou show'dst our festal season. *Elphinston.*

BOOK VI.

I. TO JULIUS MARTIALIS.

To you, MARTIALIS, especially dear to me, I send my sixth book; which if it should be polished with your exact taste, may venture, with little anxiety or apprehension, into the august presence of Cæsar.

[1] When a kind of Saturnalia of the women was kept.

This my sixth book, Julius, to thee I send,
Dear 'mong the first, and my judicious friend:
If it shall pass approved thy learned ear,
When 't is in Cæsar's hand, I less shall fear.

Anon. 1695.

II. TO DOMITIAN.

It used to be a common sport to violate the sacred rites of marriage; a common sport to mutilate innocent males. You now forbid both, Cæsar, and promote future generations, whom you desire to be born without illegitimacy. Henceforth, under your rule, there will be no such thing as a eunuch or an adulterer; while before, oh sad state of morals! the two were combined in one.

They sported, erst, with wedlock's holy flame,
And innocence t' unman, they held no shame.
Both, Cæsar, thou forbid'st with gen'rous scorn;
And sayst: O coming age, be guiltless born.
No castrate or suborner shall there be:
Erewhile the castrate was the debauchee. *Elphinston.*

III. TO DOMITIAN, ON THE EXPECTED BIRTH OF A SON BY HIS WIFE DOMITIA.

Spring into light, O child promised to the Trojan Iulus,[1] true scion of the gods; spring into light, illustrious child! May thy father, after a long series of years, put into thy hands the reins of empire, to hold for ever; and mayst thou rule the world, thyself an old man, in concert with thy still more aged sire. For thee shall Julia herself,[2] with her snow-white thumb, draw out the golden threads of life, and spin the whole fleece of Phrixus' ram.

Come, promised name; Iulus' race adorn.
True offspring of the gods! blest babe, be born:
To whom thy sire, when many an age has roll'd,
May give th' eternal reins with him to hold.
The golden threads shall Julia's fingers draw,
And Phrixus' fleece the willing world shall awe.

Elphinston.

[1] Martial speaks as if the Fates had promised the birth of this prince to Iulus the son of Æneas.

[2] Niece of Domitian, and daughter of Titus, who, Martial intimates, must necessarily love her cousin, and desire to spin for him, like one of the Fates, a long and happy thread of life.

IV. TO DOMITIAN.

Most mighty censor, prince of princes, although Rome is already indebted to you for so many triumphs, so many temples, new or rebuilt, so many spectacles, so many gods, so many cities, she owes you a still greater debt in owing to you her chastity.

Most mighty Cæsar, king of kings, to whom
Rome owes so many triumphs yet to come,
So many temples growing and restored,
So many spectacles, gods, cities: lord,
She yet in debt to thee doth more remain,
That she by thee is once made chaste again. *Fletcher.*

V. TO CÆCILIANUS.

I have bought a farm in the country for a great sum of money; I ask you, Cæcilianus, to lend me a hundred thousand sesterces. Do you make me no answer? I believe, you are saying within yourself, "You will not repay me." It is for that reason, Cæcilianus, that I ask you.

I lately purchased have a piece of ground:
Cecilian, lend me, pray, a hundred pound.
Dost say, I ne'er will pay? And thereon pause?
To speak the truth, I borrow for that cause. *Anon.* 1695.

VI. TO LUPERCUS.

There are three actors on the stage; but your Paula, Lupercus, loves a fourth: Paula loves a *muta persona*.

Three are the drama's persons, Paula's four.
Thy modest Paula can the mute adore. *Elphinston.*

VII. TO FAUSTINUS.

From the time when the Julian law, Faustinus, was revived, and modesty was ordered to enter Roman homes, it is now either less, or certainly not more, than the thirtieth day, and Telesilla is already marrying her tenth husband. She who marries so often cannot be said to marry at all; she is an adulteress under cover of the law. An avowed prostitute offends me less.

Faustinus, from the hour the Julian law
Revived, and chastity began to draw

By public edict into every house,
Scarce thirty days have pass'd,
Since Thelesine was ask'd,
And ten times over hath been made a spouse.
She that doth wed so oft, weds not at all;
But rather her we may more truly call
A mere legitimate adulteress:
A simple arrant wench offends me less. *Fletcher.*

VIII. TO SEVERUS.

Two auctioneers, four tribunes, seven lawyers, ten poets, were recently asking the hand of a certain young lady from her aged father. Without hesitation, he gave her to the auctioneer Eulogus. Tell me, Severus, did he act foolishly?

Welsh judges two, four military men,
Seven noisy lawyers, Oxford scholars ten,
Were of an old man's daughter in pursuit.
Soon the curmudgeon ended the dispute,
By giving her unto a thriving grocer.
What think you? did he play the fool, or no, sir?
Hay.

IX. TO LÆVINUS, WHO HAD SEATED HIMSELF AMONG THE KNIGHTS AND PRETENDED TO BE ASLEEP.

You go to sleep in the theatre of Pompeius, Lævinus, and do you complain if Oceanus [1] disturbs you?

In Pompey's theatre thou dar'st to snore;
And growl'st to start up, if old Ocean roar?
Elphinston.

X. TO DOMITIAN, COVERTLY ASKING HIM FOR MONEY.

A little while ago, when I happened to ask of Jupiter a few thousand sesterces, he replied, "He will give them to you, who has given temples to me." Temples indeed he has given to Jupiter, but to me no thousands at all. I am ashamed, alas! of having asked too little of our Jupiter. Yet how kindly, how undisturbed with anger, and with how placid a countenance, did he read my request! With such did he restore their diadems to the suppliant Dacians, with such does he go and come along the way to the Capitol. O Virgin,[2] confidant of our Jupiter, tell me, I pray thee, if he refuses with such a look as this, with what sort is he wont to grant? Thus I besought Pallas, and thus she, laying aside her Gorgon,

[1] See B. iii. Ep. 96; B. v. Ep. 27.
[2] Pallas, of whom Domitian was a votary. B. iv. Ep. 1.

briefly replied: "Do you imagine, foolish man, that what is not yet given is necessarily refused?"

I late of Jove a thousand crowns did crave;
"He 'll give 't," says he, "who me a temple gave."
That he, 't is true, a temple gave to thee,
But yet no thousand crowns bestows on me.
I backward was our Jove this way t' engage:
But how serene! How free from cloudy rage
He read my suit! With such a placid brow
To conquer'd kings their crowns he does allow;
And from the Capitol returns and goes.
O Virgin! who alone our great lord knows;
If with such looks he does our suits reject,
Say, with what mien he does them then accept.
I pray'd. Pallas (her shield revers'd) replied:
"What is not giv'n yet, thinkst thou, fool, denied?"

Anon. 1695.

XI. TO MARCUS.

Do you wonder, Marcus, that a Pylades and an Orestes are not to be found in the present day? Pylades, Marcus, used to drink the same wine as Orestes; and before Orestes was not set a better kind of bread or a fatter thrush, but there was one and the same entertainment for both. You devour Lucrine oysters; I feed upon those from the waters of Peloris; and yet my taste is not less nice than yours, Marcus. You are clothed from Cadmean Tyre; I, in the coarse garments of Gaul. Do you expect me, clad in a common soldier's cloak, to love you who are resplendent in purple? If I am to play Pylades, let some one play Orestes to me; and this is not to be done by words, Marcus. To be loved, show love yourself.

Where is there now a Pylades? you cry:
Act you Orestes' part, and he am I.
Their cup was common; and it is averr'd,
They never supp'd, but each man had his bird.
You feast on turbot, whilst I eat poor-jack:
I like, as well as you, a glass of sack.
Can I love you, in uncut velvet neat,
In an old coat that comes from Monmouth-street?
Be you a friend, if you a friend would prove:
Fine words are vain; love is the price of love. *Hay.*

XII. ON FABULLA.

Fabulla swears that the hair which she has bought is her own. Does she perjure herself, Paulus?

The golden hair that Galla wears
Is hers who would have thought it?
She swears 't is hers, and true she swears,
For I know where she bought it.
Sir John Harrington.

XIII. ON THE STATUE OF JULIA.

Who would not suppose thee, Julia, to have been fashioned by the chisel of Phidias, or to be the offspring of the art of Pallas herself? The white Lygdian marble seems to answer in the speaking image, and a life-like gloss beams on thy placid countenance. Thy hand plays, not ungracefully, with the cestus of the Acidalian goddess, stolen from the neck of little Cupid. To revive the love of Mars and of the supreme Thunderer, let Juno and Venus herself ask of thee thy cestus.

Who would not think this piece by Phidias wrought?
Or to perfection by Minerva brought?
The snow-white marble seemeth ev'n to speak,
Such life and grace does from the count'nance break.
It sporting holds Love's girdle in its hand,
And 'bove the god of love does love command.
When Venus would in Mars lost flames renew,
Here for the charming cestus she must sue. *Anon.* 1695.

XIV. TO LABERIUS.

You assert, Laberius, that you can write excellent verses; why then do you not write them? Whoever can write excellent verses, and does not write them, I shall regard as a remarkable man.

Thou canst write exc'llent verse, as thou dost say;
Why then to write, Laberius, dost delay?
Who can do aught that 's exc'llent, and withhold,
Among the greatest men may be enroll'd. *Anon.* 1695.

XV. ON AN ANT ENCLOSED IN AMBER.

While an ant was wandering under the shade of the tree of Phaeton, a drop of amber enveloped the tiny insect; thus she, who in life was disregarded, became precious by death.

A drop of amber, from the weeping plant,
Fell unexpected, and embalm'd an ant;
The little insect we so much contemn
Is, from a worthless ant, become a gem.
Rev. R. Graves.

XVI. TO PRIAPUS.

O thou who, with thy staff, affrightest men, and with thy scythe, debauchees, defend these few acres of sequestered ground. So may no old thieves, but only boys and girls, graced with long tresses, enter thy orchards.

XVII. TO CINNAMUS.[1]

You would have us, Cinnamus, call you Cinna. Would not this Cinna, I ask you, be a barbarism? By a similar process, if you had been previously named Roberson, you might now be called Robber.

Thou 'dst be call'd Cinna; Cinnamus is thy name:
Such barb'rous practice many would defame.
To be named Theseus, say it thee befell,
And men should call thee Thief, wouldst take it well?
Anon. 1695.

XVIII. TO PRISCUS, ON THE DEATH OF SALONINUS.

The sacred shade of Saloninus, than which no better looks upon the Stygian abodes, reposes in the land of Spain. But we must not lament him; for he who has left thee, Priscus, behind him, lives in that part of himself in which he preferred to live.

Our friend, who lately captive died in Spain,
Went to the other world without a stain.
To grieve is wrong; for leaving you alive,
He in his dearer part doth still survive. *Hay.*

XIX. TO POSTUMUS.

My suit has nothing to do with assault, or battery, or poisoning, but is about three goats, which, I complain, have been stolen by my neighbour. This the judge desires to have proved to him; but you, with swelling words and extravagant gestures, dilate on the Battle of Cannæ, the Mithridatic war, and the perjuries of the insensate Carthaginians, the Syllæ, the Marii, and the Mucii. It is time, Postumus, to say something about my three goats.

My cause concerns nor battery nor treason;
I sue my neighbour for this only reason,
That late three sheep of mine to pound he drove:
This is the point the court would have you prove.

[1] The barber, probably, to whom the sixty-fourth Epigram of Book vii is addressed.

Concerning Magna Charta you run on,
And all the perjuries of old King John;
Then of the Edwards and Black Prince you rant,
And talk of John o' Stiles and John o' Gaunt:
With voice and hand a mighty pother keep.
Now, pray, dear sir, one word about the sheep. *Hey.*

XX. TO PHŒBUS.

I asked you, Phœbus, for the loan of a hundred thousand sesterces, in consequence of your having said to me, "What then, do you want nothing of me?" You make inquiries, you doubt, you torment both yourself and me for ten days. Now, pray, Phœbus, refuse me at once.

You bid me take the freedom of a friend:
I beg you but a hundred pound to lend;
You shuffle, shift, delay, and we both lose
A fortnight's sleep:—I beg you to refuse. *Hey.*

XXI. ON STELLA AND IANTHIS.

In uniting for ever Ianthis to the poet Stella, Venus gaily said to him, "I could not give you more." This she said before his mistress; but added maliciously in his ear, "Be careful, rash man, not to be guilty of any folly. Often have I, in a rage, beaten the dissolute Mars for his wandering propensities before he was fairly united to me. But now he is my own, he has never wronged me with a rival. Juno would be happy to find Jupiter as well conducted." She spoke, and struck the poet's breast with her mysterious cestus. The blow was sweet: but now, O goddess, spare thy votary.[1]

When erst the joyous queen of love
Ianthis made a Stella's dove!
She said: "I could not more bestow."
The lady heard, and rev'renced low.
Now Venus whisper'd in his ear:
Beware thou do not sin, my dear.
How oft the god of war I smote,
And bid him change his rambling note,

[1] *Parce deo* is the reading which Schneidewin has adopted in his first edition, *Parce two* in the second. Other copies have *cede duos*, which the generality of editors have adopted, understanding it to mean, "strike both Ianthis and Stella, that one may be as faithful as the other."

Before I deign'd the bluff to wed
As lawful inmate of my bed!
But, after mine the god became,
He burnt with no illicit flame;
Great Juno well could wish her Jove,
As loyally averse to rove.
With this she closed her secret song,
And thwack'd him with her pleasing thong.
But mutual, goddess, make the oath,
And smack the bride and bridegroom both.

Elphinston

XXII. TO PROCULINA.

When, Proculina, you marry your paramour, and, in order that the Julian law may not touch you, make him your husband who was recently your gallant, it is not a marriage, Proculina, but a confession.

Because thou join'st, my Proculine,
In marriage with thy concubine,
Lest that the law should thee distress,
Thou dost not marry, but confess. *Fletcher.*

Inflamed with Chloe's marketable charms,
Strephon, by bond, secured her to his arms;
Then, growing wiser as he grew less fond,
Espoused the lady to secure the bond:
Now all the witlings of the turf allege
Strephon's was not a wedding, but a hedge.

N. B. Halhed.

XXIII. TO LESBIA.

You wish me, Lesbia, ever to be ready for your service; believe me, a bow is not always strung. However strongly you try to move me with caresses and soothing words, your face invincibly prevents your success.

XXIV. ON CHARISIANUS.

Nobody can be more luxurious than Charisianus. He walks about during the Saturnalia clad in a toga.[1]

Charisian 's vainer far than all the town;
When others masquerade, he 's seen in 's gown.

Anon. 1695.

[1] Martial imputes that to the effrontery of Charisianus which is to be attributed to his poverty. The richer sort of people, at the Saturnalia, exchanged the toga for the synthesis, or lighter dress, in which they dined.

XXV. TO MARCELLINUS IN DACIA.

Marcellinus, true scion of a worthy sire, thou whom the shaggy bear covers with the Parrhasian car,[1] hear what I, the old friend of thee and thy father, desire for thee, and retain these my prayers in thy mindful heart: That thy valour may not be rash, and that no daring ardour may hurry thee into the midst of swords and cruel weapons. Let them who are devoid of reason wish for war and savage Mars; thou canst be the soldier both of thy father and of thy emperor.[2]

Thou true descendant of a worthy sire,
Whom in the field the Russian troops admire;
Take the advice your friend at home thinks best,
And keep it like the military chest.
Let not your eager valour make you run
On a pike's point, or mouth of a great gun.
Thick sculls are best against a sabre: you
May guard your country, and may grace it too. *Hay.*

XXVI. ON SOTADES.

Our friend Sotades is putting his head in danger. Do you suppose Sotades is accused of any crime? He is not. But, being unable any longer to hold out a stout truncheon, he goes to work with his tongue.

XXVII. TO NEPOS, ON THE BIRTH OF HIS DAUGHTER.

O Nepos, who art doubly my neighbour (for thou, like myself, inhabitest a dwelling next to the Temple of Flora, as well as the ancient Ficeliæ),[3] to thee has been born a daughter, whose face is stamped with the likeness of her father, evidence of her mother's fidelity. Spare not too much, however, the old Falernian, and leave behind you casks filled with money rather than with wine. May thy daughter be affectionate and rich, but let her drink new wine; and let

[1] The Car of Boötes, or Charles's Wain; the same as the Great Bear, into which Callisto of Parrhasia in Arcadia is said to have been metamorphosed. See B. iv. Ep. 11.

[2] *Tu potes et patris miles et esse ducis.* So Schneidewin. Most editions have, *Tu potes et patriæ miles et esse decus*, which seems far preferable.

[3] My neighbour in the town, and my neighbour in the country. Martial had a piece of ground near Ficeliæ, a town of the Sabines.

the wine-jar, now new, grow old along with its mistress.[1] The Cæcuban vintage must not be the drink of those only who have no children; fathers of families, believe me, can also enjoy life.

Let me exhort you, who my neighbour are,
As well in Yorkshire as in Grosvenor-square;
And have a girl, your picture to the life,
Whose likeness is an honour to your wife;
Broach your best Burgundy, and never spare it;
Leave her a cask of guineas, not of claret:
Or should she, rich and virtuous, take a cup,
Let it be wine of her own nursing up.
I never can agree in any sort,
That bachelors drink claret, and you port. *Hay.*

XXVIII. EPITAPH ON GLAUCIAS.

Glaucias, the well-known freedman of Melior, at whose death all Rome wept, the short-lived delight of his affectionate patron, reposes beneath this marble sepulchre close to the Flaminian Way. He was a youth of pure morals, of simple modesty, of ready wit, and of rare beauty. To twice six harvests completed, the youth was just adding another year. Traveller, who lamentest his fate, mayst thou never have ought else to lament!

That lovely youth, hee so well known,
Whose death all Rome did so bemoane,
His lord's too short delight, though deare,
Under this stone interr'd lies here,
Near the Flaminian Way. So chaste
In his behaviour, so shamefaced
And innocent, so quick of witt,
Lovely in shape and features, yett
So young was seldom ever seene;
He scarcely had attayn'd thirteene.
Who, passing by, weeps o'er this grave,
May hee ne'er other sorrows have!
Old MS. 16th Century.

XXIX. ON THE SAME.

Glaucia was not of the lower class of house slaves, nor of

[1] Drink the old wine yourself, and let her drink that which is made at the time of her birth, which will grow old with her. Schneidewin, instead of *amphora fiat annus*, reads *amphora—fiet opus*, in which we have not thought fit to follow him.

such as are sold in the common market: but he was a youth worthy of the tender affection of his master, and, before he could as yet appreciate the kindness of his patron, he was already made the freedman of Melior. This was the reward of his morals and his beauty. Who was more attractive than he? or whose face more resembled that of Apollo? Short is the life of those who possess uncommon endowments, and rarely do they reach old age. Whatever you love, pray that you may not love it too much.

Less by his birth than by his merit known,
A favourite lamented by the town,
Of friends the exquisite but short-lived joy,
Amongst the great interr'd, here lies a boy:
A chaste behaviour, and a modest grace;
An early judgment, and a cherub's face.
But soon, alas! too soon his race was run!
Scarce had he seen a thirteenth summer's sun!
Ne'er may he grieve again, who drops a tear!
Worth is short-lived; then nothing hold too dear. *Hay.*

XXX. TO PÆTUS.

If you had given me six thousand sesterces forthwith, when you said to me, "Take them, and carry them away, I make you a present of them," I should have felt as much indebted to you, Pætus, as if you had given me two hundred thousand. But now, when you have given them to me after a long delay,—after seven, I believe, or nine months,—I can tell you (shall I?) something as true as truth itself: you have lost all thanks, Pætus, for the six thousand sesterces.[1]

If thou hadst sent me presently
Six sesterces, when first to me
Thou said'st, my Pætus, "Take, I give,"
I'd owed thee tenscore, as I live.
But now to do't with this delay,
When seven or nine months slipp'd away,
Wouldst have me tell thee what I think?
Pætus, thou 'st clearly lost thy chink. *Fletcher.*

XXXI. TO CHARIDEMUS.

You are aware that your physician, Charidemus, is the

[1] He gives twice who gives quickly. Had you given me the six thousand sesterces when I wanted them, and when you promised me them, I should have been greatly indebted to you; but you have delayed so long that I cannot now even thank you for letting me have them.

gallant of your wife; you know it, and permit it. You wish to die without a fever.[1]

Knowing thou let'st the doctour have thy wife:
Thou 'l't die without a feaver, on my life.
Old MS. 16th Century

Oft with thy wife does the physician lie,
Thou knowing, Charidem, and standing by.
I see, thou wilt not of a fever die. *Anon.* 1695.

XXXII. ON OTHO.

While Bellona yet hesitated as to the result of the civil war, and the gentle Otho had still a chance of gaining the day, he looked with horror on a contest which would cost great bloodshed, and with resolute hand plunged the sword into his breast. Grant that Cato, in life, was even greater than Cæsar; was he greater in death than Otho?

Whilst doubtful was the chance of civil war,
And victory for Otho might declare;
That no more Roman blood for him might flow,
He gave his breast the great decisive blow.
Cæsar's superior you may Cato call:
Was he so great as Otho in his fall? *Hay.*

XXXIII. TO MATHO.

You have never seen any human being more miserable, Matho, than the debauchee Sabellus, than whom, before, no one was more joyful. Thefts, the escape or death of slaves, fires, mournings, afflict the unhappy man. He is so wretched that he even becomes natural in his appetites.[2]

XXXIV. TO DIADUMENUS.

Give me, Diadumenus, close kisses. "How many?" you say. You bid me count the waves of the ocean, the shells scattered on the shores of the Ægæan Sea, the bees that wander on Attic Hybla, or the voices and clappings that re-

[1] You make no opposition to the physician's proceedings, because you do not wish him to poison you, in order to get you out of the way. Or, you take things so calmly that you will never be thrown into a fever by feelings of resentment.

[2] Furta, fugæ, mortes servorum, incendia, luctus
Affligunt hominem; jam miser et futuit.
Dives, pueros deperibat; pauper, mulieribus contentus esse cogitur.

sound in the full theatre, when the people suddenly see the countenance of the emperor. I should not be content even with as many as Lesbia, after many entreaties, gave to the witty Catullus;[1] he wants but few, who can count them.

Seal me squeezed kisses, Diadumene,
How many? Count the billows of the sea,
Or cockles on the Ægæan shore spread,
Or wandering bees in the Cecropian store,
Or th' hands and voices in the theatre
When Rome salutes her sudden emperor:
I slight how many courted Lesbia gave
Catullus: he that numbers, few would have. *Fletcher.*

Come, Chloe, and give me sweet kisses,
For sweeter sure girl never gave;
But why, in the midst of my blisses,
Do you ask me how many I'd have?

I 'm not to be stinted in pleasure,
Then, prithee, my charmer, be kind,
For, while I love thee above measure,
To numbers I 'll ne'er be confined.

Count the bees that on Hybla are playing;
Count the flowers that enamel its fields;
Count the flocks that on Tempe are straying;
Or the grain that rich Sicily yields.

Go, number the stars in the heaven;
Count how many sands on the shore;
When so many kisses you 've given,
I still shall be craving for more.

To a heart full of love let me hold thee,
To a heart, which, dear Chloe, is thine;
With my arms I 'll for ever enfold thee,
And twist round thy limbs like a vine.

What joy can be greater than this is?
My life on thy lips shall be spent;
But the wretch that can number his kisses,
With few will be ever content.
Sir C. Hanbury Williams.

XXXV. TO CÆCILIANUS, A TROUBLESOME PLEADER.

The judge has reluctantly permitted you, Cæcilianus, on

[1] See Catullus, Ep. 5, ad Lesbiam. *Da mihi basia mille, deinde centum, Dein mille altera, dein secunda centum*, &c.

your loud importunity, to exhaust the clepsydra[1] seven times. But you talk much and long; and, bending half backwards, you quaff tepid water out of glasses. To satisfy at once your voice and your thirst, pray drink, Cæcilianus, from the clepsydra itself.

Seven glasses, Cecilian, thou loudly didst crave:
Seven glasses the judge, full reluctantly, gave.
Still thou bawl'st, and bawl'st on; and, as ne'er to bawl off,
Tepid water in bumpers supine dost thou quaff.
That thy voice and thy thirst at a time thou may'st slake,
We entreat from the glass of old Chronus thou take.
Elphinston.

XXXVI. AD PAPILUM.

Mentula tam magna est, tantus tibi, Papile, nasus:
Ut possis, quoties arrigis, olfacere.

Tu o Papilo, hai una mentula sì smisurata, ed un sì gran naso, che potesti, ogni volta che arrigi, fiutarla.

XXXVII. IN CHARINUM, CINÆDOM.

Secti podicis usque ad umbilicum
Nullas relliquias habet Charinus.
Et prurit tamen usque ad umbilicum.
O quantâ scabie miser laborat!
Culum non habet, est tamen cinædus.

Carino ha nessuna reliqui del suo podice raso sino all' umbillico,[2] e tuttavia gli prude sino all' umbillico;[3] oh da quanta scabie l'infame è travagliato! *culum habet sectum*, e tuttavia è cinedo.

Medal so fine,
Short-breech'd Carine,
No vain superfluous reliques hast,
Yet itchest from the head to the waist!
O wretch, what pain
Dost thou sustain?
I've no place for 't,
Yet love the sport? *Fletcher.*

XXXVIII. ON THE SON OF REGULUS THE ADVOCATE.

Do you see how the little Regulus, who has not yet com-

[1] A clock which measured time by the fall of a certain quantity of water confined in a cylindric vessel. See Beckman's Hist. of Inventions. v. 1. p. 82. (Bohn, 1846.)

[2] Quest' infame catamito, tutto che scarnato e tagliato, la ribalda sua turpitudine non lo lasciava in riposo. *Graglia.*

[3] Tanto basti sopra questo detestabile epigramma. *Graglia*

pleted his third year, praises his father whenever he hears his name mentioned? and how he leaves his mother's lap when he sees his father, and feels that his father's glory is his own? The applause, and the court of the Centumviri, and the closely packed surrounding crowd, and the Julian temple,[1] form the child's delight. Thus the scion of the noble horse delights in the dusty expanse of the plain; thus the steer with tender forehead longs for the combat. Ye gods, preserve, I entreat, to the mother and father the object of their prayers, that Regulus may have the pleasure of listening to his son, and his wife to both.

See Regulus, not aged three, aspire
To fan the fuel of a father's fire;
From his fond mother's arms behold him flown,
To catch applauses, which he feels his own.
The judges' glories, and the people's noise,
The Julian temples prove the infant's joys.
Thus the keen offspring of the gen'rous steed
Already pants to paw the sounding mead.
Thus the young bull, with harmless front, will play
The embryo battles of another day.
Ye pow'rs! to this my prayer propitious be:
So crown the father, mother, child, and me,
That he may feel his son's attemper'd fire,
And she may hear the rival son and sire. *Elphinston.*

XXXIX. TO CINNA.

Marulla has made you, Cinna, the father of seven children, I will not say freeborn, for not one of them is either your own or that of any friend or neighbour; but all being conceived on menial beds or mats, betray, by their looks, the infidelities of their mother. This, who runs towards us so like a Moor, with his crisped hair, avows himself the offspring of the cook Santra; while that other, with flattened nose and thick lips, is the very image of Pannicus, the wrestler. Who can be ignorant, that knows or has ever seen the blear-eyed Dama, that the third is that baker's son? The fourth, with his fair face and voluptuous air, evidently sprung from your favourite Lygdus. You may debauch your offspring if you please; it will be no crime. As to this one, with tapering head and long ears, like asses, who would deny that he is the son of the

[1] The temple of Julius Cæsar, where the body of judges called the Centumviri had their four courts for trying causes.

idiot Cyrrha? The two sisters, one swarthy, the other red-haired, are the offspring of the piper Crotus, and the bailiff Carpus. Your flock of hybrids would have been quite complete, if Coresus and Dyndymus had not been incapable.

Thou father'st for thy wife seav'n births, which I
Can't children call, no, nor yet free-born; why?
Cause thou thyself not one of them, no, nott
Thy friend or honest neighbour, ever gott,
But all on matts conceived or couches, they
E'en by their locks their mother's stealths betray.
This, that with curled hayre Moor-like doth looke,
Proves himself issue of the swarthy cooke:
He with flat nose, and blubber lips, you 'd sweare
The wrestler Pannicus his picture were;
Dama, the third, who that did e'er him see,
Knows not the blear-eyed baker's son to be?
The fourth, a sweet-faced boy, with wanton mien,
Was got by Lygdus, thy hee-concubine:
Use him so too; thou need'st no incest feare:
But this, with taper head and his long eare,
Which like an ass's moves, who can deny
To be the idiot Cyrrha's progeny?
Two daughters, this one red, that other browne,
One 's Crote the piper's, t' other Carp's the clowne:
Thy mongrels' number had been now complete,
Could Dindymus and Cores children get.

Old MS. 16th Cent

'T is a strange thing, but 't is a thing well known,
You seven children have, and yet have none:
No genuine offspring, but a mongrel rabble,
Sprung from the garret, hovel, barn, and stable.
They every one proclaim their mother's shame:
Look in their face, you read their father's name.
This swarthy flat-nosed Shock is Afric's boast;
His grandsire dwells upon the golden coast.
The second is the squinting butler's lad;
And the third lump dropp'd from the gardener's spade.
As like the carter this, as he can stare:
That has the footman's pert and forward air.
Two girls with raven and with carrot pate;
This the postillion's is, the coachman's that.
The steward and the groom old hurts disable,
Or else two branches more had graced your table. *Itay.*

XL. TO LYCORIS.

There was not a woman that could be preferred to you, Lycoris; there is now none that can be preferred to Glycera. Glycera will be what you are; you cannot be what she is. What power time has! I once desired you; I now desire her.

With thee, Lycoris, durst no female vie:
With Glycera dare none the contest try.
What thou, Lycoris, art, one day shall she:
What is my Glycera, thou canst not be. *Elphinston.*

XLI. ON A HOARSE POET.

Yon poet, who recites with his throat and neck wrapped in wool, intimates that he finds great difficulty in speaking and equal difficulty in keeping silence.

Who pleads with chopps bound up, what's his disease?
That he can neither speake, nor hold his peace.
Old MS. 16th Cent.

XLII. TO OPPIANUS, IN PRAISE OF THE BATHS OF ETRUSCUS.

Unless you bathe, Oppianus, in the baths of Etruscus you will die unpurified. No waters will receive you so pleasantly; neither the springs of Aponus, forbidden to young maidens;[1] nor the relaxing Sinuessa;[2] nor the stream of the fervid Passer, nor the proud Auxur, nor the baths of Apollo at Cuma, nor those of Baiæ, most delightful of all. Nowhere is the air more clear and serene; light itself stays longer there, and from no spot does day retire more reluctantly. There blaze resplendently the green quarries of Taygetus vying with rocks[3] of variegated beauty, which the Phrygian and the Libyan have hewn deeply, the dewy onyx[4] emits its dry rays, and the ophites glow with a tiny flame. If the Lacedæmonian customs please you, you may, after being gratified with dry heat, plunge into the Virgin or

[1] A stream near Patavium, which was said to scorch up maidens who went into it after a man had been bathing in it.

[2] A town of Campania, near which flowed the river Passer.

[3] Marble from Phrygia and Libya.

[4] A marble similar in consistence to claude. It has a dewy appearance, but is in reality dry

Martian waters;[1] which shine so brilliantly, and are so pure, that you would scarcely suspect any water to be there, and imagine you saw nothing but the polished Lygdian marble. But you are not attending, and have all the while been listening to me with a deaf ear. You will die unclean Oppianus.

Wash in Etruscus' baths, say I,
If you 'd not fowle and sordid dye;
No waters will you so much please;
Not Apon, Virgin's little-ease;
Soft Sinuessa; or hott steames;
Of Passer, or proud Anxur's streames;
Not Phœbus' boards, or Baiæ, best
Of waters. No place is so blest
With cleere fayre weather; day nowhere
Stayes longer, slower moves, than there:
There stones in chequer'd order putt,
From Phrygian rockes and Libyan cutt,
Contending with Taygetus' greene
Marble for gracefulness, are seene:
Fat onyxes there panting sweate,
And flaming ophites burne with heate.
If the Laconian mode you crave,
Dry stones to sweate in there you 'll have.
In cold and Virgin streams you may
There bathe, so pure, so cleere, are they,
The marble pavement dry you 'd sweare,
Not once suspecting water there.
You marke me nott; and with deaf eare
Careless you all this while scarce heare:
And so I see, friend Oppian,
You 'll die a fowle and sordid man.

Old MS. 16th Cent.

XLIII. TO CASTRICUS.

While happy Baiæ, Castricus, is showering its favours upon you, and its fair nymph receives you to swim in her sulphureous waters, I am strengthened by the repose of my Nomentan farm, in a cottage which gives me no trouble with its numerous acres. Here is my Baian sunshine and the sweet Lucrine lake; here have I, Castricus, all such riches

[1] The *Aqua Virgo*, see B. v. Ep. 21, and the *Aqua Marcia*, were famous at Rome for their purity.

as you are enjoying. Time was when I betook myself at pleasure to any of the far-famed watering-places, and felt no apprehension of long journeys. Now spots near town, and retreats of easy access, are my delight; and I am content if permitted to be idle.

While you at Bath indulge each happy day,
In bathing, drinking, dancing, or at play;
I at Barn Elms a villa have of late,
Healthy, and not too large for my estate.
And here am I as rich as you can be;
'T is Bath, 't is Tunbridge, everything to me.
Once every public place was my abode;
Nor was I better pleased than on the road.
Now like a house, to which with ease I go;
And to be idle, find enough to do. *Hay.*

XLIV. TO CALLIODORUS.

You imagine, Calliodorus, that your jesting is witty, and that you above all others overflow with an abundance of Attic salt. You smile at all, you utter pleasantries upon all, and you think that by so doing you will please at the dinner table. But I will tell you something, not very nice, but very true. No one will invite you, Calliodorus, to drink out of his glass.[1]

Wond'rous witty Calliodore!
Salt has sprinkled thee all o'er
Tickling, with respective zest,
Thou must be a pleasant guest.
Yet the truth, if blunt, may be:
Not a soul will drink with thee. *Elphinston.*

XLV. ON THE MARRIAGE OF LYGDUS AND LÆTORIA.

You have had your diversion; it is enough. You, who have lived so freely, are married, and now only chaste pleasure is allowed you. But is there any chaste pleasure, when Lætoria is married to Lygdus? She will be worse as a wife than she recently was as a mistress.

Ye 've play'd enough, lascivious cronies, wed;
No lust is lawful but in marriage bed.
Is this love chaste? Lygdus and Lectore join?
She 'll prove a worse wife than a concubine. *Fletcher.*

[1] Propter oris tui impuritatem.

XLVI. TO CATIANUS.

Yon chariot is urged by the unremitting whip of the blue faction driver, yet it moves no faster: truly, Catianus, you do wonders![1]

See the blue driver, with what might he moils!
Nor gains an inch: how wondrous are his toils!
Elphinston.

XLVII. TO THE NYMPH OF A FOUNTAIN.

Thou household nymph of my friend Stella, who glidest, with pure stream, beneath the gemmed halls of thy lord, whether the consort of Numa has sent thee from the caves of the triple goddess, or whether thou comest as the ninth of the band of Muses, Marcus releases himself from his vows to thee by sacrificing this virgin pig, because, when ill, he drank furtively of thy waters. Do thou, reconciled to me at length by this expiation, grant me the peaceful delights of thy fountain; and let my draughts be always attended with health.

Pellucid daughter of perennial spring,
Who giv'st my Stella's gemmy dome to ring;
Did Numa's goddess glide thee from the cave,
Where the chaste Trivia wont her limbs to lave?
Or, origin as thou must own divine,
Perhaps the ninth thou issu'st of the Nine.
If with the virgin porket I have paid,
And streaming eyes, the theft a sickling made;
My crime atoned, accept the suppliant strain!
Indulge thy joys, nor let me pant in vain. *Elphinston.*

XLVIII. TO POMPONIUS.

When your crowd of attendants so loudly applaud you, Pomponius, it is not you, but your banquet, that is eloquent.

"Sophos," to thee thy clients cry; but know
Thy supper 's eloquent,—thou art not so. *Wright.*

XLIX. PRIAPUS UPON HIMSELF.

I am not carved out of the fragile elm, and this column, which rises so straight and so firm, is not made of wood

[1] By lashing his horses so much, and yet keeping them in the same spot.

taken at random, but is produced from the evergreen cypress, which fears neither hundreds of centuries nor the decay of a long-protracted old age. Fear it, evil-doer, whoever you may be; for if you injure with rapacious hand even the smallest cluster on this vine, this cypress shall ingraft upon your body, however much you may struggle against it, a fig-tree which will bear fruit.[1]

No brittle elm my substance gave;
Nor is this firm uplifted stave
Hewn from a common wayside block,
But ever-living cypress' stock—
That tree which fears not canker's bite,
Nor centuries' devastating flight.
Thief! of the garden-god beware!
For if with greedy hand thou dare
The smallest cluster hence to take,
This cypress-slave on thee shall make
(Howe'er thou struggle to get free)
A graft that will bear fruit to thee. *W. S. B.*

L. TO BITHYNICUS, ON TELESINUS.

While Telesinus was poor, and cultivated virtuous and honest friends, he used to wander about in sorry guise, clad in a chilly little toga. But since he has begun to pay court to persons of licentious character, he can buy himself plate, table services, and farms. Do you wish to become rich, Bithynicus? Become a panderer to vice; virtuous courses will gain you nothing, or very little.

Whilst he did none but honest friends observe,
In thredd-bare cloake he walk'd, and like to starve:
Since he 's the wanton gallants' nabber growne,
He farmes good fayre, and coyne has of his owne.
Would'st thou be rich, then thou must share the crimes,
Else not the wealth, of these licentious times.
Old MS. 16th Century.

LI. TO LUPERCUS.

I have found out how to be even with you, Lupercus, for so often having guests at dinner without me. I am in a passion, and however frequently you may invite me, and send for me, and press me—"What will you do?" you say. What will I do?—I will come.

[1] See B. iv. Ep. 52.

'Cause thou dost feast so often without me,
Lupercus, I have found a plague for thee.
Though thou dost importune, and send and call,
I 'll show a seeming anger over all.
And when thou sayst, What wilt thou do in sum?
What will I do? I am resolved to come. *Fletcher.*

LII. EPITAPH ON PANTAGATHUS.

In this tomb reposes Pantagathus, the object of his master's affection and regret, snatched away in the prime of youth. Well skilled was he in clipping stray hairs with scissors that gently touched them, and in trimming bristly cheeks. Earth, be propitious to him, as it behovest thee, and lie lightly on him; thou canst not be lighter than was the artist's hand.

Snatcht hence, yet scarce a youth, under this stone
Lyes hee, his master's joy once, now his moane:
Skilfull the wanton hayre to cut, with such
A hand, and shave the cheek, as scarce did touch.
Lye ne'er so gently on him, earth, yet hee
More lightly gentle-handed used to bee.
Old MS. 16th Century.

LIII. TO FAUSTINUS, ON ANDRAGORAS.

Andragoras bathed, and supped gaily with me; and in the morning was found dead. Do you ask, Faustinus, the cause of a death so sudden? He had seen Doctor Hermocrates in a dream.

Bath'd, supp'd, in glee Andragoras went to bed
Last night, but in the morning was found dead:
Would'st know, Faustinus, what was his disease?
He dreaming saw the quack, Hermocrates.
Montaigne (by Cotton), B. ii. ch. 37.

LIV. TO AULUS, ON SEXTILIANUS.

If, Aulus, you forbid Sextilianus to speak of his "so great" and "so great," the poor fellow will be scarcely able to put three words together. "What does he mean?" you ask. I will tell you what I suspect: namely, that Sextilianus is fallen in love with his "so great" and "so great."[1]

LV. TO CORACINUS.

Because you are always redolent of lavender and cinnamon,

[1] *Tantos et tantas.* Prægrandes draucos eorumque caudas.

and stained[1] with the spoils from the nest of the proud phœnix, exhale the odour of Nicerotius's[2] leaden vases, you smile with contempt, Coracinus, on us, who smell of nothing. I would rather smell of nothing than of scents.

Of richest spices thou do'st ever scent,
Nor is the phœnix' nest more redolent.
Despisest us, who do n't in sweets excel:
Of nought 't is better than of edours smell.
Anon. 1695.

LVI. TO CHARIDEMUS.

Quod tibi crura rigent setis, et pectora villis,
Verba putas famæ te, Charideme, dare.
Extirpa, mihi crede, pilos de corpore toto,
Teque pilare tuas testificare nates.
Quæ ratio est? inquis; scis multos dicere multa.
Fac prædicari te, Charideme, putent.

Perche hai le gambe irsute di setole, ed il petto d'ispidi peli tu t'immagini, o Caridemo, imporre alla fama. Credimi, strappati i peli da tutto il corpo: e commincia darne prova dalle natiche. Per qual motivo? Di tu. Tu sai che molti mormorano. Fa, o Caridemo, che *piutosto* pensino, che tu sei un cinedo.[4] *Graglia.*

LVII. TO PHŒBUS.

You manufacture, with the aid of unguents, a false head of hair, and your bald and dirty skull is covered with dyed locks. There is no need to have a hairdresser for your head. A sponge, Phœbus, would do the business better.

Phœbus belies with oil his fained hairs,
And o'er his scalp a painted border wears:
Thou need'st no barber to correct thy pate,
Phœbus, a sponge would better do the feat. *Fletcher.*

LVIII. TO AULUS PUDENS.

Whilst you, Aulus, delight in a near view of the Arcadian bear, and with enduring the climate of northern skies, oh how nearly had I, your friend, been carried off to the waters of Styx, and seen the dusky clouds of the Elysian plain! My eyes, weak as they were, continually looked round for

[1] *Niger*, i. e. unctus. [2] A perfumer. [3] See B. ii. Ep. 12.
[4] Hanc quasi levioris rei suspicionem oppone isti graviori, nempe rei *pomuZav*.

your countenance, and the name of Pudens was perpetually on my cold tongue. If the wool-spinning sisters do not weave the threads of my life black, and my voice does not address inattentive deities, you will return safe to the cities of Latium to see your friend safe, and, as a deserving knight, be rewarded with the rank of first centurion.

While thou didst joy to eye the sluggish Wain,
And in thy prospect either Bear to gain;
How nearly ravish'd to the Stygian shore,
Up to Elysium's awful dawn I bore!
On thee my heavy eyeballs hov'ring hung,
And Pudens falter'd on my stiff'ning tongue.
Yet, if no sable thread the sisters draw,
And, if those deign to hear, whom late I saw,
My pow'rs restored shall hail thee safe and sound,
In Latian climes, with knightly honors crown'd.

Elphinston

LIX. ON BACCARA.

Baccara, desirous of exhibiting his six hundred fur mantles, grieves and complains that the cold does not attack him. He prays for dark days, and wind, and snow; and hates wintry days which are at all warm. What ill, cruel mortal, have our light cloaks, which the least breath of wind may carry off our shoulders, done you? How much simpler and honester would it be for you to wear your fur cloaks even in the month of August.

Thy chest such store of winter-garments hold,
Thou griev'st, and oft complain'st, for want of cold;
Wishest dark days and short, sharp winds and snow,
And hates the season, if it milder grow.
Didst thou the worse for my thin gown e'er fare,
Borne from my back by ev'ry puff of air?
How much more humane, more sincere, 't were done,
Should'st thou in August winter-cloths put on?

Anon. 1695.

LX. TO FAUSTINUS.

Pompullus has accomplished his end, Faustinus; he will be read, and his name be spread through the whole world! So may the inconstant race of the yellow-haired Germans flourish, and whoever loves not the rule of Rome! Yet the writings of Pompullus are said to be ingenious; but for fame, believe me, that is not enough. How many eloquent writers are there, who afford food for mites and worms, and whose

learned verses are bought only by cooks! Something more is wanting to confer immortality on writings. A book destined to live must have genius.

Hee 's made, for one, the people cry, "Loud Fame
Through the whole world shall Pompullus' name!"
Such bee th' inconstant yellow Germans' fate!
So prosper all who Roman empire hate!
Yet are his lines, you 'll say, ingenious:
That 's not enough; fame is not gotten thus:
For mothes and wormes how many learned bookes
Prove food, or else waste paper for the cookes!
There 's somewhat more in 't. To make lines to live,
A constant veine of wit you must them give.
Old MS. 16th Century.

LXI. ON AN ENVIOUS PERSON.

Rome, city of my affections, praises, loves, and recites my compositions; I am in every lap, and in every hand. But see, yon gentleman grows red and pale by turns, looks amazed, yawns, and, in fact, hates me. I am delighted at the sight; my writings now please me.

Rome hugs my verse, and cries it up for rare,
My books each hand and ev'ry bosom bear;
There 's one yet lowers, disdains, is ill at ease:
I 'm glad; my verses now myself do please.
Anon. 1695.

LXII. TO OPPIANUS.

Salanus has lost his only son. Do you delay to send presents, Oppianus? Alas, cruel destiny and remorseless Fates! of what vulture shall the corpse of Salanus be the prey?

Silanus mourns an only son:
Why, Oppian, thus thy gifts delay?
Ah! cruel fates! what have ye done?
What vulture shall devour the prey? *Elphinston.*

Silanus' only son is dead.
Why, Apian, hast thou offered
No gifts to th' fire? Oh destinies;
What Vultur shall this carcass seize? *May*

LXIII. TO MARIANUS, DECEIVED BY A FLATTERER.

You know, Marianus, that you are obsequiously courted; you know that he who courts you is a covetous fellow; you know what his attentions mean; and yet you name him in your will, foolish man, as your heir, and destine him, as if you were

out of your mind, to take your place. "But he has sent me, you say, large presents." True, but they are a baited hook; and can the fish ever love the fisherman? Will this pretender bewail your death with real sorrow? If you desire him to weep, Marianus, give him nothing.

Thou know'st hee angles, know'st him covetous,
Thou know'st what he would have, and why he does;
And yet, mad foole, him for theine heire thou tak'st;
And to thy will executor thou mak'st.
Thou 'lt say, "He gave great presents." True; as baites
For which the fisherman what fish but hates?
Think'st thou thy hearse with teares of grefe he 'll steep?
No; give him nought, then hee will truly weepe.
Old MS. 16th Century.

LXIV. TO A DETRACTOR.

Although you are neither sprung from the austere race of the Fabii, nor are such as he whom the wife of Curius Dentatus brought forth when seized with her pains beneath a shady oak, as she was carrying her husband his dinner at the plough; but are the son of a father who plucked the hair from his face at a looking-glass, and of a mother condemned to wear the toga in public;[1] and are one whom your wife might call wife;[2] you allow yourself to find fault with my books, which are known to fame, and to carp at my best jokes,—jokes to which the chief men of the city and of the courts do not disdain to lend an attentive ear,—jokes which the immortal Silius deigns to receive in his library, which the eloquent Regulus so frequently repeats, and which win the praises of Sura, the neighbour of the Aventine Diana, who beholds at less distance than others the contests of the great circus.[3] Even Cæsar himself, the lord of all, the supporter of so great a weight of empire, does not think it beneath him to read my jests two or three times. But you, perhaps, have more genius; you have, by the polishing of Minerva, an understanding more acute; and the subtle Athens has formed your taste. May I die, if there is not far more understanding in the heart of the animal which, with entrails hanging down, and large foot, lungs

[1] As being an adulteress. [2] So effeminate are you.
[3] His house overlooked the Circus Maximus.

coloured with congealed blood,—an object to be feared by all noses,—is carried by the cruel butcher from street to street. You have the audacity, too, to write verses, which no one will read, and to waste your miserable paper upon me. But if the heat of my wrath should burn a mark upon you, it will live, and remain, and will be noted all through the city; nor will even Cinnamus, with all his cunning, efface the stigma. But have pity upon yourself, and do not, like a furious dog, provoke with rabid mouth the fuming nostrils of a living bear. However calm he may be, and however gently he may lick your fingers and hands, he will, if resentment and bile and just anger excite him, prove a true bear. Let me advise you, therefore, to exercise your teeth on an empty hide, and to seek for carrion which you may bite with impunity.

When sprung of Fabius' race you no way are,
Nor Curius, who himself to 's plough-men bare
Their dinner; whose rough wife her child-bed made
Under the covert of an oak's thick shade:
But of a father born, trimm'd by a glass,
A mother for a courtesan does pass;
And so effeminate you yourself withal,
Your wife, though nice she be, you wife may call;
For you to dare my much-famed verse detract!
The Momus, on my approved toys to act!
My toys, I say, all Rome attentive hear,
To which both learn'd and noble lend an ear;
Which deathless Silius with regard does treat;
And Regulus' fluent tongue deigns to repeat;
Which to revolve, Cæsar a time does spare,
Amidst the weight of all the public care.
But you know more, your wise discerning heart
Pallas has framed by the Athenian art.
May I not live, if th' heart and paunch we meet,
The garbage, guts, and the great dangling feet,
Which loaded butchers carry through the street,
With no small terror unto ev'ry nose,
Do not a sharper wit than thine disclose.
Yet, with the waste of paper, against me
Verses you write, such as none read or see:
But if my chafed choler thee shall brand,
The work will live, be read in ev'ry land;
'T is not thy barber's soap can cleanse the stain.
Take heed the outrage be not thine own bane,

To urge a living bear, cease to presume,
Until his rage forth at his nostrils fume.
Though calm, he 'll lick the hand, and strokings bear;
Roused and provoked, you 'll find him still a bear.
Thy teeth then fasten in some empty hide,
Or beast that 's dead, and will the wrong abide.

Anon. 1695.

LXV. TO TUCCA.

"You write epigrams in hexameters," is what Tucca, I know, is saying. There are, Tucca, precedents for it; in a word, Tucca, it is allowable. "But this one, you say, is very long." There are precedents for its length also, Tucca, and it is allowable. If you approve of shorter ones, read only my distichs. Let us agree, Tucca, that I shall be at liberty to write long epigrams, and you be at liberty not to read them.

What? in long verse write epigrams? say you.
I say, 't is usual, and 't is lawful too.
Then, they are long. This too is law and use:
If you like short, do you the distichs chuse.
Let us agree; the bargain does no hurt;
I may write long; and you may read the short. *Hay.*

LXVI. ON A CRIER SELLING A GIRL.

The crier Gellianus was lately offering for sale a young lady of not over-good reputation, such as sit in the middle of the Suburra.[1] When she had been for some time standing at a small price, the seller, desiring to prove her purity to all around, drew her towards him, and, while she feigned resistance, kissed her two, three, and four times. Do you ask the result he produced by his kisses? It was, that he who had just offered six hundred sesterces, withdrew his bidding.

Gellian the crier brought a lass
To market, of small fame to pass,
Such as in ill-fam'd taverns sate:
Whiles she stood long at a small rate,
He to approve her sound and good,
Drew her near to him as she stood,
And kiss'd her three or four times o'er:
But wouldst thou know what fruit these bore?

[1] A street in Rome where prostitutes dwelt.

Why he that bade six hundred pieces for her,
Upon this score did utterly abhor her. *Fletcher.*

LXVII. TO PANNICUS.

Do you ask, Pannicus, why your wife Cælia has about her only priests of Cybele? Cælia loves the flowers of marriage, but fears the fruits.

Pannicus, dost wish to know
Why thy Gellia favours so
The priests of Cybele? To sport
She loves, and pay no suffering for't. *Anon.*

LXVIII. TO CASTRICUS, ON THE DEATH OF THE YOUNG EUTYCHUS.

Bewail your crime, ye Naiads, bewail it through the whole Lucrine lake, and may Thetis herself hear your mourning! Eutychus, your sweet inseparable companion, Castricus, has been snatched away from you, and has perished amid the waters of Baiæ. He was the partner and kind consoler of all your cares: he was the delight, the Alexis, of our poet. Was it that the amorous nymph saw thy charms exposed beneath the crystal waves, and thought that she was sending back Hylas to Hercules? Or has Salmacis at length left her effeminate Hermaphroditus, attracted by the embrace of a tender but vigorous youth? Whatever it may be, whatever the cause of a bereavement so sudden, may the earth and the water, I pray, be propitious to thee.

You wat'ry nymphs weepe for your dire mishap,
But with whole floods pour'd into Thetis lapp.
That lovely youth in Baian streames is drown'd,
Whom by your side so oft you sweetely found,
Deare Castricus: companion of your care
And sweete hearts-ease, your love, your minion fayre.
Thee naked i' th' cleare waves when shee did see,
Did the nymph leave her Hylas and seize thee;
Or Salmacis her loved Hermaphrodit
With this soft youth's embraces tempted quitt?
Whate'er the cause o' th' sudden rapyne be,
May earth and water gently cover thee!
Old MS. 16th Century

LXIX. TO CATULLUS.

I do not wonder that your Bassa, Catullus, drinks water;[1]

[1] Os enim, quo tibi morigeratur, murgari debet.

but I do wonder that the daughter of *Bassus*[1] drinks water.

Thy Bassa water drinks: 't is well and good.
But I must marvel Bassus' daughter should. *Elphinston.*

LXX. TO MARCIANUS.

Sixty summers, Marcianus, and, I think, two more have been completed by Cotta, and he does not remember ever to have felt the weariness of a bed of sickness even for a single day. With resolute, nay uncourteous gesture, he bids the doctors Alcon, Dasius, and Symmachus keep at a distance. If our years were accurately counted, and if the amount subtracted from them by cruel fevers, or oppressive languor, or painful maladies, were separated from the happier portion of our lives, we should be found in reality but infants, though we seem to be old men. He who thinks that the lives of Priam and of Nestor were long is much deceived and mistaken. Life consists not in living, but in enjoying health.

Cotta has pass'd his threescore years and two,
And ne'er remembers that he had to do
With sickness, or yet once laid down his head;
For a distemper felt a tedious bed:
But at physicians he durst point with scorn,
At Dasius and Alcontus make a horn.
If, like wise men, we do our years compute,
Raze or subtract the days that did not suit
With happy life, such as in pain are spent,
Gouts, fevers sharp, and the mind's discontent.
We should but children be, that aged seem,
And hugely they 're imposed on, who do deem
Priam and Nestor many years have told:
Not who live long, but happily, are old. *Anon.* 1695.

If I judge right, our good old friend, Sir John,
Next spring is sixty-three, or thereupon.
Yet it was never known, I 've heard it said,
That in his life he one day kept his bed;
Nor ever, but in joke, held out his pulse,
To Sloane, to Mead, to Wilmot, or to Hulse.
If from our life's account we should strike out
The hours we lose by fevers or the gout,

[1] Who was a drunkard.

By spleen, by head-ache, every other ill;
Though we seem old, we are but children still.
If any think Priam or Nestor old,
Though o'er the last three centuries had roll'd,
They 're much deceived; for sense and reason tell,
That life is only life when we are well. *Hay.*

LXXI. ON TELETHUSA.

Telethusa, skilled in displaying attractive gestures to the sound of her Spanish castanets, and in dancing the sportive dances of Cadiz; Telethusa, capable of exciting the decrepit Pelias, and of moving the husband of Hecuba at the tomb of Hector; Telethusa inflames and tortures her former master. He sold her a slave, he now buys her back a mistress.

Wantoning to Betic sounds,
She in Gadish gambols bounds;
She a Pelias might beguile,
Or the sire at Hector's pile.
For love her former master dies;
Maid he sold her, mistress buys. *Elphinston.*

LXXII. TO FABULLUS, ON A THIEVISH CILICIAN.

A Cilician, a thief of but too notorious rapacity, wished to rob a certain garden; but in the whole grounds, large as they were, Fabullus, there was nothing save a marble Priapus. As he did not wish to return empty-handed, the Cilician stole Priapus himself.

Cilix, a knave of noted theft,
Resolved to rob a garden by:
But there was nought, Fabullus, left
But a huge marble deity.
Yet lest his empty hand should miss its prey,
Cilix presumed to steal the god away. *Fletcher.*

LXXIII. ON THE PRIAPUS OF HILARUS.

No rude rustic fashioned me with untaught pruning knife; you behold the noble handywork of the steward. For Hilarus, the most noted cultivator of the Cæretan territory, possesses these hills and smiling eminences. Behold my well-formed face, I do not seem made of wood, nor the arms I bear destined for the flames, but my imperishable sceptre, fashioned of ever-green cypress, in manner worthy of the hand of Phidias, boldly presents itself. Neighbours, I warn you,

worship the divinity of Priapus, and respect these fourteen acres.

No rustic, with untutor'd hand,
Has bid my stately godship stand:
Who, form'd with adamantine tool,
Speaks Dispensator's noble school.
For joyous Cere's foremost yeoman,
The wealthy, witty, jolly freeman,
Sole tenant of the high and low,
Exults mine honest face to show.
Spectator, scan my frame entire;
Nor deem me destined to the fire:
Well mingled with immortals, I
In deathless cypress, time defy.
But chief, my beard, thou manly part!
Still bristle, as by Phidian art.
Good neighbours, wise, attend my law;
And eye your guardian-god with awe.
Each inimical act forbear,
And these twice seven fair acres spare. *Elphinston.*

LXXIV. TO ÆFULANUS.

That guest reclining at his ease on the middle couch, whose bald head is furnished with three hairs, and half daubed over with pomade, and who is digging in his half-opened mouth with a lentisc toothpick, is trying to impose upon us, Æfulanus; he has no teeth.

Who lounges lowest in the middle bed,
Rich unguent portioning his three-hair'd head;
And, with the lentisc in his mouth, looks big;
But looks a lie: he has no teeth to dig. *Elphinston.*

LXXV. TO PONTIA.

When you send me a thrush, or a slice of cheesecake, or a hare's thigh, or something of that sort, you tell me, Pontia, that you have sent me the dainties of your choice. I shall not send these to any one else, Pontia, nor shall I eat them myself.[1]

When you send me a thrush, or a portion of cake,
Or the wing of a hare; and would have me partake:
You beg leave to present me some mouthfuls, you say:
Neither my mouth they fill, nor another's, to-day.
Elphinston.

[1] Pontia was skilled in poisoning. See B. ii. Ep. 34.

LXXVI. EPITAPH OF FUSCUS.

Fuscus, lately the guardian of the sacred person of the emperor, the supporter of the Mars who administered civil justice at home, the leader to whom the army of our sovereign lord was intrusted, lies buried here. We may confess this, Fortune, that that stone now fears not the threats of enemies; the Dacian has received our proud yoke with subdued neck, and the victorious shade of Fuscus reposes in a grove which he had made his own.[1]

Guard of the sacred life, of primal pow'r;
Lord of th' imperial camp, in luckless hour
Here Fuscus lies. Dread fortune this must own,
No hostile threats can agitate a stone:
Nor vainly with fell Dacia vengeance strove:
The victor-shade commands the vanquish'd grove.

Elphinston.

LXXVII. TO AFER.

When you are poorer than even the wretched Irus, more vigorous than even Parthenopæus,[2] stronger than even Artemidorus[3] in his prime, why do you delight to be carried by six Cappadocian slaves? You are laughed at, Afer, and derided much more than you would be were you to walk unattired in the middle of the Forum. Just so do people point at the dwarf Atlas[4] on his dwarf mule, and the black elephant carrying its Libyan driver of similar hue. Do you wish to know why your litter brings you into so much ridicule? You ought not to be carried, even when dead, on a bier borne by six persons.[5]

When poorer yet than Irus thou art deem'd,
Than Parthenopæus younger much esteem'd,
Stronger than wrestlers in their prime and might,
Why to be borne by six dost thou delight?
'T were a less jest, shouldst thou in public go
Naked, afoot, than with this pageant show.

[1] Fuscus died fighting against the Dacians, and was buried in Dacian ground.
[2] One of the seven chiefs against Thebes.
[3] A pancratiast in the reigns of Galba and Vitellius.
[4] Mentioned by Juvenal, viii. 31.
[5] You ought to be buried as a poor person, on a smaller bier.

The state thou tak'st does more absurd appear
Than if six slaves a seventh, in pomp, should bear;
A Moor upon an elephant of like hue,
Would move less laughter 'mong the vulgar crew;
So on a mule as little as himself
Mounted, we see, some pigmy little elf.

Wouldst know what scorn thy pride to thee has bred?
Men grudge that six should bear thee, wert thou dead.
Anon. 1695.

LXXVIII. TO AULUS.

Phryx, a famous drinker, Aulus, was blind of one eye, and purblind of the other. His doctor Heras said to him, "Beware of drinking; if you drink wine, you will not see at all." Phryx, laughing, said to his eye, "I must bid you farewell!" and forthwith ordered cups to be mixed for him in copious succession. Do you ask the result? While Phryx drank wine, his eye drank poison.

Phryx, a stout drinker, who no goblet fear'd,
Though one eye he had lost, and t' other bleer'd:
Who, when physicians bid of wine beware,
And threaten'd blindness, if he had not care,
Deriding, said, "farewell, my other eye;"
And ten large cups bid fill him by-and-by,
And more than once. Wouldst know the end o' th' prank
Phryx soak'd good wine, but his eye poison drank.
Anon. 1695.

LXXIX. TO LUPUS.

You are sad in the midst of every blessing. Take care that Fortune does not observe, or she will call you ungrateful.

How? sad and rich? Beware lest Fortune catch
Thee, Lupus, then she 'll call thee thankless wretch.
Fletcher.

Th' art rich and sad; take heed lest Fortune see,
And, as ungrateful, do proceed with thee. *Anon.* 1695.

LXXX. TO DOMITIAN, ON HIS WINTER ROSES.

Anxious to pay her court to thee, the land of the Nile had sent to thee, Cæsar, as new gifts, some winter roses. The Memphian sailor felt little respect for the gardens of Egypt, after he had crossed the threshold of your city; such was

the splendour of the spring, and the beauty of balmy Flora; and such the glory of the Pæstan rose-beds. So brightly, too, wherever he directed his steps or his looks, did every path shine forth with garlands of flowers. But do thou, O Nile, since thou art compelled to yield to Roman winters, send us thy harvests, and receive our roses.

Egypt did proudly winter roses boast,
As the sole product of her fertile coast:
But now at Rome her merchants are surprised
To see such store, the Memphian are despised:
Where'er they look, where'er they take their way,
Hedges of blushing roses do display.
So does this glory of the spring excel,
Not Pæstan rosaries more fragrant smell;
Even goddess Flora seems in Rome to dwell.
Let not thy winters, Nile, then vie with ours,
Go plough, and send us corn; we 'll send thee flow'rs.
Anon. 1695.

LXXXI. TO CHARIDEMUS.

Iratus tamquam populo, Charideme, lavaris.
Inguina sic toto subluis in solio.
Nec caput hic vellem, sic te, Charideme, lavare;
Et caput, ecce, lavas; inguina malo laves.

Tu, o Caridemo, ti lavi come sdegnato con tutti: talmente guazzi le pudenda per tutto il tino. Non vorrei, o Caridemo, che tu vi lavassi il capo in questo modo: pure, ecco tu vi lavi il capo: amerei meglio che vi lavassi le pudenda.

LXXXII. TO RUFUS.

A man, the other day, Rufus, after having diligently contemplated me just as a buyer of slaves or a trainer of gladiators might do, and after having examined me with eye and hand, said, "Are you, are you really, that Martial, whose lively sallies and jests are known to every one who has not a downright Dutchman's ear?" I smiled faintly, and with a careless nod admitted that I was the person he supposed. "Why then," said he, "have you so bad a cloak?" I answered, "Because I am a bad poet." That this, Rufus, may not happen again to your poet, send me a good cloak.

Ev'n now one looking on me wistly, and
Trying, as butchers doe, with eye and hand,

The wares they are to buy, "Art thou," quoth Lee,
"That Martiall, whose wanton drollery
Is so well known, and valued too so much,
By all whose eares are not dull dreary Dutch?"
I smild a little, and with gentle nod
Seem'd to confess I was the man. "Good God!"
Quoth he, "why are you then so meanly cladd?"
"Because," quoth I, "my poetry is badd."
That men your poet may not still thus jeere,
Send him, good Rufus, better cloathes to weare.

Old MS. 16th Cent.

LXXXIII. TO DOMITIAN, IN PRAISE OF HIS CLEMENCY.

As much as the fortune of the father of Etruscus[1] owes to the solicitations of the son, so much, most powerful of princes, do both owe to you; for you have recalled the thunderbolt launched by your right hand; I could wish that the fires of Jupiter were of a similar character. Would that the all-powerful Thunderer had your feelings, Cæsar; his hand would then rarely apply its full force to the thunderbolt. From your clemency Etruscus acknowledges that he has received the double boon of being allowed to accompany his father when he went into exile, and when he returned from it.

Whate'er parental love to filial owes,
That, chief of chiefs, thy grace on both bestows.
The bolts emitted, thou forbad'st to rove:
Oh, for such temper to the bolts of Jove!
Oh! did the Thunderer like Cæsar feel,
Rare would his hand her total vengeance deal.
Thy double boon Etruscus must admire;
That crown' th' associate, when it call'd the sire.

Elphinston.

LXXXIV. TO AVITUS.

Philippus, in good bodily health, is carried, Avitus, in a litter borne by eight men. But if, Avitus, you think him sane, you are yourself insane.

Philip, in health, eight men to bear him had:
Who thinks him in good health, himself is mad.

Anon. 1695.

[1] There were two Etrusci, father and son; the father was sent into exile by Domitian, and the son accompanied him. By the solicitations of the son, Domitian was induced to allow the father to return. See B. vii. Ep. 39, and Statius Sylv. 3.

LXXXV. ON THE DEATH OF RUFUS CAMONIUS.

My sixth book is published without thee, Rufus Camonius, for a patron, and cannot hope to have thee, my friend, for a reader. The impious land of the Cappadocians, beheld by thee under a malignant star, restores only thy ashes and bones to thy father. Pour forth, bereaved Bononia, thy tears for thy Rufus, and let the voice of thy wailing be heard throughout the Æmilian Way. Alas! how sweet an affection, alas! how short a life, has departed! He had seen but just five times the award of prizes at the Olympian games. O Rufus, thou who wast wont to read through my trifles with careful attention, and to retain my jests in thy memory, receive this short strain with the tears of thy sorrowful friend, and regard them as incense offered by him who is far removed from thee.

In th' absence, Rufus, my sixth book is out,
But thou her reader she doth sadly doubt,
Base Cappadocia by a fate unjust
Gives to thy friends thy bones, to thee thy dust.
Widow'd Bononia bathe my friend in tears,
While that Æmilia thy grief's echo bears.
How pious! but how short-lived did he fall!
Five bare Olympiads he had seen in all.
Rufus, thou that wast wont to bear in mind
Our sports, and them in memory to find,
Accept this sad verse which I send,
As the sweet incense of my absent friend. *Fletcher.*

LXXXVI. ON BEING REQUIRED TO DRINK HOT WATER WHEN SICK.

O wine of Setia, O excellent snow, O goblets constantly refilled, when am I to drink you with no doctor to prevent me? He is a fool, and ungrateful, and unworthy of so great a boon, who would rather be heir to the rich Midas, than enjoy you. May he who is envious of me possess the harvests of Libya, and the Hermus, and the Tagus, and drink warm water.

Setian nectar, sov'rain snow!
Circling, as attemper'd bowl!
When will ye your bliss bestow,
And no quack pretend control?

Senseless to a boon so rare,
Fool, that would forego the joy,
To be golden Midas' heir!
His be Midas' full alloy.

For him let all Libya wave;
Hermus, Tagus, roll their gold:
Burning may he quaff and laugh,
Whoso grudges me the cool'd. *Elphinston.*

LXXXVII. TO DOMITIAN.

May the gods and you yourself indulge you with whatever you deserve! May the gods and you yourself indulge me with whatever I wish, if I have deserved it!

On thee, may heaven, and thou, thy due bestow:
On me, my little wish; if that ye owe. *Elphinston.*

LXXXVIII. TO CÆCILIANUS.

One morning, Cæcilianus, I happened to salute you simply by your name, without calling you, "My Lord." Does any one ask how much that freedom cost me? it has cost me a hundred farthings.[1]

Thee, by thy real name, this morn I hail'd;
Nor plain Cæcilian as "My lord" address'd.
What stood the freedom, that so greatly fail'd?
But a poor hundred farthings, I protest. *Elphinston.*

LXXXIX. TO RUFUS, ON PANARETUS, A DRUNKARD.

Panaretus, full of wine, called with eloquent finger,[2] just at midnight, for a vessel necessary for a certain purpose. A Spoletan wine-jar was brought to him; one which he had himself drained to the dregs, but which had not been enough for him, though drinking alone. Most faithfully measuring back to the jar its former contents, he restored the full quantity of wine to its receptacle. Are you astonished that the jar held all that he had drunk? Cease to be astonished, Rufus; he drunk it neat.

When Panaret, maudlin, with snap of the thumb,
At midnight commanded the needful to come;
A spoletine came, which himself had just drain'd:
Nor had it sufficed that the flagon contain'd.
With utmost good faith redecanting his store,
He crown'd the vast vessel as high as before.

[1] *Centum quadrantes*, the usual value of the *sportula* or present made by the rich to their dependants instead of a dinner.

[2] By snapping his thumb and finger, the usual signal to the attendants

Capacious, you wonder, the pot as the cask!
This pure had imbibed; which accounts for the task.
Elphinston.

XC. ON GELLIA.

Gellia has but one gallant; this is a great disgrace, but, what is a greater, she is the wife of two husbands.

To one alone gallant will Gellia deign,
More scandal hers; the consort thus of twain.
Elphinston.

XCI. TO ZOILUS.

The sacred censorial edict of our sovereign Lord condemns and forbids adultery. Rejoice, Zoilus, that your tastes exempt you from this law.[1]

The emperor's law forbids adultery;
But grieve not, Zoilus; 'twill not touch thee. *Anon.*

XCII. TO AMMIANUS, DRINKING BAD WINE.

By the serpent which the art of Myron has graven on your cup, Ammianus, it is indicated that, in drinking Vatican wine,[2] you drink poison.

The serpent twined around thy cup,
By Myron's wondrous art,
Is emblem of the poison which
Thy odious wines impart. *Anon.*

XCIII. ON THAIS.

Thais smells worse than an old jar of a covetous fuller just broken in the middle of the street; worse than a goat after an amorous encounter; than the belch of a lion; than a hide torn from a dog on the banks of the Tiber; than chick rotting in an abortive egg; than a jar fetid with spoilt pickle. Cunningly wishing to exchange this disagreeable odour for some other, she, on laying aside her garments to enter the bath, makes herself green with a depilatory, or conceals herself beneath a daubing of chalk dissolved in acid, or covers herself with three or four layers of rich bean-unguent. When by a thousand artifices she thinks she has

[1] Feminas enim non inibat, utpote fellator.
[2] Which was the worst sort of wine.

succeeded in making herself safe, Thais, after all, smells of Thais.

Worse than a fuller's tubb doth Thais stink,
Broke in the streets, and leaking through each chink;
Or lion's belch; or lustfull reeking goats;
Or skin of dogg that dead o' th' bankside floats;
Or half-hatch'd chicken from broke rotten eggs,
Or taynted jarrs of stinking mackrell dreggs:
This vile rank smell with perfumes to disguise,
Whene'er she's in the bath, she doth devise;
She's with pomatum smugg'd, or paint good store,
Or oyle of bean-flow'r varnish'd o'er and o'er:
A thousand wayes shee tries to make all well;
In vayne, still Thais doth of Thais smell.

Old M.S 16th Cent.

XCIV. ON CALPETIANUS.

Calpetianus' table is always laid with a gold service, whether he dines abroad or at his own house in town. So, too, does he sup even in an inn or at his country house. Has he then nothing else? No! and even that is not his own.[1]

Calpetian's board the golden platters crown,
At home, abroad; in country and in town:
In hovel or the field, alike they 're shown.
He has none else: nay, he has not his own.

Elphinston.

BOOK VII.

I. TO DOMITIAN, ON HIS ASSUMPTION OF A BREAST-PLATE.

Receive the terrible breastplate of the warlike Minerva, which even the anger of the snaky-locked Medusa dreads. When you do not wear it, Cæsar, it may be called a breast-

[1] The meaning is uncertain; but it seems to be intimated either that he had borrowed or hired plate, for the sake of ostentation, or that he had got it by dishonest means

plate; when it sits upon your sacred breast, it will be an ægis.[1]

Cæsar, thy dread Palladian breastplate wear,
Which ev'n the Gorgon seems itself to fear:
When on thee buckled, all the ægis know;
But when unarm'd, it doth plain armour show.
Anon. 1695.

II. TO THE BREASTPLATE ITSELF.

Breastplate of our lord and master, impenetrable to the arrows of the Sarmatians, and a greater defence than the hide worn by Mars among the Getæ; breastplate formed of the polished hoofs of innumerable wild boars,[2] which defies the blows even of an Ætolian spear; happy is thy lot, to be permitted to touch that sacred breast, and to be warmed with the genius of our god. Go, accompany him, and mayst thou, uninjured, earn noble triumphs, and soon restore our leader to the palm-decked toga.[3]

Gird on the breastplate of the warlike maid,
Of which Meduss's snakes might shrink afraid.
Habergeon, Cæsar, uninform'd of thee,
Will, on thy sacred bosom, ægis be.
Blest cuirass, go, Sarmatic shafts deride;
Nor fear to rival Mars's Getic hide.
Mail'd with the slipp'ry claws of many a boar,
Thee never point of fell Ætolian tore.
Hail, happy cuirass! what a lot is thine!
To gird a god, and glow with soul divine!
Go, glean, unhurt, thy triumphs o'er the globe;
And soon restore the hero to the robe. *Elphinston.*

III. TO PONTILIANUS.

Why do I not send you my books, Pontilianus? Lest you should send me yours, Pontilianus.

[1] The ægis was borne by the gods; the *lorica*, or breastplate, was worn by men. Domitian appears to have had an ægis, or shield, made for himself, after the fashion of Minerva's ægis, whom he particularly worshipped.

[2] The Sarmatians, according to Pausanias, made breastplates, or coats of mail, of the talons of wild beasts, arranged like scales. The breastplate of Domitian was formed either of that material, or in imitation of it.

[3] The *toga palmata*, worn by generals in triumphal processions.

Why send I not to thee these books of mine?
'Cause I, Pontilian, would be free from thine. *Wright*

You ask me why I have no verses sent?
For fear you should return the compliment. *Hay.*

IV. TO CASTRICUS, ON OPPIANUS.

Oppianus, having an unhealthy complexion,[1] Castricus, began to write verses.

To have some colour for his pallid lookes,
Oppian begins, forsooth, now to write bookes.
Old MS. 16th Cent.

V. TO DOMITIAN, SOLICITING HIM TO RETURN.

If, Cæsar, you regard the wishes of your people and senate, and the real happiness of the inhabitants of Rome, restore our deity to our urgent prayers. Rome is envious of the foe that detains him, although many a laurelled letter reaches her. That foe beholds the lord of the earth nearer than we; and with thy countenance, Cæsar, the barbarian is as much delighted as awed.

If with thee, Cæsar, the desires take place
Of people, senate, all the Roman race,
Thy presence graciously to them afford,
At their impatient suit, return their lord.
Rome her foes envies, that they thee detain,
Though many laurels she thereby doth gain;
That barb'rous nations see her prince so near,
Enjoy that face which they do so much fear.
Anon. 1695.

VI. TO FAME.

Is there then any truth in the report that Cæsar, quitting the northern climes, is at length preparing to return to Ausonia? Certain intelligence is wanting, but every tongue repeats this news. I believe thee, Fame; thou art wont to tell the truth. Letters announcing victory confirm the public joy; the javelins of Mars have their points green with laurel. Again, rejoice! Rome proclaims aloud your great triumphs; and your name, Cæsar, even though it be against

[1] Looking pale, as those who would be thought poets wished to look. Hor. Epist. i. 19.

your will, resounds throughout your city. But now, that our joy may have greater grounds for certainty, come yourself; and be your own messenger of your victory over the Sarmatians.

Hark! from hyperborean shores,
Cæsar now his route explores.
Fame, the harbinger of praise,
Glads the great Ausonian ways.
What though none assure the bliss?
Ev'ry voice announces this.
Fame, upon thy lips I dwell;
Truth as thou art wont to tell.
Victor-letters speak the joy:
Martial weapons quell annoy,
With their laurel'd point serene:
All is glad, and all is green.
Ios bid thy Rome rebound:
Matchless Cæsar is the sound.
But, the bliss that nought gainsay,
Bring thyself the Sarmat bay. *Elphinston.*

VII. TO CÆSAR.

Though the wintry Northern Bear, the barbarous Peuce,[1] the Danube warmed by the trampling of horses' feet, and the Rhine, with its presumptuous horn already thrice broken, may withhold thee from us, O sovereign ruler of the earth, and father of the world, whilst thou art subduing the realms of a perfidious race, yet thou canst not be absent from our prayers. Even there, Cæsar, our eyes and minds are with thee; and so fully dost thou occupy the thoughts of all, that the very crowd in the great Circus know not whether Passerinus is running or Tigris.[2]

Mid polar ice and Peucian snows,
Where with the hoof hard Ister glows;
And rebel Rhine, with broken horn,
Still bids thee awe, and still adorn,
The kingdoms of a faithless race,
That spurn thy guidance and thy grace;
O earth's controller unconfined,
Propitious parent of mankind!
Far from our vows thou canst not be:
Our heads and hearts are full of thee.

[1] An island at the mouth of the Danube.
[2] Names of favourite horses.

Nay, all our eyes thou holdest so,
That not the vasty Circus know
What paragons pretend to shine,
A Tigris or a Passerine. *Elphinston.*

VIII. TO THE MUSES, ON DOMITIAN'S RETURN.

Now, O Muses, now, if ever, give vent to joy. Our god is restored to us victorious from the plains of Thrace. Thou art the first, O December, to confirm the wishes of the people; now we may shout with loud voice, "He is coming." Happy art thou, O December, in thy lot; thou mightest have assumed equality with January, hadst thou given us the joy which he will give us. The crowned soldier will sport in festal railleries,[1] as he walks in procession amid the laurelled steeds. It is not unbecoming even in thee, O Cæsar, to listen to jests and trivial verses; since the triumphal celebration itself gives a license to amusement.

Now sport, if e'er, ye Muses, with my vein!
From the north world the god returns again.
December first brings forth the people's vote,
'T is just we cry, He comes, with open throat.
Blest in thy chance, from Janus share the day,
Since what he 'd give, thou givest to us, our joy.
Let the crown'd soldier play his solemn sport,
While he attends the bays-invested court;
'T is right, great Cæsar, our light jokes to hear,
Since that thy triumph them doth love and bear.
Fletcher.

IX. ON CASCELLIUS, A LAWYER DEFICIENT IN FLUENCY.

Cascellius numbers sixty years, and is a man of talent. When will he be a man of eloquence?

If at threescore he lawyer do commence;
Say, at what age he 'll be a man of sense. *Hay.*

Thy valour, Bounce, improves apace,
For one so past his prime!
Already thou 'lt an army face,—
Thou 'lt face a man in time. *N. B. Halhed.*

X. TO OLUS, A SLANDERER.

Eros has a Ganymede, Pinus is strangely fond of women; what is it to you, Olus, what either of them does with him-

[1] See B. i. Ep. v.

self? Matho pays a hundred thousand sesterces to a mistress: what is it to you, Olus? It is not you, but Matho, who will thus be reduced to poverty. Sertorius sits at table till daylight: what is it to you, Olus, when you are at liberty to snore all night long? Lupus owes Titus seven hundred thousand sesterces: what is it to you, Olus? Do not give or lend Lupus a single penny. What really does concern you, Olus, and what ought more intimately to concern you, you keep out of sight. You are in debt for your paltry toga; that, Olus, concerns you. No one will any longer give you a farthing's credit; that, Olus, concerns you. Your wife plays the adulteress; that, Olus, concerns you. Your daughter is grown up, and demands a dowry; that, Olus, concerns you. I could mention some fifteen other things that concern you; but your affairs, Olus, concern me not at all.

Jack and Tom haunt each bawdy-house in town:
What 's that to you? Is not their skin their own?
Harry at vast expense maintains a whore:
What 's that to you? 'T is Harry will grow poor.
Ned spends the nights in gaming and in riot:
What 's that to you? Cannot you sleep in quiet?
Dick owes five hundred pounds unto a friend:
What 's that to you? Does Dick ask you to lend?
Do you forget what is your own affair?
Of what it more becomes you to take care?
'T is your affair to pay for your own coat,
As 't is, that none will trust you for a groat;
'Tis your affair, that your wife goes astray,
As 't is, your daughter's portion soon to pay.
Thousands are your affairs, which I decline
To name; for what you do is none of mine. *Hay.*

"Will and Hal love their bottle." Well, Prattle, why not
Drink as much as they can, 't will not make you a sot.
"Phil's purse has fined deep for illicit amours."
Well, Prattle, the damage is Philip's, not yours.
"Surface revels all night, and sleeps out half the day."
Well, Prattle, his pranks will not turn your head grey.
"Charles, ruin'd by gambling, begs alms to subsist."
Well, Prattle, subscribe or withhold, as you list.
Be less busy, good Prattle, with others' affairs:
Keep an eye to concerns of your own, and not theirs
You 're in risk of arrest, Prattle; that 's your concern:
None will lend you a doit, and you 've no means to earn.

Your wife's ever drunk, Prattle, that concerns you.
Miss Prattle, your daughter's with child,—and that too
I could preach thus a week, did my taste so incline;
But, Prattle, your scrapes are no business of mine.
N. B. Halhed.

XI. TO AULUS PUDENS.

You urge me, Pudens, to correct my books for you, with my own hand and pen. You are far too partial, and too kind, thus to wish to possess my trifles in autograph.

Trifles would my Pudens scan,
Winnow'd by the author's fan?
Oh! how keen will friendship sift,
Such originals her drift! *Elphinston.*

XII. TO FAUSTINUS.

So may the lord of the world, Faustinus, read me with serene countenance, and receive my jests with his wonted attention, as my page injures not even those whom it justly hates, and as no portion of reputation, obtained at the expense of another, is pleasing in my eyes. To what purpose is it that certain versifiers wish publications which are but darts dipped in the blood of Lycambes[1] to be deemed mine, and that they vomit forth the poison of vipers under my name?—versifiers, who cannot endure the rays of the sun and the light of day? My sport is harmless; you know this well; I swear it by the genius of all-powerful Fame, and by the Castalian choir, as well as by the attention you grant me, reader, who, if you are free from the unmanly passion of envy, are to me as a great deity.

May Cæsar still with the same gracious ear,
And serene brow, my sportive verses hear,
As they wrong none, not those I justly hate;
As fame I love not at the odious rate
Of others' blushes. But what does 't avail?
If in blood-fetching lines others do rail,
And vomit vip'rous poison in my name;
Such as the sun, themselves, to own, do shame?
Who know me, know my verses harmless are:
And by the Muses' sacred choir I swear,

[1] Who was driven to commit suicide by the satire of Archilochus, to whom he had first engaged, and then refused, his daughter.

By th' genius of my prevailing fame,
By thy ears, candid reader, and thy name
Which hold the place of deities to me,
From all malignant envy I am free. *Anon.* 1695.

XIII. ON LYCORIS.[2]

Lycoris the brunette, having heard that the ivory of an antiquated tooth recovered its whiteness by the action of the sun at Tivoli, betook herself to its hills, sacred to Hercules. How great is the efficacy of the air of the lofty Tivoli! In a short time she returned black.

That an elephant's fang, dusk Lycoris had heard,
On the Tiburtine hills ev'ry sallowness spurn'd.
To Alcides' famed heights her ambition transferr'd,
Ev'ry gale blew in vain: she all sable return'd.
Elphinston.

XIV. TO AULUS.

A frightful misfortune, Aulus, has befallen a fair acquaintance of mine; she has lost her pet, her delight; not such as Lesbia, the mistress of the tender Catullus, bewailed, when she was bereaved of her amorous sparrow; nor such as the dove, sung by my friend Stella, which Ianthis lamented, and whose dark shade now flits in elysium. My fair one is not captivated by trifles, or objects of affection such as those; nor do such losses affect the heart of my mistress. She has lost a young friend numbering twice six years, whose powers had not yet reached maturity.

What dire disaster gave, alas! the knell
To Delia's joy, I will my Aulus tell.
Her playmate, and her darling, has she lost.
Far other curse the lambent Lesbia cross'd,
When of her charmer's killing rogueries reft,
Which just Catullus has immortal left.
Other my Stella sang Ianthis' sighs,
For the dear dove that in Elysium flies.
My minion ne'er was smit with shafts so mean:
No trivial losses could dismay my queen.
Him, who told years twice ten, does Delia mourn,
Whose down was never mow'd, or youthful honours shorn.
Elphinston.

XV. TO ARGYNNUS.[1]

What boy is this that retreats from the sparkling waters of

[1] See B. IV. Ep. 62. [2] Compare Ep. 50.

Ianthis, and flees from the Naiad their mistress? Is it Hylas? Well is it that Hercules is honoured in this wood, and that he so closely watches these waters. Thou mayst minister at these fountains, Argynnus, in security; the Nymphs will do thee no harm; beware lest the guardian himself should wish to do so.

What boy decline Ianthis' waves I see,
And court the Naiad-queen? a Hylas he?
Hail, happy grove, that own'st Tirynthian care!
Hail, loving waters, that such guardian share!
Safe from the nymphs, the fount, Argynnus, tend:
Nor aught, but from the patron, apprehend. *Elphinston.*

XVI. TO REGULUS.

I have not a farthing in the house; one thing only remains for me to do, Regulus, and that is, to sell the presents which I have received from you; are you inclined to buy them?

I have no money, Regulus, at home,
Only thy gifts to sell: wilt thou buy some? *Fletcher.*

XVII. TO THE LIBRARY OF JULIUS MARTIALIS.

Library of a charming country retreat, whence the reader can see the neighbouring town, if, amid more serious poems, there be any room for the sportive Thalia, you may place even upon the lowest shelf these seven books which I send you corrected by the pen of their author. This correction gives them their value. And do thou, O library of Julius Martialis, to which I dedicate[1] this little present, thou that wilt be celebrated and renowned over the whole globe, guard this earnest of my affection!

Thou lovely country library,
Whence thy lord views the city nigh,
If, 'mongst his serious studys, place
My wanton muse may find, and grace,
To these sev'n books afford a roome,
Though on the lowest shelf, which come
Corrected by their authour's penn:
For those blotts' sake esteeme them then.
And thou, whose worth the world shall note,
This little gift, which I devote

[1] The common reading *dedicata* is followed here, instead of *delicata*, which Schneidewin adopts.

To thee, preserve—pledge of the deare
Friendship I to my Julius beare. *Old MS. 16th Cent*

XVIII. TO GALLA.

Cum tibi sit facies, de qua nec fœmina possit
Dicere; cum corpus nulla litura notet:
Cur te tam rarus cupiat, repetatque fututor,
Miraris? vitium est non leve, Galla, tibi.
Accessi quoties ad opus, mistisque movemur
Inguinibus: cunnus non tacet, ipsa tacet.
Di facerent ut tu loquereris, et ipse taceret.
Offendor cunni garrulitate tui.
Pedere te mallem: namque hoc nec inutile dicit
Symmachus, et risum res movet ista simul.
Quis ridere potest fatui poppysmata cunni?
Cum sonat hic, cui non mentula mensque cadit?
Dic aliquid saltem, clamosoque obstrepe cunno:
Et si adeo muta es, disce vel inde loqui.

Avendo tu un volto, del quale ne pur una donna può dirne contro e nessun difetto marcando il tuo corpo: ti meravigli perche si di raro un' adultero ti brami, e ti ricerchi: tu, o Galla, hai un difetto che non è lieve. Ogni volta che venni teco alle prese, e nei mischiati piaceri s'aggitiamo coi lumbi, tu taci, e 'l tuo c—no chiarma. Volessero i Dei che tu parlassi ed esso tacesse: io sono nauseato dalla chiacchiera del tuo c—no: amerei meglio che tu petassi: imperocche Simaco dice che ciò è giovevole, e nel tempo stesso muove il riso. Chi può ridere si poppismi d'un fattuo c—no? quando costui romba, a chi non casca la mente, e la mentola? di almeno qualche cosa, o serra il susurroso tuo c—no: e se non sei affatto mutola, impara indi a parlare. *Graglia.*

XIX. ON A FRAGMENT OF THE SHIP ARGO.

This fragment, which you think a common and useless piece wood, was a portion of the first ship that ventured on unsura seas, a ship which neither the Cyanean rocks, so fer in shipwrecks, nor the still more dangerous rage of the ythian ocean, could formerly destroy. Time has overcome ; but, though it has yielded to years, this little plank is ore sacred than an entire ship.

This piece thou seest of rotten, useless wood,
Was the first ship that ever plough'd the flood:

Which not the billows of Cyanean seas
Of old could wreck, or Scythian worse than these.
Age conquer'd it; but in time's gulf thus drown'd,
One plank 's more sacred than the vessel sound.

Anon. 1695.

XX. ON SANTRA.

No one is more pitiable, no one more gluttonous, than Santra, when he is invited and hurries off to a regular supper, to which he has fished for an invitation many days and nights: he asks three times for boar's neck, four times for the loin, and for the two hips and both shoulders of a hare nor does he blush at lying for a thrush, or filching even the livid beards of oysters. Sweet cheese-cakes stain his dirty napkin; in which also potted grapes are wrapped, with a few pomegranates, the unsightly skin of an excavated sow's udder, moist figs, and shrivelled mushrooms. And when the napkin is bursting with a thousand thefts, he hides in the reeking fold of his dress gnawed fish-bones, and a turtle-dove deprived of its head. He thinks it not disgraceful, too, to gather up with greedy hand whatever the waiter and the dogs have left. Nor does solid booty alone satisfy his gluttony; at his feet he fills a flagon with mingled wines. These things he carries home with him, up some two hundred steps; and locks himself carefully in his garret and bars it; and the next day the rapacious fellow sells them.

When Sanctra long had rioted in dreams,
And fed his waking mind with future steams;
To the still panted, pray'd, pursued repast,
Him the dear invitation bless'd at last.
But oh! poor Sanctra, wast thou bless'd or cursed,
When on the gorgeous board thine eyeballs burst?
The kernels of the boar he thrice demands:
The loin he four times hints he understands.
To the hare's either hip his spirit springs:
And flutters now to fly on both the wings.
His soul he perjures for a glorious thrush:
He beards the oysters, but he will not crush.
With comfits next behold his napkin graced:
In the same hoard the potted grapes are placed.
Here a few grains of Punic apples lie;
And there a skin, just scoop'd from out a sty.

Nor is the blear-eyed fig herself forgot;
Nor here forgets the mushroom mash'd to rot.
When the rack'd cloth, by many a hundred rents,
Bewrays a thousand thefts, a thousand scents;
The half-gnaw'd bones he fosters in his breast,
Where not the headless dove disdains to rest.
Nor does his dextrous hand abhor the theft
Of the last offals that the dogs have left.
But lo! he fills, sufficed not thus to eat,
With mingled wine the flagon at his feet.
When all ten-score of stairs he home has raised,
And ev'ry pow'r, that lent him pow'r, has praised,
His treasure he unlocks; and, strange to tell!
Next morn he condescends—the whole to sell. *Elphinston.*

XXI. ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIRTH-DAY OF LUCAN.

This is the day which, witness of an illustrious birth, gave Lucan to the people and to thee, Polla.[1] Alas, cruel Nero, more detested on account of no one of your victims than this, such a crime at least should not have been permitted you.

This is that day, Polla, to thee brought forth
Lucan, and to the world; that man of worth.
Ah, cruel Nero! ne'er more loath'd than now,
This fact at least heav'n should not thee allow.
Old MS. 16th Cent.

XXII. ON THE SAME.

The day returns, memorable for the illustrious birth of a bard inspired by Apollo; Aonian virgins, be propitious to our sacrifices. Bætis, when she gave thee, Lucan, to the earth, deserved that her waters should be mingled with those of Castalia.

Apollo's bard exalts to-day:
Aonian choir, attune the lay.
When bounteous Bætis Lucan gave,
He blended with Castalia's wave. *Elphinston.*

XXIII. TO APOLLO, ON THE SAME.

Phœbus, come great as thou wast when thou gavest

[1] The wife of Lucan.

the second quill of the Latin lyre to the singer of wars. What can I pray for worthy of so glorious a day? That thou, Polla, mayst often venerate the shade of thy husband, and that he may be sensible of thy veneration.

Come, Phœbus, great as when the warlike swain
Thou lent'st the second bow to sweep the lyre.
What pious vow can for this morn remain?
Oft, Polla, hail thy lord; and may he feel thy fire.
Elphinston.

XXIV. ON A SLANDERER.

Perfidious tongue, that wouldst embroil me with my dear friend Juvenal, what wilt thou not have the audacity to say? With thee to coin scandalous stories, Orestes would have hated Pylades; the affectionate Pirithous would have shunned Theseus. Thou wouldst have parted the Sicilian brothers, and the Atridæ, still greater names, and the sons of Leda. This I imprecate upon thee, O tongue, as a just reward for thy doings and thy audacious attempts, that thou mayst continue to do what I believe thou dost already.[2]

Perfidious tongue, that wouldst embroil
My Juvenal and me!
What faith so pure to stand the soil
Of venom shed by thee?

At thy surmise, his Pylades
Orestes soon would hate;
For Theseus would, by slow degrees,
Pirithous' love abate.

Sicilian brothers thou 'dst divide,
Or Atrean, greater name:
To Leda's twins 't would be thy pride
To give a novel flame.

For deeds so done, and so design'd,
I pray, with humble trust,
That all the tongues of all mankind
To thee be ever just. *Elphinston.*

XXV. TO A BAD EPIGRAMMATIST.

Although the epigrams which you write are always sweet

[1] Lucan, whom Martial ranks next to Virgil.
[2] Hæreat inguinibus potius tam noxia lingua. B. ii. Ep. 61

ness itself and more spotless than a whiteleaded skin, and although there is in them neither an atom of salt, nor a drop of bitter gall, yet you expect, foolish man, that they will be read. Why, not even food itself is pleasant, if it be wholly destitute of acid seasoning; nor is a face pleasing, which shows no dimples. Give children your honey-apples and luscious figs; the Chian fig, which has sharpness, pleases my taste.

Since all your lines are only sweet and fine,
As is the skinn which with white wash doth shine,
Butt nott a corne of salt, or dropp of gall,
In them; yett, foole, thou 'dst have me reade them all.
Meate has no gust without sharpe sawce; no face
Without a smiling dimple has a grace:
For children sweete insipid fruits are best;
The quick and poynant only me can feast.
Old MS. 16th Cent.

In all the epigrams you write we trace
The sweetness and the candour of your face.
Think you, a reader will for verses call,
Without one grain of salt, or drop of gall?
'T is vinegar gives relish to our food:
A face that cannot smile is never good.
Smooth tales, like sweetmeats, are for children fit:
High-season'd, like my dishes, be my wit. *Hay.*

XXVI. TO HIS SCAZONS.[1]

Go, my Scazons, and pay your respects to Apollinaris; and, if he be disengaged (for you must not importune him), present him with this collection, whatever may be its worth, a collection in which he himself has a share.[2] May his refined ear grant my verses an audience. If you find yourselves welcomed with open brow, you will ask him to support you with his usual favour. You know his passionate liking for my trifles; not even I myself could love them more. If you wish to be safe against detractors, go, my Scazons, and pay your respects to Apollinaris.

Scason, to my Apollinaris come;
If hee's not busy (be not troublesome),
These frolic lines, wherein himself much shares,
Offer t' th' judgment of his critick ears.

[1] A sort of Iambic verse. [2] By having corrected some of the pieces.

If he receive thee not with a half-looke,
With his known favour pray him owne my booke.
Thou know'st how much my trifles he does love;
I cannot ev'n myself them more approve.
If thou malignant censurers wouldst shunn,
Season, to my Apollinaris runn. *Old MS. 16th Cent.*

XXVII. ON A WILD-BOAR.

A wild boar, a devourer of Tuscan acorns, and heavy with the fruit of many an oak, second in fame only to the monster of Ætolia, a boar which my friend Dexter pierced with glittering spear, lies an envied prey for my kitchen fire. Let my Penates fatten and exude with the pleasing steam, and my kitchen, festally adorned, blaze with a whole mountain of felled wood. But, ah! my cook will consume a vast heap of pepper, and will have to add Falernian wine to the mysterious sauce. No; return to your master, ruinous wild-boar: my kitchen fire is not for such as you; I hunger for less costly delicacies.

Surely, Sir John, you must have been in liquor,
To send a buck unto a country vicar:
The fattest, too, that you have shot this season.
It crowds my kitchen up beyond all reason.
To dress it, I should build my chimney new:
Without a cook, should borrow one of you.
It would consume almost a cord of wood:
Much wine and spice, to make the pasty good.
If I invite my parish; without doubt,
They would confound a hogshead of my stout.
Then take it back; for here it can't be drest:
And it is Ember-week,—to fast is best. *Hay.*

XXVIII. TO FUSCUS, ON SENDING HIM HIS EPIGRAMS.

So may your grove at Tivoli, consecrated to Diana, grow unceasingly, and your wood, though often cut, hasten to recruit itself; so may not your olives, fruit of Pallas, be excelled by the presses of Spain; so may your vast wine-coolers supply you with good wine; so may the courts of law admire and the palace praise you, and many a palm decorate your folding doors,[1] as, while the middle of December affords you a

[1] Palms were affixed to the doors of eminent advocates who had gained causes.

short vacation, you correct with unerring judgment these trifles which you are now reading. "Do you wish to hear the truth?—it is a trying task." But you can say, Fuscus, what you would wish to be said to yourself.

Soon may your new-cut coppices revive,
And your new-planted grove and garden thrive;
May laughing Ceres dance around your fields,
And your press flow with gifts Pomona yields;
May you a fee receive in every cause,
And hall and houses hear you with applause;
If, in the time the long vacations lend,
You read my jokes, and censure as a friend.
I want the truth, still backward to appear:
Tell me, what you yourself would freely hear. *Hay.*

XXIX. TO THESTYLUS, THE POET VICTOR'S BOY.

Thestylus, sweet torment of Victor Voconius, thou than whom no youth is better known in the whole city, so mayst thou still, though thy long hair has been cut, retain thy beauty and the affection of thy master, and so may no maiden find favour in the eyes of thy poet-lord, as thou now layest aside for a while his learned compositions, whilst I read to him a few humble verses. Even by Mæcenas while Virgil sang of his Alexis, the brown Melænis of Marsus was not disregarded.

O thou, Voconius' painful joy,
Thou o'er the globe renowned boy!
So be thou still thy Victor's pride,
E'en when thou lay'st thy locks aside;
Nor ministration of the fair
With thy complaisance tempt compare:
Such, Thestyl, be thy just reward;
As thou the labours of thy lord
Shalt slily set one moment by,
While in his ear some strains I try.
Though Maro, with Alexis smooth,
Knew well his patron's soul to soothe;
Mæcenas could a Marsus own,
Nor dusk Melænis held unknown. *Elphinston.*

XXX. TO CÆLIA.

You grant your favours, Cælia, to Parthians, to Germans,

to Dacians; and despise not the homage of Cilicians and Cappadocians. To you journeys the Egyptian gallant from the city of Alexandria, and the swarthy Indian from the waters of the Eastern Ocean; nor do you shun the embraces of circumcised Jews; nor does the Alan, on his Sarmatic steed, pass by you. How comes it that, though a Roman girl, no attention on the part of a Roman citizen is agreeable to you?

For Parthians, Germans, thou thy nets wilt spread;
Wilt Cappadocian or Cilician wed;
From Memphis comes a whipster unto thee,
And a black Indian from the Red Sea;
Nor dost thou fly the circumcised Jew,
Nor can the Muscovite once pass by you;
Why being a Roman lass dost do thus? tell,
Is't 'cause no Roman knack can please so well? *Fletcher.*

XXXI. TO REGULUS, ON SENDING HIM BOUGHT PRESENTS.

These shrill-voiced denizens of the hen-coop, these eggs of the matron hens, these Chian figs made yellow by a moderate heat, this young offspring of a plaintive she-goat, these olives yet too tender to bear the cold, and these vegetables hoary with the cold frosts, do you imagine that they are sent from my country-house? Oh, how intentionally you mistake, Regulus! my fields bear nothing but myself. Whatever your Umbrian bailiff or husbandman, or the Etruscan, or the people at Tusculum, or your country-house three miles from Rome, send to you, is all produced for me in the middle of the Suburra.

If I by chance a pullet have with egg,
Of Christmas-lamb if I produce a leg,
With winter pease or 'sparagus I treat,
You think them sent me from my country-seat.
But you 're deceived; for you must understand,
I am my only stock upon my land.
What Dorking sends, in Leadenhall I found;
In Covent-garden more than Chelsea ground. *Hay.*

XXXII. TO ATTICUS, COMMENDING HIS EXERCISE IN THE RACE.

O Atticus, who revivest the fame of a family renowned for eloquence, and sufferest not a mighty house to fall into ob-

Livian, thou art accompanied by the pious votaries of the Cecropian Minerva, thou art pleased with calm retirement, and beloved by every philosopher, whilst other young men are instructed in boxing by a pugilist at the expense of wounded ears, and the greasy anointer carries off their money, which he little deserves. No ball, no bladder, no feather-stuffed plaything prepares thee for the warm baths, nor the harmless blows dealt upon the defenceless wooden image.[1] Neither dost thou square thy arms drenched in stiff wrestler's oil; nor seize at full speed the dusty hand-ball. Thou only runnest near the glistening Virgin water,[2] and where the bull shows his affection for the Sidonian maiden.[3] For a young man who can run, to indulge in the various sports that every arena presents, is mere idleness.

O Atticus! who dost thy name attest,
Nor lett'st thy mighty house in silence rest!
Thee the Cecropian train must still pursue:
Bland wisdom love thee, and indulgence woo:
While the rough rector batters either ear,
Of thine each brave, and each beloved compeer;
Whom the mean dauber lubricates to learn,
And riches ravishes he ne'er could earn.
Thee neither ball nor post for bath prepares,
Nor the soft liniment for bruising bares.
But to the virgin-stream wilt thou retire,
Or, where the bull confess'd Sidonian fire.
Of all the sports, whate'er the ground or growth,
To play, when thou canst run, is very sloth. *Elphinston.*

XXXIII. TO CINNA.

When your toga, Cinna, is dirtier than mud, and your shoe whiter than the new-born snow, why, foolish man, do you let your garment hang down over your feet? Gather up your toga, Cinna; or your shoe will be quite spoilt.

When in a sordid gown thou lov'st to go,
But shoes as white as the new-fallen snow.
Why 'bout thy feet thy gown to wear dost use?
Fool, tuck it up, or it will foul thy shoes. *Anon.* 1695.

[1] *Stipes*, a sort of block or post, perhaps formed into the shape of a man at which the young men exercised themselves as against an adversary.
[2] See B. v. Ep. 20. [3] In the Portico of Europa, *ibid.*

XXXIV. TO SEVERUS, ON CHARINUS' EXCELLENT BATHS.

Do you ask, Severus, how it could come to pass that Charinus, the very worst of men, has done one thing well? I will tell you at once. Who was ever worse than Nero? Yet what can be better than Nero's warm baths? But hark, there is not wanting some ill-natured individual to say, immediately, in a sour tone, "What, do you prefer the baths of Nero to the munificent structures of Domitian, our lord and master?" I prefer the warm baths of Nero to the baths of the debauched Charinus.

It passes my Severus' ken,
How Charin, vilest much of men,
Should e'er to praise or profit bring
The greatest or the smallest thing.
What's worse than Nero? brief my terms.
Or better what than Nero's therms?
Lo! sudden one of malice' tribe
Croaks from his putrid mouth his gibe,
Preferr'st the bath of an abhorr'd,
To all the bounties of our lord?
I do prefer, and nothing fights,
A Nero's to a catamite's. *Elphinston.*

XXXV. TO LÆCANIA.

Inguina succinctus nigra tibi servus aluta
Stat, quoties calidis tota foveris aquis.
Sed meus, ut de me taceam, Lecania, servus,
Judæum nulla sub cute pondus habet.
Sed nudi tecum juvenesque senesque lavantur,
An sola est servi mentula vera tui?
Ecquid fœmineos sequeris, matrona, recessus?
Secretusque tua, cunne, lavaris, aqua?

Un servo, cinto le pudenda con un nero cuojo, attende a te ogni volta che tutta t' immergi nelle calde acque. Ma il mio servo, senza parlare di me, ha il giudaico peso sotto verun cuojo. Ma e i giovani, e i vecchi si lavano nudi teco, forse che la mentola del tuo servo è solamente la vera? A che, o matrona, siegui tu i feminei recessi? O c—no, ti lavi tu di nascosto nella tua acqua?

Graglia.

XXXVI. TO STELLA.

When my crazy farm-house, unable to resist the rain and dropping skies, was inundated by the winter floods, there

came to me, sent by your kindness, a supply of tiles, sufficient for a defence against any sudden shower. Hark! inclement December is roaring with the blast of Boreas; Stella, you cover the farm-house, and forget to cover the farmer.[1]

When my crazed house heav'n's show'rs could not sustain,
But floated with vast deluges of rain,
Thou shingles, Stella, seasonably didst send,
Which from th' impetuous storms did me defend:
Now fierce loud-sounding Boreas rocks does cleave,
Dost clothe the farm, and farmer naked leave?

Anon. 1695.

XXXVII. TO CASTRICUS.

Do you know, Castricus, the quæstor's sign of condemnation to death? It is worth your while to learn the new Theta.[2] He had given orders that every time he blew his nose dropping with cold, the act should be a fatal sign for death. One day, when furious December was blowing with dripping jaws, an unsightly icicle was hanging from his odious nose. His colleagues held his hands. What further do you ask? The wretched man, Castricus, was not allowed to blow his nose.

Dost thou know the deadly sign,
That a quæstor could divine?
It is, Castric, worth thy while,
Though the Theta make thee smile.
When the judge his nostrils blew,
By the sound a man he slew.
In December's frost and snow,
When the floods forgot to flow,
From the fatal trump depended
Mischief, if not timely mended.
But his colleagues interpose;
Nor can Nosy blow his nose. *Elphinston.*

XXXVIII. TO POLYPHEMUS.

O Polyphemus, slave of my friend Severus, you are of such a size and such a form that the Cyclops himself might wonder at you. Nor is Scylla[3] inferior to you in these respects.

[1] You forget to send me a toga.

[2] The letter *theta* (being the initial letter of θάνατος) was the mark of condemnation to death, on the voting tablets among the Greeks.

[3] Another slave.

If you bring face to face the awful monstrosities of the two, either will be a terror to the other.

So hewn, and so huge, is Severe's Polypheme,
A Cyclop with wonder would glare.
Nor Scylla less fell: did they mutually gleam,
The monsters would mutually scare. *Elphinston.*

XXXIX. ON CÆLIUS.

Cælius, unable any longer to endure with patience the constant running from place to place, the morning calls, and the pride and cold salutations of the great, began to pretend that he had the gout. But, while he was over-eager to prove his disease real, and was plastering and bandaging his sound feet, and walking with laboured step (such is the efficacy of care and art in feigned pain) he ceased to feign.

The many runnings to and fro, the paynes
Of morning visitts, waytings on the braynes
Of the proud great ones, Cælius to forbeare
Resolves, and take his ease. Butt yett for feare
O' th' worst, hee suttly feigns to have the gout;
Which too much labouring to putt out of doubt,
While he swathes up and plasters his sound feet,
And with much greife pretends to goe or sitt,
(To see how well the care and art may speed
Of seeming payn'd!) hee 's got the gout indeed.
Old MS. 16th Cent.

His lordship's mornings were in hurry spent,
What with a levee, news, and compliment;
That his good lordship was quite wearied out!
And for his ease gave out he had the gout.
'T is fit a man of honour should say true:
To show he did, what did his lordship do?
His foot, not founder'd, he in flannels bound;
Limp'd on a crutch; nor touch'd with toe the ground.
What may not man with care and art obtain!
By feigning long, his lordship did not feign. *Hay.*

XL. EPITAPH ON THE FATHER OF ETRUSCUS.[1]

Here lies that old man, well known at the court of the emperor, whose favour and whose anger he endured with no mean spirit. The affection of his children has laid him

[1] See B. iv Ep. 83.

with the hallowed ashes of his consort; the Elysian grove holds both. She died first, defrauded of her youthful prime. He lived nearly eighteen Olympiads. But whoever beheld thy tears, Etruscus, thought that he had been snatched from thee prematurely.

Here lyes that good old man in court well knowne
For 's equall temper in both fortunes showne.
His sacred bones here with his wife's are mixt
By filiall care; their souls in heav'n are fixt.
Shee dyed first, her youthfull prime much spent;
Near ninety yeeres the Fates unto him lent.
Yett him in haste snatch'd hence all would believe,
Who knew how much the world did for him greive.
Old MS. 16th Cent.

XLI. TO SEMPRONIUS TUCCA.

You think yourself, Sempronius Tucca, a cosmopolite Vices, Sempronius Tucca, are equally cosmopolitan with virtues.

A cosmopolitan thou wouldst be thought:
But cosmopolitans are good—and nought. *Anon.*

XLII. TO CASTRICUS.

If any person, Castricus, should wish to rival you in making presents, let him attempt to do so also in making verses. I am but of small resources in either way, and always ready to own myself beaten; hence ease and undisturbed quiet charm me. Do you ask, then, why I have offered you such bad verses? I ask you in return, do you imagine that no one ever offered apples to Alcinous?

If any in rich gifts with thee dare vie,
His skill with thee in verse, too, let him try.
I, poor in both, prepared am to yield,
And find much ease by quitting of the field.
Why then ill verses do I thee present?
Dost think none e'er Alcinous apples sent?
Anon. 1695.

XLIII. TO CINNA.

The greatest favour that you can do me, Cinna, if I ask anything of you, is to give it me; the next, Cinna, to refuse it at once. I love one who gives, Cinna; I do not hate one who refuses; but you, Cinna, neither give, nor refuse.

The kindest thing of all is to comply;
The next kind thing is quickly to deny
I love performance; nor denial hate:
Your "Shall I, Shall I?" is the cursed state. *Hay.*

XLIV. TO QUINTUS OVIDIUS, ON THE BUST OF MAXIMUS CÆSONIUS.

This, Quintus Ovidius, is your friend Maximus Cæsonius,[1] whose lineaments the living wax still preserves. Him Nero condemned; but you dared to condemn Nero, and to follow the fortunes of the exile instead of your own. You went through the waters of Scylla, a noble companion of his exile; you who, but a little while before, were unwilling to go with him when he was consul. If names that I commit to paper are to live, and destiny wills that I should survive my tomb, present and future generations shall know that you were to him what he was to his friend Seneca.[2]

See your great friend Cæsonius, who is gone!
His likeness seems to animate the stone!
Whom Nero censured, spite of tyrant's hate,
You dared acquit, and dared to share his fate.
You, who refused a consul to attend,
Attend through dangerous seas an exiled friend.
If any names shall in my writings live,
Or if my own my ashes shall survive,
Let it in every future age be said,
His love to Seneca, that you repaid. *Hay.*

XLV. TO THE SAME, ON THE SAME BUST.

This is that Maximus, the powerful friend of the eloquent Seneca, next in his affection to Carus, or more dear to him than Serenus, and whom he salutes with many a charming letter. You, Ovidius, in whose praise no tongue should be silent, followed him through the Sicilian waves, setting at nought the wrath of a furious tyrant. Let antiquity admire her Pylades, who adhered to one exiled by his mother's fury. Who could compare the dangers defied by the two? You adhered to one exiled by Nero.

Sweet-speaking Seneca's great friend (whom hee
More than Serene, next Carus, loved) here see,

[1] Cæsonius had been banished, probably, to Corsica or Sardinia.
[2] He had accompanied Seneca in his exile to Corsica.

That Maximus, whose frequent happy name
His learn'd epistles recommend to fame.
Him thou, deare Ovid, didst so highly prise
As raging Nero's fury to despise,
And him through stormy seas accompany;
Which fame shall speak to all posterity.
Lett old times Pylades a wonder make,
Who stuck to 's friend banish'd for 's parents' sake:
Who will compare the dangers of these two?
You Nero's banish'd did stick close unto.
Old MS. 16th Cent.

XLVI. TO PRISCUS.

While you are wishing to enhance your present to me by verses,[1] Priscus, and endeavouring to speak more eloquently than the mouth of Homer ever spoke, you torture both me and yourself for many days, and still your muse says nothing about what concerns me. You may send poetry and sounding verses to the rich; to poor men give substantial presents.

I understand, to send me you design
A present of fine verses, with your wine.
Why will you crack your brain, and break my rest,
And make of me your idle Clio's jest?
Send rhymes to peers; to poor men send your treasure:
They may, I cannot, wait the Muse's leisure. *Hay.*

XLVII. TO LICINIUS SURA, ON HIS RECOVERY FROM SICKNESS.

O Licinius Sura, most celebrated of learned men, whose eloquence, savouring of antiquity, reminds us of our mighty ancestors, you are—(oh, by what kindness of the Fates!)—restored to us; sent back after having almost tasted the water of Lethe. Our prayers had lost their fear;[2] our sadness wept without relief; and it appeared from our tears that you were quite lost. But the ruler of the silent Avernus feared our displeasure, and has himself restored to the Fates the distaff already snatched from their hands. Thus you know, then,

[1] Priscus delayed his presents till his verses should be ready to accompany it.

[2] We no longer feared that you would die, but considered it certain. How these verses should be read, it is impossible to settle satisfactorily; such is the variation of copies.

what lamentations the false report of your death caused amongst your fellow-creatures, and you enjoy what will be said of you by posterity. Live as though you were stolen from death, and seize fleeting joys, and thus your recovered life will not have lost a single day.

O doctor, learn'd as ever fill'd a chair,
Whose doctrine's primitive, and life is fair;
What an amazing Providence did save,
And thus recall you from the opening grave!
We cease to pray; despairing we deplore;
Our tears burst out; we cry, "He is no more!"
Kind Heaven relented ere it was too late,
And sent an angel to retard your fate.
Conscious what sorrow from this rumour came,
You now inherit your own future fame.
Lose not one day, that was so kindly given:
Employ each well, in gratitude to Heaven. *Hay.*

XLVIII. ON ANNIUS.

Annius has some two hundred tables, and servants for every table. Dishes run hither and thither, and plates fly about. Such entertainments as these keep to yourselves, ye pompous; I am ill pleased with a supper that walks.

Annius two hundred tables has, I think,
And for those tables boys to fill him drink.
The platters fly,
And chargers run about most fluently.
Rich men, take to yourselves these feasts and stir;
I care not for your walking supper, sir. *Fletcher.*

XLIX. TO SEVERUS.

I send you, Severus, the small offerings of my suburban garden; eggs good for your throat, fruits to please your palate.

What has my little garden for thee got?
Apples to please thee; eggs to clear thy throat. *Anon.*

L. TO THE FOUNTAIN OF IANTHIS, STELLA'S MISTRESS.

Fount of thy Mistress, queen of the spot in which Ianthis delights, glory and delight of this splendid retreat, when thy brink is adorned with so many snow-white attendants, and thy waves reflect a troop of Ganymedes, what is the vener-

ated Alcides doing in the wood near thee? Why occupies the god a position so close to thee? Is it that he keeps watch over the amorous nymphs, whose manners he so well knows, to prevent so many Hylases from being carried off at once? [1]

Imperial fountain, fair Ianthis' joy,
Thou purest glory of th' enchanted spot!
When thy mild margin beams with many a boy,
And thy bright wave beams back the beauteous knot:
Why stands Alcides sacred in the grove?
Why forms the tutelar so close a fence?
Is it to guard, lest many a nymph should rove;
And so should ravish many a Hylas hence?

Elphinston.

LI. TO URBICUS.

If you are unwilling, Urbicus, to purchase my trifles, and yet desire to have a knowledge of my sportive verses, go find Pompeius Auctus. Perhaps you know him; he sits in the porch of the temple of Mars the Avenger. Though deeply imbued with law, and versed in the various usages of civil life, he is not only my reader, Urbicus, but my book itself. He so faithfully remembers and repeats his absent friend's compositions, that not a single letter of my pages is lost. In a word, if he had chosen, he might have made himself appear the author; but he prefers to assist in spreading my reputation. You may apply to him after the tenth hour [2] of the day, for before that time he will not be sufficiently disengaged; his little dinner will accommodate two. He will read; you may drink; he will recite whether you like it or not: and after you have said "Hold, enough!" he will still continue to recite.

If you desire my sportive books to know,
Yet care not for them money to bestow,
Pompeius Auctus (unknown) from me greet,
In Mars Revenger's temple him you 'll meet;
Skill'd in all law and courts: on him I look,
Not as my reader, but my very book.
By heart he has so perfect ev'ry line,
That not a tittle can be lost that 's mine.
So that the author he might claim to be,
Did he not favour both my fame and me.

[1] Compare Ep. 15.

[2] Four in the afternoon.

You may yourself to him, at ten, invite;
From business he is never free till night.
His little supper will admit of two.
He 'll read; to eat, is all you have to do:
And when you say, Enough, he 'll still go on;
Nay, though you 're tired, he will not yet have done.
Anon. 1695.

LII. TO POMPEIUS AUCTUS.

I am delighted, Auctus, that you read my effusions to Celer; I mean, if Celer is also pleased with what you read. He has been governor of my countrymen and the Celtic Iberians, and never was purer integrity seen in our region. The profound reverence I entertain for him fills me with awe; and I regard his ears as those not of an auditor, but of a judge.

Reading my books to Celer pleases me,
If what thou read'st to him as pleasing be.
O'er Spain, my native soil, he does preside;
Such justice in that world did ne'er reside.
So great a man my rev'rence does excite;
Not to a reader, but a judge, I write. *Anon.* 1695.

LIII. TO UMBER.

You have sent me as a present for the Saturnalia, Umber, everything which you have received during the past five days; twelve note-books of three tablets each, seven tooth-picks; together with which came a sponge, a table-cloth, a wine-cup, a half-bushel of beans, a basket of Picenian olives, and a black jar of Laletanian wine. There came also some small Syrian figs, some candied plums, and a heavy pot of figs from Libya. They were a present worth, I believe, scarcely thirty small coins altogether; and they were brought by eight tall Syrian slaves. How much more convenient would it have been for one slave to have brought me, as he might without trouble, five pounds' weight of silver!

The five days' presents which were given to thee
In the Saturnal feasts thou send'st to me.
Twelve three-foot tables, and seven tooth-pickers
A sponge, a napkin, and a cup with ears,
Two pecks of beans, of olives one small twig,
A bottle of coarse Spanish wine to swig.
Small Syrian figs with musty damsins came,
And a huge cask of Libyan figs o' th' same:

Thy gifts were worth scarce five shillings in all,
Which to me sail'd on thy eight Syrians tall.
With how much ease might'st thou have sent, in short,
Me five pounds by thy boy, and ne'er sweat for 't.
Fletcher.

LIV. TO NASIDIENUS.

Every morning you recount to me your idle dreams about myself, such as may move and alarm my mind. All my wine of last vintage has been exhausted to the dregs, and even that of the present is failing, while the wise woman is exorcising for me the effects of your nocturnal visions. I have consumed heaps of salted meal and mountains of frankincense; my flocks, by the frequent sacrifices of lambs, have altogether dwindled away. Not a pig, not a fowl of the hencoop, not an egg have I left. Either lie awake, Nasidienus, or sleep and dream for yourself.

There 's not a morn that me thou dost not vex
With idle dreams, that may my thoughts perplex:
Which while to expiate thou dost pretend,
The wine of two years' vintage to an end
Is brought; salt, meal, whole heaps of gums are spent
And from my dwindling flocks my lambs are sent:
A pig, a hen, an egg, I cannot keep.
Watch, with a pox, or at thine own charge sleep.
Anon. 1665.

LV. TO CHRESTUS.

Nulli munera, Chreste, si remittis,
Nec nobis dederis, remiserisque;
Credam te satis esse liberalem.
Sed si reddis Apicio, Lupoque,
Et Gallo, Titioque, Cæsioque;
Linges non mihi (nam proba et pusilla est)
Sed quæ de Solymis venit perustis,
Damnatam modo mentulam tributis.

Se tu non rendi regali a veruno, o Cresto, nè tampoco ne farai e renderai a noi; ti crederò essere bastantemente liberale. Ma se tu ne rendi ad Apicio, a Lupo, a Gallo, a Tizio, ed a Cæsio; lambirai non la mia (imperocchè ella è morigerata e modesta) mentola, ma quella che venne dall' abbruciata Giudea condannata al tributo.
Graglia.

LVI. TO RABIRIUS, DOMITIAN'S ARCHITECT.

You have embraced the stars and the skies in your pious mind, Rabirius; such is the wondrous art with which you are erecting the Parrhasian [1] edifice. If Pisa still prepare to give the Jupiter of Phidias a temple worthy of him, she should request of our Jupiter the aid of your skilful hand.

Rabirius modell tooke from heav'n to build
Our wondrous pallace, sure; hee is so skill'd.
For Phidian Jove a worthy fame to reare,
Pisa must begg him of our Thunderer.
Old MS. 16th Cent.

LVII. ON GABINIA.

Gabinia has made Achilles a Castor out of a Pollux; he was Pyxagathos, now he will be Hippodamus.[2]

LVIII. TO GALLA.

Jam sex, aut septem nupsisti, Galla, cinædis:
Dum coma te nimium, pexaque barba juvat.
Deinde experta latus, madidoque simillima loro
Inguina, nec lassa stare coacta manu,
Deseris imbelles thalamos, mollemque maritum:
Rursus et in similes decidis usque toros.
Quære aliquem Curios semper Fabiosque loquentem,
Hirsutum, et dura rusticitate trucem.
Invenies: sed habet tristis quoque turba cinædos:
Difficile est, vero nubere, Galla, viro.

O Galla, tu ti sei gia maritata con sei o sette cinedi, intanto che una bella capigliatura, ed una forbita barba troppo ti piace. Avendo poi sperimentato i fianchi e le virili somigliantissime ad un cuojo macerato, nè arrigere solleticate a stanca mano, abbandoni gli impotenti talami, ed un fiacco marito: e di bel nuovo caschi per sin in quelli stessi talami. Cerca un qualche rissuto, che sempre parla dei Curj e dei Fabj, ed uno inferocito, par la dura rusticità. Lo ritroverai: ma la turba severa ha anche i suoi cinedi. E' difficile, o Galla, maritarsi con un uomo compiuto. *Graglia.*

[1] A palace on the Palatine Mount, where Evander the Arcadian, or Parrhasian, settled.

[2] A jest in allusion to Homer's Κάστορα θ' ἱπποδάμον καὶ πὺξ ἀγαθὸν Πολυδεύκεα (Il. iii. 237). Achilles was a noted boxer (πὺξ ἀγαθὸν); Gabinia, by endowing him with the fortune of a knight, may be facetiously said to have made him ἱπποδάμον (a horse-tamer).

LIX. TO TITUS, ON CÆCILIANUS.

Our friend Cæcilianus, Titus, does not sup without a whole wild-boar on his table. A pretty table-companion Cæcilianus has!

Without a boar Cæcilian ne'er doth feast;
Titus, Cæcilian hath a pretty guest. *Fletcher.*

Without calves' head the alderman can t dine;
Well the companion cheers the civic wine.
Cyrus Redding, N. M. Mag. vol. xxvi. 1829.

LX. TO JUPITER CAPITOLINUS.

Venerable sovereign of the Tarpeian palace, whom we believe to exist as Lord of the thunder, from the care which thou showest for the preservation of our prince, when every one importunes thee with prayers, and implores thee to give what the gods alone can give, be not angry with me, O Jupiter, as though I were proud, because I ask thee nothing. It is my duty to supplicate thee for Domitian; to supplicate Domitian for myself.

Great Capitolian Jove, thou god, to whom
Our Cæsar owes that bliss he sheds on Rome,
While prostrate crowds thy daily bounty tire,
And all thy blessings for themselves desire,
Accuse me not of pride, that I alone
Put up no pray'r that can be call'd my own:
For Cæsar's wants, O Jove, I sue to thee;
Cæsar himself can grant what's fit for me. *Aaron Hill.*

LXI. TO DOMITIAN.

The audacious shopkeepers had appropriated to themselves the whole city, and a man's own threshold was not his own. You, Germanicus,[1] bade the narrow streets grow wide; and what but just before was a pathway became a highway. No column is now girt at the bottom with chained wine-flagons; nor is the Prætor compelled to walk in the midst of the mud. Nor, again, is the barber's razor drawn blindly in the middle of a crowd, nor does the smutty cookshop project over every street. The barber, the vintner, the cook, the butcher, keep their own places. The city is now Rome; recently it was a great shop.

[1] Domitian, who liked that title. B. v. Ep. 2.

Presumptuous traders did all Rome possess,
No bounds did set to such their mad excess:
Cæsar the pester'd streets did open lay,
Where only was a path he made a way;
Ground for their huts or vessels none might hire,
To cause the Prætor tread o'er shoes i' th' mire:
And rogues encouraged street arms to bear;
Cooks, barbers, vict'allers, all restrained are:
Thy edicts, Cæsar, their encroachments stop;
Rome's Rome again; 't was lately one great shop.
Anon. 1695.

LXII. IN AMILLUS, IMPUREM.

Reclusis foribus grandes percidis, Amille,
Et te deprendi, cum facis ista, cupis;
Ne quid liberti narrent, servique paterni,
Et niger obliqua garrulitate cliens.
Non prædicari se qui testatur, Amille,
Illud sæpe facit, quod sine teste facit.

O Amillo, tu, precidi colle porte aperte, e brami esser sorpreso quando fai queste cose; non importandoti che i liberti, ed i servi di casa dicano qualche cosa, ed il cliente ti taccia con qualche chiacchiera. O Amillo, colui che testifica non esser pedicato, fa sovvente ciò, she fa senza testimonio. *Graglia.*

LXIII. ON SILIUS ITALICUS.

You, who read the imperishable volumes of the ever-living Silius and his verses, worthy of the Roman toga, do you think that Pierian retreats, and ivy chaplets, like those of Bacchus binding the hair of the Aonian Virgins, alone gave pleasure to the poet? No! he did not approach the mysteries of the lofty Virgil until he had accomplished the course pursued by the great Cicero. The grave centumviral court of the judges still remembers him with admiration; and many a client speaks of him with grateful lips. After ruling with the twelve fasces the ever-memorable year which was consecrated by the liberation of the world,[1] he devoted his remaining days to the Muses and Phœbus, and now, instead of the forum, cultivates Helicon.

You that read Silius' workes, whose great renowne
Shall ever live, worthy the Latian gowne,

[1] The year in which Nero perished.

Think you the poet's was the only prayse
Pleased him, and crownes made of the Muses bayes?
Hee to bee compleat orator attayn'd,
Before the sacred buskin's fame hee gain'd.
Him yet the grave centumviri admire,
Him gratefull clients prayse, him yett desire.
His consulship once done, that yeare which free
Did sett the world from Nero's tyrannie,
From business to the Muses he resorts,
And prizes Helicon instead of courts. *Old MS. 16th Cent.*

LXIV. TO CINNAMUS.

You, Cinnamus, who were a barber well known over all the city, and afterwards, by the kindness of your mistress, made a knight, have taken refuge among the cities of Sicily and the regions of Ætna, fleeing from the stern justice of the forum. By what art will you now, useless log, sustain your years? How is your unhappy and fleeting tranquillity to employ itself? You cannot be a rhetorician, a grammarian, a school-master, a Cynic, or Stoic philosopher, nor can you sell your voice to the people of Sicily, or your applause to theatres of Rome. All that remains for you, Cinnamus, is to become a barber again.

Thou wast a barber through the city known,
Though by thy mistress raised to the gown
Of Knighthood (Cinnamus); when thou shalt fly
The judgment of the court to Sicily,
What art shall then sustain thy useless age?
How will thy fugitive rest foot the stage?
Thou canst not be grammarian, rhetorician,
Fencer, nor Cynic on any condition,
Nor yet a Stoic, nor canst sell thy tongue
Or thy applause in the Sicilian throng:
What then (my Cinnamus) doth yet remain?
Why thou must e'en turn shaver once again. *Fletcher.*

LXV. TO GARGILIANUS.

One suit carried through the three courts,[1] Gargilianus, is wearing you out, now numbering, as you do, the colds of twenty winters since its commencement. Wretched, infatuated man! does any one continue at law for twenty years, Gargilianus, who has the option of losing his suit?

[1] The old Roman court, that of Julius Cæsar, and that of Augustus.

For twice ten years you to the hall resort;
And now pursue your cause in the third court.
Would any madman let a process last
For twenty years, who sooner could be cast? *Hay.*

LXVI. ON LABIENUS.

Fabius has left Labienus all his property: Labienus says, notwithstanding, that he deserved more.[1]

Fabius left Labien heir to all his store;
Yet Labien says that he deserved more. *Fletcher.*

LXVII. IN PHILÆNIM TRIBADEM.

Pædicat pueros tribas Philænis,
Et tentigine sævior mariti
Undenas vorat in die puellas.
Harpasto quoque subligata ludit,
Et flavescit haphe, gravesque draucis
Halteres facili rotat lacerto,
Et putri lutulenta de palæstra
Uncti verbere vapulat magistri.
Nec cœnat prius, aut recumbit ante
Qum septem vomuit meros deunces:
Ad quos fas sibi tunc putat redire,
Cum coliphia sedecim comedit.
Post hæc omnia; cum libidinatur,
Non fellat; putat hoc parum virile:
Sed plane medias vorat puellas.
Dî mentem tibi dent tuam Philæni:
Cunnum lingere quæ putas virile.

La tribade Filene pedica i ragazzi, e più libidinosa nella prurigine che un marito, strugge in un giorno ondici ragazze. E sbracciata giuoca anche all' arpasto, ed ingialisce pel tatto della polvere, e getta con robusto braccio palle di piombo pesanti agli irsuti, e strofinata d'unguento della putre palestra, è sferzata colla verga del maestro che la ugne. Ne prima cena, o si mette a tavola, che non abbia vomitato sette sestieri, al qual numero essa pensa poter far ritorno quando ha mangiato sedici colifie. Dopo tutte queste cose; quando è presa dalla libidine: non fella: tied ciò per poco maschile: ma tutta s'avventa al mezzo dello ragazze. I Dei, o Filene, ti dieno un' inclinazione a te conveniente: tu che pensi esser maschile lingere un c—no. *Graglia.*

[1] He says that he is not repaid for the presents which he made to Fabius to induce him to make him his heir.

LXVIII. TO INSTANTIUS RUFUS.

Be cautious, I pray you, Instantius Rufus, in commending the effusions of my muse to your father-in-law; perhaps he likes serious compositions. But should he welcome my sportive writings, I may then venture to read them even to Curius and Fabricius.

My book, to show thy father, friend, forbear;
Perhaps he only likes those serious are:
My wanton verse, if they with him succeed,
I dare to Curius and Fabricius read. *Anon.* 1695.

LXIX. TO THE POET CANIUS, ON A PORTRAIT OF THEOPHILA HIS BETROTHED.

This is that Theophila, Canius, who is betrothed to you, and whose mind overflows with Attic learning. The Athenian garden of the great old man [1] might justly claim her for its own, and the Stoic sect would with equal pleasure call her theirs. Every work will live that you submit to her judgment before publication, so far is her taste above that of her sex, and of the common herd. Your favourite Pantænis, however well known to the Pierian choir, should not claim too much precedence of her. The amorous Sappho would have praised her verses; Theophila is more chaste than Sappho, and Sappho had not more genius than Theophila.

This, Canius, is that spouse of thine, from whose
Wise breast Cecropian learning sweetely flowes:
Her Epicurus' gardens might have bredd,
Or Stoick schooles for scholler challenged.
'Twill live whate'er her critick eares doth pass,
So little vulgar, womanish, shee has.
Let not Pantænis too much before her,
To th' Muses though well knowne, herself prefer.
The amorous Sappho's self her lines would prize;
This chaster is, and that was ne'er more wise.
Old MS. 16*th Cent.*

LXX. TO PHILÆNIS.

Ipsarum tribadum tribas Philæni,
Recte, quam futuis, vocas amicam.

O Filene, tribade delle tribadi stesse, tu chiami con propr.età amica, colei che tu immembri. *Graglia.*

[1] Epicurus.

LXXI. ON A CERTAIN FAMILY.

The wife is affected with *ficus*; the husband is affected the daughter, the son-in-law, and the grandson are alike affected. Nor is the steward, or the farm bailiff, free from the disgusting ulcer; nor even the sturdy digger or the ploughman. When thus young and old alike are affected with this disease, it is a marvellous circumstance that not a single plot of their land produces figs.[1]

LXXII. TO PAULUS.

So may December be pleasing to you, Paulus, and so may there come to you neither valueless tablets, nor table-cloths too short, nor half-pounds of incense light in weight: but may some influential client, or powerful friend, bring you chargers or goblets that belonged to his ancestors, or whatever delights and fascinates you most; so may you beat Novius and Publius at chess, shutting up their glass men in their squares; so may the impartial judgment of the well-oiled crowd of athletes award you the palm in the warm triangular game at ball, and not bestow greater praise on the left-handed strokes of Polybus: as, if any malignant person shall pronounce verses dripping with black venom to be mine, you lend your voice in my favour, and maintain, with all your might and without remission, "my friend Martial did not write those."

So, Paulus, may December please,
Nor table-books nor toilets tease;
Nor half-a-pound of incense vain
Thine approbation burn to gain:
But potent friend, or client school'd,
Present the plates and cups of gold:
Or, when thou aimest archer shafts,
So vanquish each adept at drafts:
Of naked fives the manly meed
Be thine, so by the judge decreed;
That not a dext'rous left, that day,
Bear from thy right a ball away:
As thou, if wight shall dare to call
The libel mine, embaned in gall,
Shalt, with commanding voice, declare:
"My Martial's pen was never there." *Elphinston.*

[1] An untranslatable jest which may be partly understood by reference to B. i. Ep. 66.

LXXIII. TO MAXIMUS.

You have a mansion on the Esquiline hill, and a mansion on the hill of Diana; and another rears its head in the Patricians' quarter.[1] From one of your dwellings you behold the temple of the widowed Cybele,[2] from another that of Vesta; from others you look on the old and the new Capitol. Tell me where I may meet you; tell me whereabouts I am to look for you: a man who lives everywhere, Maximus, lives nowhere.

Thou hast a house on the Aventine hill,
Another where Diana's worshipped still,
In the Patrician street more of them stand,
Hence thou beholdst within thine eyes, command
The widdowed Cybells, thence Vesta with all,
There either Jove earth'd in the Capitol.
Where shall I meet thee? tell, where wilt appear?
He dwells just nowhere, that dwells everywhere.
Fletcher.

LXXIV. TO MERCURY; A PRAYER FOR CARPUS AND NORBANA.

O glory of Cyllene and of the skies, eloquent minister of Jove, whose golden wand is wreathed with twisted snakes, so may an opportunity for some fond intrigue never fail thee, whether the Paphian goddess, or Ganymede, be the object of thy affection; and so may thy mother's Ides be adorned with sacred garlands, and thy old grandfather be pressed with but a light burden, as Norbana shall ever joyfully keep with her husband Carpus the anniversary of this day on which they first came together in wedlock. He, as thy pious votary, consecrates his gifts to wisdom; he invokes thee with incense, but is faithful at the same time to our Jove.[3]

Cyllene's glory and Olympus' crown,
Melodious minister of men and gods!
Whose golden wand, bright emblem of renown,
With blooming dragons still connubial nods.

[1] The part allotted to the Patricians by Servius Tullius, not far from the Esquiline hill.
[2] So called from having lost Atys, for whom she mourned.
[3] Faithful to Domitian, as thou art to Jupiter.

So thee no surreptitious fountain fail,
Whether the Paphian or the nymph endear:
So verdant still thy parent's Ides prevail,
Nor e'er thy grandsire's load become severe.

Still, with Norbana Carpus hail the day,
This day, that ratified the holy bands.
He wisdom's rites her pious priest shall pay:
Thine incense he, while true to Jove he stands.

Elphinston.

LXXV. IN ANUM DEFORMEM.

Vis futui gratis, cum sis deformis, anusque.
Res perridicula est: vis dare, nec dare vis.

Tu vuoi esser immembrata gratis, essendo tu deforme e vecchia.
E' una cosa fuor di modo ridicola: vuoi dare, e non vuoi dare.

Graglia.

LXXVI. TO PHILOMUSUS, A BUFFOON.

Though the great hurry you off to their banquets, and walks in the porticoes, and to the theatres; and though they are delighted, whenever you meet them, to make you share their litters, and to bathe with you, do not be too vain of such attentions. You entertain them, Philomusus; you are not an object of their regard.

When dukes in town ask thee to dine,
To rule their roast, and smack their wine,
Or take thee to their country-seat,
To make their dogs, and bless their meat,
Ah! dream not on preferment soon:
Thou 'rt not their friend, but their buffoon. *Hoadley.*

All the great men take you away
To dinner, coffee-house, or play.
Nor happier are, than when you chance
To hunt with them, or take a dance.
Yet do not pride yourself too soon:
You 're not a friend, but a buffoon. *Hay.*

LXXVII. TO TUCCA.

You importune me, Tucca, to present you with my books. I shall not do so; for you want to sell, not to read them.

Tucca most earnestly doth look
I should present him with my book:
But that I will not; for I smell
My book he will not read, but sell. *Fletcher.*

LXXVIII. TO PAPILUS, A MAN NIGGARDLY AND OSTENTATIOUS.

While upon your own table is placed only the tail of a poor Saxetan fish,[1] and, when you dine luxuriously, cabbage drenched with oil; you make presents of sow's udders, wild boar, hare, mushrooms, oysters, mullets. You have neither sense, Papilus, nor taste.

For thyself if the tail of a pilchard thou broil,
And on festivals swill a bean-soup without oil;
Teat, boar, hare, shampinions, and oysters, and mullet,
Thou bestow'st: my poor Pap has nor palate nor gullet.
Elphinston.

LXXIX. TO SERVERUS, ON DRINKING NEW WINE.

I have just drunk some consular wine. You ask how old and how generous? It was bottled in the consul's own year; and he who gave it me, Severus, was that consul himself.

Some consular wine late I drank:
You ask how ingenuous and old?
The consul himself gave it rank:
My treater the consul, I 'm told. *Elphinston.*

LXXX. TO FAUSTINUS.

Inasmuch as Rome now leaves in peace the Getic clime, and the hoarse clarions are hushed, you will be able, Faustinus, to send this book to Marcellinus: now he has leisure for books and for amusement. And if you wish to enhance your friend's trifling present, let a young slave carry my verses; not such a one as, fed with the milk of a Getic heifer, plays with Sarmatian hoop upon frozen rivers, but a rosy youth, bought of a Mitylenean dealer, or one from Lacedæmon not yet whipped by his mother's order. My messenger to you will be a slave from the subdued Danube, only fit to tend sheep at Tivoli.

Now Roman peace becalms th' Odrysian shore,
Where the shrill trumpet's voice is heard no more,
To Marcelline my lay, dear Faustin, send;
An ear to jocund lays the youth may lend.
Yet, fully to ensure my muse's care,
The humble boon a modest stripling bear:

[1] Some small fish from Bætica in Spain.

Not he, whose cheek the Getic heifer dyes;
Who, on the ice, his hoop Sarmatic plies;
But one of Mitylene's rosy breed;
Or Spartan, by his mother doom'd to bleed.
From haughty Ister's now obsequious rocks,
A cub shall crawl to tend thy Tibur's flocks. *Elphinston.*

LXXXI. TO LAUSUS.

In this whole book there are thirty bad epigrams; if there are as many good ones, Lausus, the book is good.

Thou thirty epigrams dost note for bad:
Call my book good if thirty good it had. *Anon.* 1695.

LXXXII. DE MENOPHILO VERPA.

Menophili penem tam grandis fibula vestit,
Ut sit comœdis omnibus una satis.
Hunc ego credideram (nam sæpe lavamur in unum)
Sollicitum voci parcere, Flacce, suæ:
Dum ludit media populo spectante palæstra,
Delapsa est misero fibula; verpus erat.

Una si gran fibula copre il membro di Menofilo, che sola basterebbe a tutti i commedianti. Io, o Flacco, avevo creduto (imperocchè si siamo sovvente lavati assieme) che esso sollecito avesse cura della sua voce: lotta in mezzo la palestra a vista del popolo, la fibula cascò allo sventurato; era un' inciso. *Graglia.*

LXXXIII. ON LUPERCUS.

Whilst the barber Eutrapelus is going the round of Lupercus's face, and carefully smoothing his cheeks, another beard springs up.

While that the barber went to trim
And shave Lupercus' chops and chin,
He was so tedious on the face,
Another beard grew in the place. *Fletcher.*

Eutrapelus, the barber, works so slow,
That while he shaves, the beard anew does grow.
Anon. 1695.

While good master Temple but drawls o'er your face,
Another beard rises, and steps in its place.
Rev. Mr. Scott.

LXXXIV. TO HIS BOOK.

While my portrait is being taken for Cæcilius Secundus,[1] and the picture, painted by a skilful hand, seems to breathe, go, my book, to the Getic Peuce[2] and the submissive Danube; this is his post, among the conquered people. You will be a little gift to my dear friend, but acceptable: my countenance will be more truly read in my verse than in the picture. Here it will live, indestructible by accidents or lapse of years, when the work of Apelles shall be no more.

While my Cæcilius to the world would leave
My picture; and the rare piece seems to breathe;
My book, to Peuce and still Ister go,
Held by Secundus from the conquer'd foe.
To him a small, but pleasing, gift thou'lt be,
And in my verse, my perfect face he 'll see:
Which neither chance nor pow'r of time can rase,
Ev'n when Apelles' works they shall deface. *Anon.* 1695.

LXXXV. TO SABELLUS.

For sometimes writing quatrains which are not devoid of humour, Sabellus, and for composing a few distichs prettily, I commend you; but I am not astonished at you. It is easy to write a few epigrams prettily; but to write a book of them is difficult.

That some tetrasticks not amiss you write,
Or some few disticks prettyly indite,
I like, but not admire. With small paynes tooke
An epigram is writt; but not a booke. *Old MS.* 1695.

LXXXVI. TO SEXTUS.

I used to be invited to your birth-day feasts, before I had become your intimate friend, Sextus. How has it come to pass, I ask, how has it so suddenly come to pass, that, after so many pledges of affection on my part, and after the lapse of so many years, I, old friend as I am, am not included in your invitations. But I know the reason; I have not sent you a pound of refined silver, or a fine toga, or a warm cloak. The sportula which is made a matter of traffic, is a sportula no longer.[3] You feed presents, Sextus, and not friends. But

[1] Pliny the younger.

[2] An island at the mouth of the Danube. Pliny was proconsul of Pontus and Bithynia.

[3] You have given only that you might receive.

you will now tell me, "I will punish the slave omitting to deliver my invitations."

When but a stranger, to thy birth-day feast
I ever, Sextus, was a constant guest.
What 's fallen out? What did thy anger move,
After so many years and proofs of love,
That I, thy ancient friend, am passed by?
But I myself can tell the reason why.
I sent no plate, no gift to thee I made;
For thou call'st that a treat, in truth 's a trade;
Profit thou seek'st; thou seek'st not, Sextus, friends.
"My man forgot," thou say'st, "his stripes shall make amends"
Anon. 1695.

LXXXVII. TO FLACCUS, ON HIS OWN LOVE FOR LABYCAS.

If my friend Flaccus delights in a long-eared lagolopex;[1] if Canius likes a sad-coloured Æthiopian; if Publius is passionately fond of a little puppy; if Cronius loves an ape resembling himself; if a mischievous ichneumon forms the gratification of Marius; if a talkativ magpie pleases you, Lausus; if Glaucilla twines an icy snake round her neck; if Telesina has bestowed a tomb on a nightingale; why should not the face of Labycas, worthy of Cupid himself, be an object of love to him who sees that things so strange furnish pleasure to his betters?

If Flaccus in an horned owl delight,
And Canius in an Ethiope, black as night;
If Publius much a little bitch does love,
And Cronius does an ape no less approve;
If Marius a vile Indian mouse affects,
If, Lausus, thou a pratling pye respect'st;
Glacilla wreaths about her neck a snake,
Another for her bird a tomb does make;
Why may not I admire a lovely face,
When monsters, like to these, the others grace?
Anon. 1695.

LXXXVIII. TO LAUSUS ON HIS WORKS.

It is reported (if fame says true) that the beautiful town of Vienna counts the perusal of my works among its pleasures. I am read there by every old man, every youth, and every boy, and by the chaste young matron in presence of her

[1] Some bird of the owl kind, with ears resembling those of a fox.

grave husband. This triumph affords me more pleasure than if my verses were recited by those who drink the Nile at its very source, or than if my own Tagus loaded me with Spanish gold, or Hybla and Hymettus fed my bees. I am then really something, and not deceived by the interested smoothness of flattery's tongue. I shall henceforth, I think, believe you, Lausus.[1]

Vienna fair delights to con my lays:
Nor can we doubt what honest rumour says.
There am I read by ancient, youth, and boy;
By the chaste dame, before her jealous joy.
This gives the Rhone and me more rapid course,
Than if they quaff'd who quaff the Nilian source;
Than if my Tagus pour'd his golden bed,
My bees if Hybla or Hymettus fed.
Some little then are we; nor us deceive
The pow'rs of song: thee, Lausus, I'll believe. *Anon.*

LXXXIX. TO A CHAPLET OF ROSES.

Go, happy rose, and wreathe with a delicate chaplet the tresses of my Apollinaris. Remember, also, to wreathe them even after they are grown grey, but far distant be that time! So may Venus ever love thee.

Go, happy rose, and claim thy share,
To wreathe Apollinaris' hair.
Oh! feel it late the snowy shower:
So be thou still fair Venus' flower. *Elphinston.*

XC. TO CRETICUS.

Matho exults that I have produced a book full of inequalities; if this be true, Matho only commends my verses. Books without inequalities are produced by Calvinus and Umber. A book that is all bad, Creticus, may be all equality.

Matho objects, my books unequal are;
If he says true, he praises ere aware.
Calvin and Umber write an equal strain:
Naught is the book that 's free from heights, and plain.
Anon. 1695.

XCI. TO JUVENAL.

I send you, eloquent Juvenal, some nuts from my little

[1] I shall believe that there are as many good epigrams in my books as bad ones. See Ep. 81.

farm as a present for the Saturnalia. The libertine god who protects it, has given the rest of the fruits to amorous young ladies.

Old Saturn presents, to the lord of the lay,
Some filberts to toss, and to crack with his jokes.
The gay god of gardens gave all else away
Last night in a treat to the maids of the oaks.
Elphinston.

XCII. TO BACCARA.

"If you want anything, you know it is not necessary to solicit my assistance," is what you tell me two or three times every day. The stern Secundus calls upon me with harsh voice to repay him. You hear, Baccara, but do not know what I want. My rent is demanded of me, loudly and openly, in your very presence: you hear, Baccara, but do not know what I want. I complain of my worn-out cloak, that will not protect me from the cold: you hear, Baccara, but do not know what I want. I will tell you then what I want; it is that you may become dumb by a sudden stroke of paralysis, and so be unable to talk to me of what I want.

If need thou hast, thou need'st not me intreat,
Baccar, these words thou often dost repeat.
My creditor's rage thou in his look dost read;
Thou seest, but know'st not, Baccar, what I need.
My rent, thou by, is call'd for in with speed;
Thou hear'st, but know'st not, Baccar, what I need.
I shiver in a tatter'd thread-bare weed;
Thou seest, yet know'st not, Baccar, what I need.
I need, that thou wert planet-struck with speed,
No more that thou may'st say, What dost thou need?
Anon. 1695.

XCIII. TO THE TOWN OF NARNIA, WHERE QUINTUS OVIDIUS WAS RESIDING.

Narnia, surrounded by the river Nar[1] with its sulphureous waters, thou whom thy double heights render almost inaccessible, why does it delight thee so often to take from me, and detain with wearisome delay, my friend Quintus? Why dost thou lessen the attractions of my Nomentan farm, which was valued by me because he was my neighbour there?

[1] The river Nar, now Negra.

Have pity on me at length, Narnia, and abuse not thy possession of Quintus: so mayest thou enjoy thy bridge for ever!

O Narnia, circled by sulphureous rill,
That deign'st access but by thy double hill;
Why call my Quintus, ah! so oft away?
Yet, need I ask? or, why prolong his stay?
Why sink the value of Nomentum's land,
Which once was doubled by the social band?
Release my friend, nor lengthen my annoy:
So may'st thou still thy peerless bridge enjoy.

Elphinston.

XCIV. ON PAPILUS.

What the small onyx box contained was perfume; Papilus smelt it, and it is become a mass of corruption.

Sweet ointment once was in that onyx-stone:
You smelt, and, see, 't is putrefaction grown.

Wright.

XCV. TO LINUS.

It is winter, and rude December is stiff with ice; yet you dare, Linus, to stop every one who meets you, on this side and on that, with your freezing kiss, and to kiss, indeed, the whole of Rome. What could you do more severe or more cruel, if you were assaulted and beaten? I would not have a wife kiss me in such cold as this, or the affectionate lips of an innocent daughter. But you are more polite, more refined, you, from whose dog-like nose depends a livid icicle, and whose beard is as stiff as that of a Cinyphian he-goat,[1] which the Cilician barber clips with shears. I prefer meeting a hundred of the vilest characters, and I have less fear of a recently consecrated priest of Cybele. If, therefore, Linus, you have any sense or decency, defer, I pray you, your winter salutations till the month of April.

'T is winter, and December's horrid cold
Makes all things stark; yet, Linus, thou lay'st hold
On all thou meet'st; none can thy clutches miss;
But with thy frozen mouth all Rome dost kiss.
What could'st more spightful do, or more severe,
Had'st thou a blow o' th' face, or box o' th' ear?
My wife, this time, to kiss me does forbear,
My daughter too, however debonaire.

[1] On the river Cinyps in Africa.

But thou more trim and sweeter art. No doubt,
Th' icicles, hanging at thy dog-like snout,
The congeal'd snivel dangling on thy beard,
Ranker than th' oldest goat of all the herd.
The nasty'st mouth i' th' town I 'd rather greet,
Than with thy flowing frozen nostrils meet.
If therefore thou hast either shame or sense,
Till April comes no kisses more dispense. *Anon.* 1695.

XCVI. EPITAPH OF URBICUS.

Here I, the child Urbicus, to whom the mighty city of Rome gave both birth and name, repose; an object of mourning to Bassus. Six months were wanting to complete my third year, when the stern goddesses broke my fatal thread. What did my beauty, my prattle, my tender years avail me? Thou who readest the inscription before thee, drop a tear upon my tomb. So may he, whom thou shalt desire to survive thyself, be preserved from the waters of Lethe till he has reached an age greater than that of Nestor.

My parents' grief I here lie in this tomb,
Who had my birth and name from mighty Rome:
Six months I wanted of three years to me,
When my life's thread was cut by destiny.
What grace shall age, or tongue, or beauty have?
Thou that read'st this, shed some tears on my grave.
So he that thou wouldst have thyself survive,
Shall longer than decrepit Nestor live. *Fletcher.*

XCVII. TO HIS BOOK.

If, my book, you are well acquainted with Cæsius Sabinus, the glory of the mountainous Umbria, the fellow-townsman of my friend Aulus Pudens, you will present these lines to him, even though he be engaged. Though a thousand cares may besiege and press upon him, he will still have leisure for my verses; for he loves me, and will read me next to the noble compositions of Turnus.[1] Oh, what renown is in store for me! what glory! what numbers of admirers! You will be celebrated at feasts, at the bar, in the temples, the streets, the porticoes, the shops. You are sent to one, but you will be read by all.

If, book, Cæsius Sabinus (the renown
Of hilly Umbria, and of the town

[1] A writer of satires. See B. xi. Ep. 11.

Of my friend Aulus Pudens), thou dost know,
Howe'er employ'd, yet boldly to him go;
Though many urgent cares oppress his mind,
A vacant time to read thee, he will find.
For me he loves; and deigns my verse the grace,
Next Turnus' noble works to hold the place.
O, what great trophies are for thee prepared!
What num'rous friends! what glories to be shared!
There 's not a mart, in which thou 'lt not be found,
A feast, a street, but will with thee resound;
The baths, the porticoes, ev'n ev'ry stall:
To one thou 'rt sent, but wilt be read by all.
Anon. 1695.

XCVIII. TO CASTOR.

You buy everything, Castor; the consequence will be, that you will sell everything.

You purchase everything, which makes it plain
That everything you soon will sell again. *Hay.*

If for mere wantonness you buy so fast,
For very want you must sell all at last. *Bouquet.*

Why, Tom, you purchase everything! 't is well:
Who can deny you 'll have the more to sell? *Hodgson.*

XCIX. TO CRISPINUS.[1]

So, Crispinus, may you always see the Thunderer's[2] face, looking serene, and so may Rome love you not less than your own Memphis, as my verses shall be read in the Parrhasian palace;[3] (for the sacred ear of Cæsar usually deigns to listen to them). Take courage to say of me, as a candid reader, "This poet adds something to the glory of thy age, nor is he very much inferior to Marsus and the learned Catullus." That is sufficient; the rest I leave to the god himself.

May'st thou the prince still gracious to thee find,
And Rome, no less than Egypt, ever kind;
If, when in court, my verses thou dost hear
(For sometimes Cæsar deigns to them an ear),
Thou me afford'st this free and candid praise,
This man 's a glory, Cæsar, to thy days,
Yields not to Marsus, Pedo, or the best.
This is enough; to Cæsar leave the rest. *Anon.* 1695.

[1] The same, says Raderus, that is mentioned by Juvenal, Sat. I. and IV
[2] Domitian's. [3] On the Palatine hill. See Ep. 56.

BOOK VIII.

VALERIUS MARTIALIS TO THE EMPEROR DOMITIANUS, CÆSAR AUGUSTUS, GERMANICUS, DACICUS, GREETING.

ALL my books, Sire, to which you have given renown, that is, life, are dedicated to you; and will for that reason, I doubt not, be read. This, however, which is the eighth of my collection, has furnished more frequent opportunities of showing my devotion to you. I had consequently less occasion to produce from my own invention, for the matter supplied the place of thought; yet I have occasionally attempted to produce variety by the admixture of a little pleasantry, that every verse might not inflict on your divine modesty praises more likely to fatigue you than to satisfy me. And though epigrams, addressed even to the gravest persons and to those of the highest rank, are usually written in such a manner that they seem to assume a theatrical licence of speech, I have nevertheless not permitted these to speak with any such freedom. Since, too, the larger and better part of the book is devoted to the majesty of your sacred name, it has to remember that it ought not to approach the temples of gods without religious purification. That my readers also may know that I consider myself bound by this obligation, I have determined to make a declaration to that effect at the commencement of the book in a short epigram:

I. TO HIS BOOK.

My book, as you are about to enter the laurel-wreathed palace of the lord of the world, learn to speak with modesty, and in a reverent tone. Retire, unblushing Venus; this book is not for thee. Come thou to me, Pallas, thou whom Cæsar adores.

To th' prince's laurell'd court, seeing thou'rt to go,
Learn, book, a chaste and modest speech to know.
No place is left for wanton Venus there;
Pallas, Cæsarean Pallas, rule does bear. *Anon.* 1695.

II. TO JANUS.

Janus, the author and parent of our annals, when he recently beheld the conqueror of the Danube, thought it not enough to have several faces,[1] and wished that he had more eyes; then, speaking at once with his different tongues, he promised the lord of earth and divinity of the empire an old age four times as long as that of Nestor. We pray thee, father Janus, that thou wouldst give the promised term in addition to thine own immortality.[2]

When Janus, lord of times, beheld of late
Th' imperial victor in triumphant state,
Though faces he had two, he thought them few,
And wish'd that yet more eyes he had to view.
With both his tongues he said unto our lord,
Nestor's four ages I 'll to thee afford.
O father Janus! thine own also give,
That he not long, but may for ever, live. *Anon.* 1695.

III. TO HIS MUSE.

"Five books had been enough; six or seven are surely too many: why, Muse, do you delight still to sport on? Be modest and make an end. Fame can now give me nothing more: my book is in every hand. And when the stone sepulchre of Messala[3] shall lie ruined by time, and the vast marble tomb of Licinus[4] shall be reduced to dust, I shall still be read, and many a stranger will carry my verses with him to his ancestral home." Thus had I concluded, when the ninth[5] of the sisters, her hair and dress streaming with perfumes, made this reply: Canst thou then, ungrateful, lay aside thy pleasant trifling? Canst thou employ thy leisure, tell me, in any better way? Dost thou wish to relinquish my sock for the tragic buskin, or to thunder of savage wars in heroic verse, that the pompous pedant may read thee with hoarse voice to his class, and that the grown-up maiden and ingenuous youth may detest thee? Let such poems be written by those who are most grave and singularly severe, whose wretched toilings the lamp witnesses at midnight. But do thou season books for the Romans with racy

[1] Janus is generally represented with two faces; but sometimes with four, answering to the four seasons. [2] Immortality.
[3] The orator, Messala Corvinus. B. x. Ep. 2.
[4] A rich freed-man of Augustus. Persius. Sat. II. [5] Thalia.

salt; in thee let human nature read and recognise its own manners. Although thou mayst seem to be playing on but a slender reed, that reed will be better heard than the trumpets of many.

Five had suffic'd; six books or seven do cloy,
Why dost as yet delight, my muse, to toy?
Give o'er, for shame: Fame has not more to grace
My verse, the business made in ev'ry place.
And when proud tombs, in which for fame men trust.
O'erthrown and broken lie reduc'd to dust,
I shall be read, strangers will make 't their care,
Unto their sev'ral soils my works to bear.
She of the sacred nine (when I had spoke),
Whose locks with odours drop, thus silence broke:
And wilt thou then thy pleasant verse forsake?
What better choice, ungrateful, canst thou make?
Exchange thy mirthful for a tragic vein;
Thunder harsh wars in an heroic strain;
Which strutting pedants, till they're hoarse, may rant,
While the ripe youth detest to hear the cant:
Let the o'er-sour and dull that way delight,
Whose lamps at midnight see the wretches write.
But season thou thy lines with sharpest wit,
That all may read their vices smartly hit.
Altho' thou seem'st to play but on a reed,
Thy slender pipe the trumpet does exceed. *Anon.* 1695.

IV. TO DOMITIAN.

What a world of people, ye gods, is collected at the Roman altars, offering up prayer and vows for its ruler! These, Germanicus, are not the joys of men only; it seems to me that the gods themselves are celebrating a festival.

At Latian altars see conglob'd mankind,
Joint vows and Io's for its lord to pay.
Such joys to man alone were ne'er assign'd:
The gods themselves do sacrifice to-day.
Elphinston.

V. TO MACER.

You have given so many rings to young ladies, Macer, that you have none left for yourself.[1]

[1] You are deprived of your equestrian ring and dignity, for which your fortune has ceased to be sufficient.

You give so many girls a ring,
That you yourself have no such thing. *Hay.*

VI. ON EUCTUS.

There is nothing more hateful than the antique vases of old Euctus. I prefer cups made of Saguntine clay. When the garrulous old man boasts the pedigrees of his smoky silver vessels, he makes even the wine seem musty with his talk. "These cups belonged to the table of Laomedon; to obtain which Apollo raised the walls of Troy by the sound of his lyre. With this goblet fierce Rhoecus rushed to battle with the Lapithæ; you see that the work has suffered in the struggle. This double vase is celebrated for having belonged to the aged Nestor; the doves upon it have been worn bright by the thumb of the hero of Pylos. This is the tankard in which Achilles ordered wine to be prepared for his friends with more than ordinary copiousness and strength. In this bowl the beauteous Dido drank the health of Bitias, at the entertainment given to the Phrygian hero." When you have done admiring all these trophies of ancient art, you will have to drink Astyanax in the cups of Priam.[1]

In leathern jack to drink much less I hate,
Than in Sir William's antique set of plate.
He tells the gasconading pedigree,
Till the wine turns insipid too as he.
"This tumbler, in the world the oldest toy,"
Says he, "was brought by Brute himself from Troy.
That handled cup, and which is larger far,
A present to my father from the Czar:
See how 't is bruis'd, and the work broken off;
'T was when he flung it at Prince Menzikoff.
The other with the cover, which is less,
Was once the property of good Queen Bess:
In it she pledg'd duke d'Alençon, then gave it
To Drake, my wife's great uncle: so we have it.
The bowl, the tankard, flagon, and the beaker,
Were my great-grandfather's, when he was Speaker."
What pity 't is, that plate so old and fine
Should correspond no better with the wine. *Hay.*

[1] You will have to drink new wine out of old cups.

VII. TO CINNA.

Is this pleading causes, Cinna? Is this speaking eloquently, to say nine words in ten hours? Just now you asked with a loud voice for four more clepsydræ.[1] What a long time you take to say nothing, Cinna!

Cinna, is this to plead? and wisely say
Only nine words in ten hours of the day?
But with a mighty voice thou crav'st for thee
The hour-glass twice two times reversed to be:
Cinna, how great 's thy taciturnity! *Fletcher.*

VIII. TO JANUS, ON DOMITIAN'S RETURN IN JANUARY

Although, Janus, thou givest birth to the swiftly-rolling years, and recallest with thy presence centuries long past; and although thou art the first to be celebrated with pious incense, saluted with vows, and adorned with the auspicious purple and with every honour; yet thou preferrest the glory, which has just befallen our city, of beholding its god return in thy own month.

Dread guardian of the infant year,
That opens, but in act to fly;
Who bidd'st us still the last revere,
And keep it in reflexive eye:

Though thee the primal incense hail,
Though thee invoke the early vow;
Glad purple fan thee with her gale,
To thee each honour awful bow:

It more bespoke thy gracious nod,
As blessing more the Latian town,
To see thy month bring back a god,
Who could the wish of nations crown.
Elphinston.

IX. TO QUINTUS.

Hylas, the blear-eyed, lately offered to pay you three quarters of his debt; now that he has lost one eye he offers you half Hasten to take it; the opportunity for getting it may soon pass, for if Hylas should become blind, he will pay you nothing.

Nine ounces blear-ey'd Hylas would have paid:
Now dusk he tenders half thy debt delay'd:

[1] See B. vi. Ep. 35.

Take his next offer: gain's occasion 's short:
If he prove blind, thou wilt have nothing for't.
Fletcher.

X. ON BASSUS.

Bassus has bought a cloak for ten thousand sesterces; a Tyrian one of the very best colour. He has made a good bargain. "Is it then," you ask, "so very cheap?" Yes; for he will not pay for it.

His lordship bought his last gay birth-day dress,
And gay it was, for fourscore pound, or less.
Is he so good at buying cheap? you say—
Extremely good: for he does never pay. *Hay.*

Gay Bassus for ten thousand bought
A Tyrian robe of rich array,
And was a gainer. How? Be taught:
The prudent Bassus did not pay.
Westminster Review, Apr. 1853.

XI. TO DOMITIAN.

The Rhine now knows that you have arrived in your own city; for he too hears the acclamations of your people. Even the Sarmatian tribes, and the Danube, and the Getæ, have been startled by the loudness of our recent exultations. While the prolonged expressions of joy in the sacred circus greeted you, no one perceived that the horses had started and run four times. No ruler, Cæsar, has Rome ever so loved before, and she could not love you more, even were she to desire it.

That Cæsar's come to Rome the Rhine does know,
So far, so fast, the people's voices go;
Their iterated shouts the Scythians fright,
All nations, whom their joy does not delight.
While in the cirque their Salve's welcome thee,
The races they regard not, though they see.
No prince, thyself, was e'er so lov'd before;
Rome, if she would, she could not love thee more.
Anon. 1695.

XII. TO PRISCUS.

Do you ask why I am unwilling to marry a rich wife? It is because I am unwilling to be taken to husband by my wife. The mistress of the house should be subordinate to her hus-

band, for in no other way, Priscus, will the wife and husband be on an equality.

Dost ask why I'd not marry a rich wife?
I 'll not be subject in that double strife.
Let matrons to their heads inferior be,
Else man and wife have no equality. *Fletcher.*

Why a rich bride I would not choose
To lead home, do you ask?
Why truly an uxorious noose
Is no such pleasant task!

Oh, Edward, let the husband be
Superior to the wife,
As otherwise they 'll disagree
And live in endless strife. *Rev. Mr. Scott*, 1773.

XIII. TO GARGILIANUS.

I bought what you called a fool for twenty thousand sesterces. Return me my money, Gargilianus; he is no fool at all.

I bought him 'cause you said a fool he'd bee:
Pay back my money; hee's too wise for mee.
Old MS. 16th Cent.

XIV. TO A FRIEND.

That your tender Cilician fruit trees may not suffer from frost, and that too keen a blast may not nip your young plants, glass frame-works, opposed to the wintry south winds, admit the sunshine and pure light of day without any detrimental admixture. But to me a cell is assigned with unglazed windows, in which not even Boreas himself would like to dwell. Is it thus, cruel man, that you would have your old friend live? I should be better shelter'd as the companion of your trees.

Your oranges and myrtles, with what cost,
You guard against the nipping winds and frost!
The absent sun the constant stoves repair:
Windows admit his beams without the air.
My garret too hath windows, but not glasses;
Where Boreas never stays, but often passes.
For shame! to let an old acquaintance freeze!
I had much better live amongst your trees. *Hay.*

XV. TO DOMITIAN.

While the newly-acquired glory of the Pannonian campaign is the universal theme of conversation, and while every altar is offering propitious sacrifices to our Jupiter on his return, the people, the grateful knights, the senate, offer incense; and largesses from you for the third time enrich the Roman tribes. These modest triumphs, too, Rome will celebrate; nor will your laurels gained in peace be less glorious than your former triumphs in war, inasmuch as you feel assured of the sacred affection of your people. It is a prince's greatest virtue to know his own subjects.

While the Pannonian war new glory sends,
And ev'ry altar coming Jove attends;
The people, knights, and fathers, blend the song;
And the third boons enrich the Latian throng.
Rome shall thy modest triumphs mad express:
Nor shall the laurel of thy peace be less.
What joy, from piety combin'd, must flow!
A prince's honour is his own to know. *Elphinston.*

XVI. TO CIPERUS.

You, Cyperus, who were long a baker, now plead causes, and are seeking to gain two hundred thousand sesterces. But you squander what you get, and even go so far as to borrow more. You have not quitted your former profession, Cyperus: you make both bread and flour.

Long you bak'd, and no one wonder'd:
Now you plead, and ask two hundred.
Still you waste, and still you borrow;
That, Cyperus, proves our sorrow.
Baker still, though somewhat musty,
Bread you make, and still are dusty. *Elphinston.*

XVII. TO SEXTUS.

I pleaded your cause, Sextus; having agreed to do so for two thousand sesterces. How is it that you have sent me only a thousand? "You said nothing," you tell me; "and the cause was lost through you." You ought to give me so much the more, Sextus, as I had to blush for you.

You said, ten guineas when your cause was done;
What? do you think to fobb me off with one?

Now you pretend that I could nothing say,
The more you owe, my blushes to repay. *Hay.*

XVIII. TO CIRINIUS.

If, Cirinius, you were to publish your epigrams, you might be my equal, or even my superior, in the estimation of the reading public; but such is the respect you entertain for your old friend, that his reputation is dearer to you than your own. Just so did Virgil abstain from the style of the Calabrian Horace, although he was well able to excel even the odes of Pindar, and so too did he resign to Varius the praise of the Roman buskin, although he could have declaimed with more tragic power. Gold, and wealth, and estates, many a friend will bestow; one who consents to yield the palm in genius, is rare.

So smooth your numbers, friend, your verse so sweet,
So sharp the jest, and yet the tone so neat,
That with her Martial Rome would place Cirine,
Rome would prefer your sense and thought to mine.
Yet modest you decline the public stage,
To fix your friend alone amid th' applauding age.
So Maro did; the mighty Maro sings
In vast heroic notes of vast heroic things,
And leaves the ode to dance upon his Flaccus' strings.
He scorn'd to daunt the dear Horatian lyre,
Though his brave genius flash'd Pindaric fire,
And at his will could silence all the lyric quire.
So to his Varius he resign'd the praise
Of the proud buskin and the tragic bays,
When he could thunder with a loftier vein,
And sing of gods and heroes in a bolder strain.
A handsome treat, a piece of gold, or so,
And compliments, will every friend bestow:
Rarely a Virgil, a Cirine we meet,
Who lays his laurels at inferior feet,
And yields the tenderest point of honour, wit.
Dr. Watts, Horæ Lyricæ

In epigram so happy is your strain,
You might be read, and I might write in vain:
But your regard to friendship so sincere,
Your own applause, than mine, you hold less dear.
So Maro left to Flaccus Pindar's flight,
Able himself to soar a nobler height:

And, warm'd with a superior tragic rage,
To Varius gave the honour of the stage.
Friends oft to friends in other points submit;
Few yield the glory of the field in wit. *Hay.*

XIX. ON CINNA.

Cinna wishes to seem poor, and is poor.

Cinna does always act the poor man's part,
And is nott worth a groat. What needes such art?
Old MS. 16th Cent.

Hal says he 's poor, in hopes you 'll say he 's not;
But take his word for 't; Hal 's not worth a groat.
Rev. R. Graves.

XX. TO VARUS.

Though you write two hundred verses every day, Varus, you recite nothing in public. You are unwise, and yet you are wise.

Each day you make two hundred verses, sott,
But none recite: you 're wise, and you are nott.
Old MS. 16th Cent.

You make two hundred verses in a trice;
But publish none:—The man is mad and wise. *Hay.*

XXI. TO THE MORNING STAR.

Phosphorus (Morning Star), bring back the day; why dost thou delay our joys? When Cæsar is about to return, Phosphorus, bring back the day. Rome implores thee. Is it that the sluggish wain of the tame Bootes is carrying thee, that thou comest with axle so slow? Thou shouldst rather snatch Cyllarus from Leda's twins; Castor himself would to-day lend thee his horse. Why dost thou detain the impatient Titan? Already Xanthus and Æthon long for the bit, and the benign parent of Memnon is up and ready. Yet the lingering stars refuse to retreat before the shining light, and the moon is eager to behold the Ausonian ruler. Come, Cæsar, even though it be night: although the stars stand still, day will not be absent from thy people when thou comest.

Phosphor, bring light; why dost our joys delay?
Cæsar 's to come; Phosphor, bring on the day.
Rome begs it. Art drawn in Bootes' team,
Thou mov'st so slowly with a lazy beam?

Castor will not refuse that thou should'st mount
His swift-foot Cyllaros on this account.
Impatient Titan why dost thou detain?
Xanthus and Æthon both desire the rein;
Aurora waits; yet ling'ring stars there be,
As if the moon th' Ausonian king would see!
Come, Cæsar, though in night let stars delay:
When thou art here, we shall not want a day.

Anon. 1655.

XXII. TO GALLICUS.

You invite me, Gallicus, to partake of a wild boar; you place before me a home-fed pig. I am a hybrid, Gallicus, if you can deceive me.

You bid to a boar, and you treat with a hog.
You make us both mongrels, if thus you 're a dog.

Elphinston.

XXIII. TO RUSTICUS.

I seem to you cruel and too much addicted to gluttony, when I beat my cook for sending up a bad dinner. If that appears to you too trifling a cause, say for what cause you would have a cook flogged?

On me as sterne and gluttonous you looke,
'Cause for my supper spoyl'd I beate my cooke:
If this fault you think slight, nor worth a blow,
For what else should a cooke be beaten? Show.

Old MS. 16th Cent.

XXIV. TO DOMITIAN.

If I chance in my timid and slender book to make any request of thee, grant it, unless my pages are too presumptuous. Or, if thou dost not grant it, Cæsar, still permit it to be made; Jupiter is never offended by incense and prayers. It is not he who fashions divine images in gold or marble, that makes them gods, but he who offers supplications to them.

If I in fear chance to petition thee,
If I 'm not impudent, vouchsafe it me.
If thou 'lt not grant, deign to be ask'd in love,
Incense and prayers ne'er offended Jove.
"He that an image frames in gold or stone
Makes not a god; he that kneels, makes it one.

Fletcher.

XXV. TO OPPIANUS.

You have seen me very ill, Oppianus, only once: I shall often see you so.[1]

You saw me ill one day, you tell,
Oppian. I never see you well. *Anon.*

XXVI. TO DOMITIAN.

The huntsman on the banks of the Ganges, looking pale as he fled on his Hyrcanian steed, never stood in fear, amid the Eastern fields, of so many tigers as thy Rome, O Germanicus, has lately beheld. She could not even count the objects of her delight. Your arena, Cæsar, has surpassed the triumphs of Bacchus among the Indians, and the wealth and magnificence of the conquering deity; for Bacchus, when he led the Indians captive after his chariot, was content with a single pair of tigers.

On Ganges' banks, who spoils the wood or mead,
And paly flies on the Hyrcanian steed,
Ne'er saw, Germanic, as thy Rome, such sights:
Nor can she number all her new delights.
The Erythrean triumphs yield to thine;
The pow'r terrestrial and the wealth divine;
For, when the car the captive Indians trod,
A brace of tigers drew the victor-god. *Elphinston.*

XXVII. TO GAURUS.

He who makes presents to you, Gaurus, rich and old as you are, says plainly, if you have but sense and can understand him, "Die!"

Gaurus, he that doth gifts bestow
On thee, both rich and old,
If thou art wise thou needs must know
He'd have thee dead and cold. *Fletcher.*

Who gives you gifts, being rich and old, doth cry,
Gaurus, to thee I give these gifts to die. *Wright.*

You're rich and old; to you they presents send:
Don't you perceive they bid you die, my friend? *Hay.*

XXVIII. TO A TOGA, GIVEN HIM BY PARTHENIUS.

Say, toga, rich present from my eloquent friend, of what flock wert thou the ornament and the glory? Did the grass

[1] See B. vii. Ep. 4. I shall see you often looking pale.

of Apulia and Ledæan Phalantus[1] spring up for thee, where Galæsus irrigates the fields with waters from Calabria? Or did the Tartessian Guadalquivir, the nourisher of the Iberian fold, wash thee, when on the back of a lamb of Hesperia? Or has thy wool counted the mouths of the divided Timavus,[2] of which the affectionate Cyllarus, now numbered with the stars, once drank? Thee it neither befitted to be stained with Amyclæan dye, nor was Miletus worthy to receive thy fleece. Thou surpassest in whiteness the lily, the budding flower of the privet, and the ivory which glistens on the hill of Tivoli.[3] The swan of Sparta and the doves of Paphos must yield to thee; and even the pearl fished from the Indian seas. But though this be a present that vies with new-born snows, it is not more pure than its giver Parthenius. I would not prefer to it the embroidered stuffs of proud Babylon, decorated with the needle of Semiramis; I should not admire myself more if dressed in the golden robe of Athamas, could Phrixus give me his Æolian fleece.[4] But oh what laughter will my worn-out ragged cloak excite, when seen in company with this regal toga!

Say, grateful gift of mine ingenious friend,
What happy flock shall to thy fleece pretend?
For thee did herb of fam'd Phalantus blow,
Where glad Galesus bids his waters flow?
Or did Tartessian Bætis also lave
Thy matchless woof, in his Hesperian wave?
Did thy wool number streamlets more than seven,
Of him who slak'd the warrior-horse of heaven?
Amyclæ's bane ne'er harrow'd up thy hair:
Miletus never boasted fleece so fair.
To thee the lily fades, the privet's pale;
And all the blanching pow'rs of Tibur fail.
The Spartan swan the Paphian doves deplore,
The pearls their hue on Erythrean shore.

[1] The pastures of Tarentum, laid out by Phalanthus the Lacedæmonian, who was descended from Leda. See B. v. Ep. 37.

[2] A river of the north of Italy, running into the Adriatic, at which Cyllarus, Castor's horse, drank, when he passed the mouth of it, as it is said, among the Argonauts.

[3] The ivory in the temple of Hercules is probably meant. Comp. B. iv. Ep. 62.

[4] The golden fleece of Phrixus the son of Athamas and grandson of Æolus.

But, though the boon leave new-fall'n snows behind,
It is not fairer than the donor's mind.
A Babylonish vest I'd ne'er pursue,
A vest the Semiramian pencil drew;
Old Athamas's gold I'd proudly mock,
Would Phrixus give me an Æolian flock.
Yet oh! what laughter will the contrast crown!
My threadbare cloak upon th' imperia gown!

Elphinston.

XXIX. ON DISTICHS.

He who writes distichs, wishes, I suppose, to please by brevity. But, tell me, of what avail is their brevity, when there is a whole book full of them?

Who distichs writes to brevity does look:
But where's the brevity, if 't fills a book. *Anon.* 1795.

You hope in distichs brevity may please:
A book of distichs gives us no great ease. *Hay.*

XXX. ON THE SPECTACLE OF SCÆVOLA[1] BURNING HIS HAND.

The spectacle which is now presented to us on Cæsar's arena, was the great glory of the days of Brutus. See how bravely the hand bears the flames. It even enjoys the punishment, and reigns in the astonished fire! Scævola himself appears as a spectator of his own act, and applauds the noble destruction of his right hand, which seems to luxuriate in the sacrificial fire; and unless the means of suffering had been taken away from it against its will, the left hand was still more boldly preparing to meet the vanquished flames. I am unwilling, after so glorious an action, to inquire what he had done before; it is sufficient for me to have witnessed the fate of his hand.

He who cheife glory was of Brutus' age,
Is now become the sport of Cæsar's stage:
See how he grasps the flames, enjoys his paynes,
How in th' astonish'd fire his bold hand reignes!
His own spectator, unconcern'd, doth stand!
Loves, and e'en feeds o' th' sacrifice of 's hand!
So much that (if not ravish'd from 't) he'd tyre
With his more bold left hand the weary'd fyre.

[1] A malefactor was compelled to act the part of Scævola, as others had been obliged to act those of Prometheus, Dædalus, Orpheus, and others. See Spectac. Ep. 7, 8, 21

No matter what this hand's forfeit has beene,
Enough to me this gallant act t' have seen.
Old MS. 16th Cent.

XXXI. TO DENTO.

You make a pretty confession about yourself, Dento, when, after taking a wife, you petition for the rights of a father of three children.[1] But cease to importune the emperor, and return, though a little behind time, to your own country; for, after so long seeking three children far away from your deserted wife, you will find four at home.

Thou know'st not, Dento, what thou dost give leave
To men pleasantly of thee to conceive:
Who begg'st that grace, as soon as thou art wed,
Which should be giv'n thee from the marriage-bed.
But with requests to tire the prince forbear,
And to thy long-left wife and home repair;
Who, while at Rome thou'rt suing on the score
Of having three sons, will have brought thee four.
Anon. 1695.

XXXII. ON THE DOVE OF ARETULLA, WHOSE BROTHER WAS EXILED TO SARDINIA.

A gentle dove, gliding down through the silent air, settled in the very lap of Aretulla as she was sitting. This might have seemed the mere sport of chance, had it not rested there, although undetained, and refused to depart, even when the liberty of flight was granted it. If it is permitted to the affectionate sister to hope for better things, and if prayers can avail to move the lord of the world, this bird is perhaps come to thee from the dwelling of the exile in Sardinia, to announce the speedy return of thy brother.

A dove soft glided through the air,
On Aretulla's bosom bare.
This might seem chance, did she not stay,
Nor would permissive wing her way.
But, if a pious sister's vows
The master of mankind allows;
This envoy of Sardoan skies,
From the returning exile flies. *Elphinston.*

[1] See B. ii. Ep. 91, 92.

XXXIII. TO PAULUS, ON RECEIVING FROM HIM A CUP OF VERY THIN METAL.

You send me, Paulus, a leaf from a Prætor's crown, and give it the name of a wine-cup. Some toy of the stage has perhaps recently been covered with this thin substance, and a dash of pale saffron-water washed it off. Or is it rather a piece of gilding scraped off (as I think it may be) by the nail of a cunning servant from the leg of your couch? Why, it is moved by a gnat flying at a distance, and is shaken by the wing of the tiniest butterfly. The flame of the smallest lamp makes it flit about, and it would be broken by the least quantity of wine poured into it. With some such crust as this the date is covered, which the ill-dressed client carries to his patron, with a small piece of money, on the first of January. The bean of Egypt produces filaments less flexible; and lilies, which fall before an excessive sun, are more substantial. The wandering spider does not disport upon a web so fine, nor does the hanging silk-worm produce a work so slight. The chalk lies thicker on the face of old Fabulla; the bubble swells thicker on the agitated wave. The net which enfolds a girl's twisted hair is stronger, and the Batavian foam which changes the colour of Roman locks is thicker. With skin such as this the chick in the Ledæan egg is clothed: such are the patches which repose upon the senator's forehead. Why did you send me a wine-cup, when you might have sent me a small ladle, or a spoon even? But I speak too grandly; when you might have sent me a snail-shell; or in a word, when you might have sent me nothing at all, Paulus?

As thinn as March-payne flaggs you sent mee, Paul,
A cupp, which you a gobblett needs must call:
With such thinn stuff gilt pageants wee o'erlay,
Which saffron water washes streight away:
Such plate as your light-finger'd page with's nayles
Scrapes from your bed-poast when his money fayles.
So thinn 'tis, that a gnatt's wing passing by,
Shakes it at distance, or least butterfly.
With candle's smoak it takes a doubtful flight,
Least drop of wine infus'd dissolves it quite.
With such are nutmeggs gilt, that clownes present
At Christmas to their landlords with their rent.

Greene beane-stocks pill'd so thin a leafe can't runn,
Nor lilly's leaves that fall with too much sunn.
From busie spider's loome no such small thred,
Or pendulous silkworme's womb, is borrowed.
The troubled water's bubble is more thick,
Or paint which on Fabulla's cheek doth stick;
A stronger caule keeps in her curled hayre,
And thicker lather makes her tresses fayre:
Her half-moon'd beauty-spots are nott so thinn;
Chickins i' th' egg are cloath'd with such a skinn.
Why then a goblett? when you might have sent
A ladle, or as well a spoon present?
I speake too bigg—might it a thimble call?
Nay, when you needed not have sent at all?
Old MS. 16th Cent.

XXXIV. TO A BOASTER.

You say that you have a piece of plate which is an original work of Mys. That rather is an original, in the making of which you had no hand.

Thy cup thou as a true antique dost show:
What thou'dst no hand in making, may be so. *Anon.*

XXXV. TO A BAD COUPLE.

Since you are so well matched, and so much alike in your lives, a very bad wife, and a very bad husband, I wonder that you do not agree.

When as you are so like in life,
A wicked husband, wicked wife,
I wonder you should live at strife.
Old MS. 16th Cent.

Both man and wife as bad as bad can be,
I wonder they no better should agree. *Hay.*

Who says that Giles and Joan at discord be?
Th' observing neighbours no such mood can see.
Indeed poor Giles repents he married ever;
But that his Joan doth too. And Giles would never
By his free will be in Joan's company;
No more would Joan he should. Giles riseth early,
And having got him out of doors, is glad:
The like is Joan. But turning home is sad,
And so is Joan. Oft-times when Giles doth find
Harsh sights at home, Giles wisheth he were blind:

All this doth Joan. Or that his long-yearn'd life
Were quite out-spun; the like wish hath his wife.
The children that he keeps Giles swears are none
Of his begetting; and so swears his Joan.
In all affections she concurreth still:
If now, with man and wife, to will and nill
The self-same things, a note of concord be,
I know no couple better can agree. *Ben Jonson.*

XXXVI. TO DOMITIAN, ON HIS PALACE.

Smile, Cæsar, at the miraculous pyramids of Egyptian kings; let barbarian Memphis now be silent concerning her eastern monuments. How insignificant are the labours of Ægypt compared to the Parrhasian palace![1] The god of day looks upon nothing in the whole world more splendid. Its seven towers seem to rise together like seven mountains; Ossa was less lofty surmounted by the Thessalian Pelion. It so penetrates the heavens, that its pinnacle, encircled by the glittering stars, is undisturbed by thunder from the clouds below, and receives the rays of Phœbus before the nether world illumined, and before even Circe[2] beholds the face of her rising father. Yet though this Palace, Augustus, whose summit touches the stars, rivals heaven, it is not so great as its lord.

Smile, Cæsar, at the pyramids' loud fame;
Memphis no more thy barb'rous wonders name;
Th' Egyptian works reach not the smallest part
Of the Parrhasian court's majestic art:
No such illustrious piece the day does show;
Nor Sol in's universal travels know.
Seven vast pavilions, like seven mountains, rise,
Pelion on Ossa scal'd not so the skies;
Thunder and clouds beneath, th' aspiring top
Enters the heavens, and 'gainst the stars does knock;
The sun salutes it with his early'st ray,
On highest hills 'tis night, when here 'tis day.
Thy palace, 'bove th' Olympian though renown'd,
Unto its lord is not yet equal found. *Anon.* 1695.

XXXVII. TO POLYCHARMUS, WHO AFFECTED LIBERALITY.

When you have given up to Caietanus his bond, do you imagine that you have made him a present of ten thousand

[1] See B. vii. Ep. 55.
[2] The promontory of Circe, called the Daughter of the Sion.

sesterces? "He owed me that sum," you say. Keep the bond, Polycharmus, and lend Caietanus two thousand.[1]

Because to Catch his bond you render'd have,
Think you thereby a hundred pound you gave?
He owed so much, you 'll say—your bond he'll send,
So you 'll the t'other forty shillings lend.
Old MS. 16th Cent.

You gave Jack up his judgment and his bond:
Have you then given Jack a hundred pound?
You say, he ow'd it: he will both restore,
Let him but owe you for a hundred more. *Hay.*

XXXVIII. TO MELIOR, ON HIS TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF THE NOTARY BLÆSUS.

He who makes presents with persevering attention to one who can make a return for his liberality, is perhaps angling for a legacy, or seeking some other return. But if any one perseveres in giving to the name which alone remains after death and the tomb, what does he seek but a mitigation of his grief? It makes a difference whether a man is, or only wishes to seem, good. You are good, Melior, and Fame knows it, in that you anxiously prevent with solemn rites the name of the buried Blæsus from perishing: and what you profusely give from your munificent coffers to the observant and affectionate company of notaries to keep his natal day, you bestow purely on Blæsus' memory. This honour will be paid you for many a year, as long as your life shall last, and will continue to be paid after your death.

With zealous seeming love who gives
To one who feels the good, and lives,
May lay a bayte returnes t'engage:
Butt whose devotions to the dead
Doe persevere, what can we say
Hee seekes, but his greifes to allay?
'Tis better bee, than seeme, good: you
That good report challenge as due,
Who with such strict solemnity
Suffer nott the dead's name to dye;
But doe with profuse bounty pay
(To celebrate your boy's birth-day)
Large summs t' his fellow pages, who
By those remember him and you:

[1] Compare B. ix. Ep. 102.

The grove from whose parental shade
Thou wast and may again be made.
Bid ev'ry pilf'ring hand retire:
Preserve the trees for Martial's fire.
Fail but my grove, thyself must burn,
And, once a log, 'mongst logs return.
E. B. Greene, 1774.

XLI. TO FAUSTINUS.

Athenagoras says he is sorry that he has not sent me the presents which he usually sends in the middle of December. I shall see, Faustinus, whether Athenagoras is sorry; certainly Athenagoras has made me sorry.

You 're sorry you forgot to send, you say,
My usual present upon New-year's day.
Whether you sorry are, 'tis time must show:
It certain is, that you have made me so. *Hay.*

XLII. TO MATHO, ON SENDING HIM A SPORTULA.

If a larger sportula has not attracted you to those who are more favoured by fortune, as is usually the case, you may take a hundred baths, Matho, from my sportula.[1]

If not, seduc'd by higher bribe,
Thou blessest now the blessed tribe;
My little sportule so sublimes,
She bids thee bathe a hundred times. *Elphinston.*

XLIII. ON FABIUS AND CHRESTILLA.

Fabius buries his wives, Chrestilla her husbands; each shakes a funeral torch over the nuptial couch. Unite these conquerors, Venus, and the result will then be that Libitina will carry them both off together.

Five wives hath he dispatch'd, she husbands five:
By both alike the undertakers thrive.
Venus assist! let them join hands in troth!
One common funeral, then, would serve them both. *Hay.*

To the Hon. Thomas Webb and Lady Dorothy his wife, near Portman Square.

While Tom and Dolly many mates
Do carry off ('tis said)

[1] The sportula was a hundred quadrantes, and a quadrans, equal to about half a farthing, was the price of an ordinary bath.

Each shakes by turns (so will the Fates)
The Fun'ral torch in bed.
Oh fie, ma'am, Venus, end this rout
Commit them to the Fleet,
And grant they may be carried out,
Both buried with one sheet

Rev. Mr. Scott, 1773.

XLIV. TO TITULLUS.

I admonish you, Titullus, enjoy life; it is already late to do so; it is late, even to begin under the schoolmaster. But you, miserable Titullus, are not even enjoying life in your old age, but wear out every threshold with morning calls, and all the forenoon are covered with perspiration, and slobbered with the kisses of the whole city. You wander through the three forums,[1] in face of all the equestrians, the temple of Mars, and the colossus of Augustus; you are running about everywhere from the third to the fifth hour.[2] Grasp, accumulate, spare, and hoard as you will, you must leave all behind you. Though the splendid coffer be pale[3] with closely packed silver coins, though a hundred pages of kalends[4] be filled with your debtors' names, yet your heir will swear that you have left nothing, and, whilst you are lying upon your bier or on the stones, while the pyre stuffed with papyrus is rising for you, he will insolently patronize your weeping eunuchs; and your sorrowing son, whether you like it or not, will caress your favourite the very first night after your funeral.

'Tis late: begin to live, old gentleman:
It would be late, if you at school began.
You a long race of misery have run;
But have not yet the race of life begun.
Your every morning is in labour spent,
This man to dun, or that to compliment.
With dirty stockings you to Hall resort,
A well-known party now in every court.
Through every quarter of the town you range,
Guild-hall, the Bank, the Custom-house, the 'Change.
Heap, scrape, oppress, use every fraudful art;
Oh! dismal thought! your wealth and you must part

[1] See B. iii. Ep. 38.
[2] From sunrise; between nine and eleven of our time.
[3] In allusion to the colour of the silver.
[4] On the Kalends, or first day of the month, interest was paid.

Of cash and mortgages though huge your store
Your graceless son will wonder 'tis no more.
And when the plumes shall o'er your coffin wave,
And Sable's venal train attend your grave,
Chief mourner he, and heir to your embrace,
Shall with your whore that night supply your place.
Hay

XLV. TO FLACCUS, ON THE RETURN OF PRISCUS TERENTIUS.

Priscus Terentius, my dear Flaccus, is restored to me from the coast of Sicily; let a milk-white gem mark this day. Let the contents of this amphora, diminished by the lapse of a hundred consulships,[1] flow forth, and let it grow brighter, turbid as it now is, strained through the purifying linen.[2] When will a night so auspicious cheer my board? When will it be mine to be warmed with wine so fitly quaffed? When Cytherean Cyprus shall restore you, Flaccus, to me, I shall have equally good reason for such indulgence.

My Priscus, lo! return'd from Ætna's height!
The gem, that marks this day, be purest white.
Flow, fining cask, from out the deep recess:
The hundredth consul has just made it less.
When shall with such a joy my table shine?
When feel the fervours of so fair a wine?
When Cyprus thee, my Flaccus, shall restore,
Wise luxury again shall have her lore. *Elphinston.*

XLVI. TO CESTUS.

How great is thy innocent simplicity, how great the childish beauty of thy form, youthful Cestus, more chaste than the young Hippolytus! Diana might covet thy society, and Doris desire to bathe with thee: Cybele would prefer to have thee all to herself instead of her Phrygian Atys. Thou mightest have succeeded to the couch of Ganymede, but thou, cruel boy, wouldest have given kisses only to thy lord Happy the bride who shall move the heart of so tender a husband, and the damsel who shall first make thee feel that thou art a man!

[1] Wine was supposed to suffer some diminution in bulk from being kept long.

[2] It was considered also to grow thick, and require straining.

How great 's thy virtue, and thy form how rare!
Theseus' chaste son cannot with thee compare.
For all the glory of her virgin name,
To bathe with thee, Diana, would not shame.
And whom might Cybele alone enjoy,
She would prefer before her Phrygian boy.
Ganymede's place didst thou to Jove supply,
Juno thou would'st redeem from jealousy.
Happy 's the maid shall thy soft breast inflame,
And give thee first a man's and husband's name.
Anon. 1695.

XLVII. TO ONE WHO ARRANGED HIS BEARD IN THREE DIFFERENT WAYS.

Part of your face is clipped, part shaven, part has the hair pulled out. Who would think that you have but one head?

Part of thy hair is shorn, part shaved to thee,
Part pull'd: who 'll think it but one head to be? *Fletcher.*

While your cheeks are part shav'd, scrap'd, and part pluck'd away,
Who the devil can think you've but one head, I pray?
Rev. Mr Scott, 1773.

XLVIII. ON THE STOLEN CLOAK OF CRISPINUS.

Crispinus does not know to whom he gave his Tyrian mantle, when he changed his dress at the bath, and put on his toga. Whoever thou art that hast it, restore to his shoulders, I pray thee, their honours; it is not Crispinus, but his cloak, that makes this request. It is not for every one to wear garments steeped in purple dye; that colour is suited only to opulence. If booty and the vicious craving after dishonourable gain possess you, take the toga, for that will be less likely to betray you.

When at the bath Crispinus did undress,
To whom he gave his robe he cannot guess.
Restore the spoil, whoever has it, pray.
Not this Crispinus, but the robe, does say.
A scarlet gown is not for all men's wear,
Who are not noble, this rich dye forbear.
If theft delights thee, a dishonest prize,
Avoid what will betray thee, if thou 'rt wise.
Anon. 1695.

XLIX. ON ASPER.

Asper loves a damsel; she is handsome certainly, but he is blind. Evidently then, such being the case, Asper loves better than he sees.

Blind Asper loves a lass that beauteous is,
And, as it seems, he loves more than he sees.
Fletcher.

L. TO CÆSAR.

Great as is reported to have been the feast at the triumph over the giants, and glorious as was to all the gods that night on which the kind father sat at table with the inferior deities, and the Fauns were permitted to ask wine from Jove; so grand are the festivals that celebrate thy victories, O Cæsar; and our joys enliven the gods themselves. All the knights, the people, and the senate, feast with you, and Rome partakes of ambrosial repasts with her ruler. Thou promisedst much; but how much more hast thou given! Only a sportula was promised, but thou hast set before us a splendid supper.

As was that ovant feast, night swell'd with joy,
After that Jove the giants did destroy,
And vulgar gods, together with the great,
Benignly at his heavenly table treat;
And Fauns and Satyrs were allow'd to call
Freely for nectar i' th' Olympian hall.

Such was that genial feast, triumphant state,
When Cæsar did his laurel consecrate,
And gods, as well as men, exhilarate.
Patricians, people, knights, all Rome, did eat
With their great lord of his ambrosian meat;
Great things thou promis'd, greater didst bestow;
Not for a dole, but royal feast we owe. *Anon.* 1695.

LI. ON A WINE-CUP RECEIVED FROM INSTANTIUS RUFUS.

Whose workmanship is displayed in this cup? Is it that of the skilful Mys, or of Myron? Is this the handiwork of Mentor, or thine, Polycletus? No tarnish blemishes its brightness, its unalloyed metal is proof against the fire of the assayer. Pure amber radiates a less bright yellow than its metal; and the fineness of its chasing surpasses the carving on snowy ivory. For the work is not inferior

to the material; it surrounds the cup, as the moon surrounds the earth, when she shines at the full with all her light. Embossed on it is a goat adorned with the Æolian fleece of the Theban Phrixus;[1] a goat on which his sister would have preferred to ride; a goat which the Cinyphian shearer would not despoil of his hair, and which Bacchus himself would allow to browse on his vine. On the back of the animal sits a Cupid fluttering his golden wings; and a Palladian flute made of the lotus seems to resound from his delicate lips. Thus did the dolphin, delighted with the Methymnæan Arion, convey his melodious rider through the tranquil waves. Let this splendid gift be filled for me with nectar worthy of it, not by the hand of a common slave, but by that of Cestus. Cestus, ornament of my table, mix the Setine wine; the lovely boy and the goat that carries him both seem to be thirsty. Let the letters in the name of Instantius Rufus determine the number of the cups that I am to drink; for he is the donor of this noble present. If Telethusa comes and proffers me her promised entertainment, I shall confine myself, Rufus, for the sake of my mistress, to the third part of the letters in your name;[3] if she delays, I shall indulge in seven cups; if she disappoints me altogether, I shall, to drown my vexation, drain as many cups as there are letters in both your name and hers.

What paynes, what skill, did this cupp's forme command?
Was't Myos', Myron's, or bold Mentor's hand?
Cleare and untarnish'd no pale cloud it bears,
The metal no fyre's searching tryall feares.
The yellow gold pure amber doth outvie,
The embossed silver whitest ivory.
The skill equalls the stuff; such orbes combines
As when the moone in her full lustre shines.
There Phryxus' goat with 's golden fleece doth swim
So lively, Helle 'd choose to ride on him;
So trim, no hair a barber needes, and thou,
Bacchus, wouldst lett him browze on thy vine-bough.
Cupid, with golden wings, sitting on 's back,
With pipe in 's pretty mouth doth musick make:

[1] See Ep. 28. [2] See B. vii. Ep. 95.
[3] To five cups; there being fifteen letters in the two names Instantius Rufus.

With harp and voice so did Arion please
The dolphin bearing him through toylsome seas.
With richest nectar, worthy such a cup,
Nott by a common hand, butt thine, fill'd up,
Give't mee, deare Cestus, lovely boy; meethinks
Both goate and Cupid thirst for Setian drinks.
To every letter of his name who gave
Mee this so precious bowle, a round wee'll have.
If Telethusa come, I must reserve
Myself for those sweet joyes; then five shall serve:
If shee bee doubtful, sev'n; if shee fayle quite,
To drown my griefes, I'll drink both names outright.
Old MS. 16th Cent.

LII. TO CÆDICIANUS.

Cædicianus, I lent my barber (a young man, but skilled in his art even beyond Nero's Thalamus, whose lot it was to clip the beards of the Drusi) to Rufus, at his request, to make his cheeks smooth for once. But, at Rufus's orders, he was so long occupied in going over the same hairs again and again, consulting the mirror that guided his hand, cleaning the skin, and making a tedious second attack on the locks previously shorn, that my barber at last returned to me with his own beard full grown.

A boy, of so consummate art,
When call'd to play the barber's part,
As had not for a rival fear'd
The trimmer of a Nero's beard;
To smug the cheek of Rufus, once
I lent; nor deem'd myself a dunce.
While o'er and o'er each hair he glides,
A faithful glass his fingers guides;
And now he gives the skin to glow,
While far and wide he draws the mow;
Behold a wondrous thing, and new!
The shaver's down a harvest grew. *Elphinston.*

LIII. TO CATULLA.

Most beautiful of all women that are or have been, but most worthless of all that are or have been, oh! how I wish, Catulla, that you could become less beautiful, or more chaste.

So very fair! and yet so very common!
Would you were plainer! or a better woman! *Hay.*

LIV. TO DOMITIAN.

Although you make so many liberal donations, and promise even to exceed them, O conqueror of many leaders, as well as conqueror of yourself, you are not loved of the people, Cæsar, for the sake of your bounties, but your bounties are loved by the people for your sake.

Though thou givest great boons oft, and wilt give more,
O king of kings, and thyself's conqueror!
The people love thee not 'cause they partake
Thy blessings; but thy blessings for thy sake. *Fletcher.*

LV. TO DOMITIAN, ON HIS LION.

Loud as are the roarings heard through the trackless regions of Massylia, when the forest is filled with innumerable raging lions, and when the pale shepherd recalls his astonished bulls and terrified flock to his Punic huts, so loud were terrific roarings lately heard in the Roman arena. Who would not have thought they proceeded from a whole herd? There was, however, only one lion, but one whose authority the lions themselves would have respected with trembling, and to whom Numidia, abounding in variegated marble, would have given the palm. Oh what majesty sat upon his neck, what beauty did the golden shade of his arched neck display as it bristled! How apt for large hunting spears was his broad chest, and what joy did he feel in so illustrious a death! Whence, Libya, came so noble an ornament to thy woods? From the car of Cybele? Or, rather, did thy brother, Germanicus, or thy father himself, send down the mighty animal from the constellation of Hercules?[1]

Like the amazing terrors which resound
In Libyan pastures, and adjoining ground,
When herds of lions rage in forests nigh,
And make the fiercest bulls and shepherds fly
Home to their holds, ready through fear to die:
Such was the roaring late i' th' place of game;
A troop of lions seem'd to make the same;
It was but one, but one all else did dread,
And paid subjection to his crowned head.
Oh, what a horrid grace his neck did show!
Down to his feet his curled mane did flow:

[1] The constellation Leo, which was fabled to be the Nemean lion slain by Hercules.

His large-spread breast for largest spears did call;
Great was the fear and triumph at his fall.
Like glory Libyan coasts ne'er sent before,
Nor Ida ever saw in all her store:
Was 't not the same t' Alcides gave renown,
And by thy father from the stars sent down?

Anon. 1695.

LVI. TO FLACCUS.

As the age of our ancestors yields to our own, and as Rome has grown greater with her ruler, you wonder that genius like that of the divine Virgil is nowhere found among us, and that no poet thunders of wars with so powerful a clarion. Let there be Mæcenases, Flaccus, and there will be no want of Virgils; even your own farm may furnish you with a Maro. Tityrus had lost several acres in the neighbourhood of poor Cremona, and was sadly mourning over the loss of his sheep. The Tuscan knight[1] smiled on him, repelled harsh poverty from his door, and bade it quickly take to flight. "Accept," said he, "a portion of my wealth, and be the greatest of bards; nay, thou mayst even love my Alexis." That most beautiful of youths used to stand at his master's feasts, pouring the dark Falernian with hand white as marble, and to present him the cup just sipped with his rosy lips; lips which might have attracted the admiration of Jupiter himself. The plump Galatea, and Thestylis, with her ruddy cheeks burnt by the harvest sun, vanished from the memory of the inspired bard. Forthwith he sang of Italy, and "Arms and the man,"—he, whose inexperienced strain had scarcely sufficed to lament a gnat.[2] Why need I mention the Varii[3] and Marsi,[4] and other poets who have been enriched, and to enumerate whom would be a long task? Shall I, then, be a Virgil, if you give me such gifts as Mæcenas gave him? I shall not be Virgil; but I shall be a Marsus.[5]

Since never was an age so happy yet;
So great the nation or the prince so great;
You wonder that no Addisons remain,
No bard to sing a fortunate campaign.
Let but Mæcenas, Virgil will, revive:
Ev'n your own villa may a Virgil give.

[1] Mæcenas. See Hor. Sat. I. vi. 1. [2] Alluding to Virgil's "Culex."
[3] Varius, who assisted Tucca in correcting the Æneid.
[4] The epigrammatist; B. ii. Ep. 71, 98.
[5] I shall be enriched, like Marsus the Epigrammatist. See B. ii. Ep. 71

When Tityrus bewail'd his flocks so dear;
And to Cremona farms, alas! too near;
Benevolently smil'd the Tuscan knight,
And put malignant poverty to flight.
A poet be, and take my purse, he said;
Take what you like; take ev'n my favourite maid:
Attendant at his board the damsel stands;
And fills his claret with her lily hands;
Sips it with rosy lips, which might inspire
With wanton thoughts the virtue of a friar.
Fat Galatea haunts his soul no more;
Nor Thestylis, his sun-burnt country whore.
He, who once humble themes pursued, then sung
"Arms and the man whence Roman grandeur sprung."
'Twere endless to recount each laurel'd shade
Rich and immortal by such bounty made.
I'll Virgil be, might I like favours hope:
No: 'tis not Virgil I will be, but Pope. *Hay.*

LVII. ON PICENS.

Picens had three teeth, which he coughed out all together one day, as he was sitting at the place destined for his tomb. He collected in his robe the last fragments of his decayed jaw, and buried them under a heap of earth. His heir need not collect his bones after his death; Picens has already performed that office for himself.

Old Picens had three teeth which from him come
As he sat coughing hard over his tomb:
Which fragments he took up into his breast,
Dropp'd from his mouth: then laid his bones to rest.
Lest that his heir should not them safely see
Interr'd, he did himself the curtesy. *Fletcher.*

LVIII. TO ARTEMIDORUS.

Seeing that your cloak, Artemidorus, is so thick, I might justly call you Sagaris.[1]

So vast thy cloake, it seemeth to contayne
In 't all the cloakes that ever lin'd Cloake-Lane.
Old MS.

LIX. ON A ONE-EYED THIEF.

Do you see this fellow, who has but one eye, and under whose scowling forehead yawns a blind cavity for the other? Do not despise that head; none was ever more acquisitive;

[1] In allusion to the word *sagum*, a military cloak.

nor were even the fingers of Autolycus more sticky. Be cautious how you make him your guest, and watch him closely, for on such occasions he makes one eye do the duty of two. The anxious servants lose cups and spoons; and many a napkin is warmed in the secret folds of his dress. He knows how to catch a cloak as it falls from the arm of a neighbour, and often leaves the table doubly clad. He even feels no remorse in robbing the slumbering slave of his lighted lamp. If he fails to lay hands on anything belonging to others, he will exercise his thievish propensity on his own servant, and steal his slippers from him.

See you that fellow, with a harden'd front,
One eye with patch, and one with knave upon 't?
Revere in him the captain of the band
Once ruled by Wild; more gluey is his hand.
At table with him take care what you do,
His eye will be more watchful than your two.
He 'll make the servants hunt for spoons; and clap
His napkin in his breeches, not his lap.
Whip up a handkerchief, that 's fallen down,
Or slip another joseph on his own,
His own portmanteau carry off unseen,
And charge it on the master of the inn. *Hay.*

LX. TO CLAUDIA.

If you had been shorter by a foot and a half, Claudia, you would have been about the same height as the colossus on the Palatine mount.[1]

At the Coloss imperial thou might'st laugh,
Claudia, if shorter by a foot and half. *Elphinston.*

LXI. TO SEVERUS, ON CHARINUS.

Charinus is pale and bursting with envy; he rages, weeps, and is looking for a high branch on which to hang himself; not, as formerly, because I am repeated and read by everybody, or because I am circulated with elegant bosses, and anointed with oil of cedar, through all the nations that Rome holds in subjection; but because I possess in the suburbs a summer country-house, and ride on mules which are not, as of old, hired. What evil shall I imprecate on him, Severus, for his envy? This is my wish: that he may have mules and a country-house.

[1] Spectac. Ep. 2.

Vipers ne'er cease to gnaw Carinus' breast,
Anguish and grief his quiet to molest;
His envy rages to that high degree,
To hang himself he only wants a tree.
Not 'cause my book 's now richly gilt and bound,
Myself and verse through all the world renown'd:
But I 've a house near Rome, and on the score,
I 'm drawn with mules, not hired, as heretofore.
What shall I wish, th' envious to repay?
I wish, on him that Fortune also may
A farm bestow near town, and men may tell
That mules he drives, and roots and herbs does sell.

Anon. 1695.

LXII. ON PICENS.

Picens writes epigrams upon the back of his paper, and then complains that the god of poetry turns his back upon him.

He turns the leaf, to eke th' inscriptive lay,
And mourns the god has turn'd his face away.

Elphinston.

LXIII. ON AULUS.

Aulus loves Thestylus, and yet he is not less fond of Alexis; perhaps he is also growing fond of my Hyacinthus. Go, now, and resolve me whether my friend Aulus loves poets themselves, when he loves what the poets hold dearest.

On Thestylus, nor on Alexis less;
Nay, on our Hyacinth he dotes beyond.
Who for the bards can Aulus' love express,
When of their fav'rites Aulus proves so fond?

Elphinston.

LXIV. TO CLYTUS.

For the purpose of asking and exacting presents, Clytus, your birth-day falls eight times in one year; and you count, I think, only three or four first days of months that are not anniversaries of your coming into the world. Though your face is smoother than the polished stones of the dry shore; though your hair is blacker than the mulberry ready to fall; though the soft delicacy of your flesh surpasses the feathers of the dove, or a mass of milk just curdled; and though your breast is as full as that which a virgin reserves for her husband· you already, Clytus, seem to me to be an old man; for who would believe that Priam and Nestor had as many birth-days as you? Have some sense of moderation, and let there be

some limit to your rapacity; for if you still carry on your joke, and if it is not enough for you to be born once a year, I shall not, Clytus, consider you born at all.

More gifts more clearly still to crave,
Each yeere eight birth-dayes you will have;
And of twelve months scarce four, or three,
Wherein you were not born there bee.
Though your downe chin be smoother far
Than on dry beach worne pebbles are;
More black than mulberrys your hayre;
Than feathers trembling in the ayre
Your breasts more soft, than curds and creame
More swell'd and plump, or more than them
To husband's bedd greene virgins bring,
You are an old man in your spring.
For who'd believe Priam, or old
Nestor, so many birth-dayes told?
For shame, at length your greedy minde
Stint; for if still theise tricks we finde,
And once a yeere suffice not you,
We 'll think none of your birth-dayes true.

Old MS. 16th Cent.

LXV. TO DOMITIAN, ON HIS TEMPLE OF FORTUNE AND TRIUMPHAL ARCH.

Here, where the temple dedicated to returning Fortune glistens resplendent far and wide, was formerly a spot of ground of great celebrity. Here Domitian, graced with the dust of the Sarmatian[1] war, halted, his countenance radiating with glory. Here, with locks wreathed with bays, and in white garb, Rome saluted her general with voice and gesture. The great merits of the spot are attested by the other monuments with which it has been honoured; a sacred arch is there erected in memory of our triumphs over subdued nations. Here two chariots[2] number many an elephant yoked to them; the prince himself, cast in gold, guides alone the mighty team. This gate, Germanicus, is worthy of thy triumphs; such an entrance it is fit the city of Mars should possess.

Where to returning Fortune now we build
Vast glittering temples, lately was that field
Where, lovely in the dust of warr, such grace,
Such lustre shin'd from Cæsar's ruddy face;

[1] See B. vii. Ep. 5.

[2] On the triumphal arch, in memory of two victories over the Dacians

Where in white roabes, their heads with lawrel crown'd,
Rome welcom'd him with hands' and voyces' sound.
There, for that place's greater worth and glory,
On arch triumphant stands that conquest's story;
Where Cæsar, all in gold, on chariotts rides,
And the huge elephants that draw them guides.
Such conquests meritt such a noble roome,
And such gates Mars's city best become.

Old MS. 16th Cent.

LXVI. ON THE CONSULSHIP OF THE SON OF SILIUS ITALICUS.

Give to the emperor, ye Muses, sacred incense and victims on behalf of your favourite Silius. See, the prince bids the twelve fasces return to him in the consulship of his son, and the Castalian abode of the poet resound with the rod of power knocking at his door. O Cæsar, chief and only stay of the empire, still one thing is wanting to the wishes of the rejoicing father,—the happy purple and a third consul in his family. Although the senate gave these sacred honours to Pompey, and Augustus to his son-in-law,[1] whose names the pacific Janus thrice ennobled,[2] Silius prefers to count successive consulships in the persons of his sons.

To Cæsar let your incense rise,
To him your victims fall:
Ye Nine, salute th' auspicious skies;
And let us carol all.

The twice six bundles bids the god
Upon the son rebound;
And, with the welcome awful rod,
The dome Castalian sound.

Augustus, thou supreme of things;
Their primal, single stay!
To thee thine own Thalia flings
Th' unmeditated lay.

While thou enjoy'st to crown my joy,
A twofold wish remains:
For bliss upon th' empurpled boy,
And for a third the reins.

[1] Vipsanius Agrippa, the husband of Julia. Like Pompey, he was thrice consul.

[2] Their names were enrolled in the fasti kept in the temple of Janus, which was closed in the reign of Augustus.

To Pompey though the Fathers gave,
And Cæsar to his son,
The honours of the wise and brave,
Which they alone have won;
Though peaceful Janus three times threw
A glory round each name;
My Silius would acquire, in two,
A higher threefold fame. *Elphinston.*

LXVII. TO CÆCILIANUS.

Your slave, Cæcilianus, has not yet announced to you the fifth hour,[1] and yet you are already come to dine with me; although, too, the fourth hour has but just been bawled to adjourn the bail-courts,[2] and the wild beasts[3] of the Floral Games are still being exercised in the arena. Run, Callistus, hasten to call the still unwashed attendants; let the couches be spread; sit down, Cæcilianus. You ask for warm water; but the cold is not yet brought; the kitchen is still closed, and the fires not yet lit. You should surely come earlier; why do you wait for the fifth hour? You have come very late, Cæcilianus, for breakfast.

You as my guest appear, when 'tis not one
By Paul's, or any other clock in town.
The courts at Westminster are sitting still:
The Speaker has not read one private bill.
Make haste, good John, and never mind your hair;
But lay the cloth; and set us each a chair.
Bring us the soup.—There is no water yet.
Where is the lamb?—It is not on the spit.
You should be earlier, Sir; till noon why wait?
You come to breakfast most extremely late. *Hay.*

LXVIII. TO ENTELLUS, ON HIS BEAUTIFUL GARDENS.

He who has seen the orchards of the king of Corcyra, will prefer the garden of your country-house, Entellus. That the malicious frost may not nip the purple clusters, and the icy cold destroy the gifts of Bacchus, the vintage lives protected under transparent stone;[4] carefully covered, yet not con-

[1] About our eleven in the forenoon.
[2] In which business was conducted during the third hour: *Exercet rem ad tertia causidicos.* B. iv. Ep. 8.
[3] Hares, fawns, and other animals of the kind. See B. i. Ep. 3.
[4] The *lapis specularis.*

cealed. Thus does female beauty shine through silken folds; thus are pebbles visible in the pellucid waters. What is not nature willing to grant to genius? Barren winter is forced to produce the fruits of autumn.

He who hath seen the gardens at Versailles,
When he sees yours, will think their beauty fails.
Here, lest the purple branch be scorch'd by frost,
And Bacchus' gifts by cold devouring lost,
Shut in the glass the living vintage lies,
Securely cloath'd, yet naked to the eyes.
Through finest lace so female graces beam;
Pebbles are counted in the lucid stream.
What will not nature yield to human skill?
When sterile winter shall be autumn still. *Hay.*

LXIX. TO VACERRA.

You admire, Vacerra, only the poets of old, and praise only those who are dead. Pardon me, I beseech you, Vacerra, if I think death too high a price to pay for your praise.

The ancients all your veneration have:
You like no poet on this side the grave.
Yet, pray, excuse me; if to please you, I
Can hardly think it worth my while to die. *Hay.*

LXX. ON NERVA.[1]

Great as is the placidity, equally great is the eloquence of the quiet Nerva; but his modesty restrains his powers and his genius. When he might with large draughts have drained the sacred fountain of the muses, he preferred to keep his thirst within bounds; he was content to bind his inspired brow with a modest chaplet, and not to crowd all sail for fame. But whoever is acquainted with the verses of the learned Nero, knows that Nerva is the Tibullus of our day.

Of spirit gentle, as of genius strong,
His modesty alone can do him wrong.
When all Permessis his one draft might drain,
He bids his thirst, however keen, refrain.
Content with slender wreath to bind his brow,
He will not to his fame her sail allow.

[1] Supposed to be the Nerva afterwards emperor, whose poetry is noticed by Pliny, Ep. v. 3. See B. ix. Ep. 27.

Yet him the sweet Tibullus of our days
Each critic owns, who honours Nero's lays. *Elphinston.*

LXXI. TO POSTUMIANUS.

Ten years ago, Postumianus, you sent me at the time of the winter solstice[1] four pounds of silver. Next year, when I hoped for a larger present (for presents ought either to stand at the same point or to grow larger), there came two pounds, more or less. The third and fourth years brought still less. The fifth year produced a pound, it is true, but only a Septician pound.[2] In the sixth year it fell off to a small cup of eight uncias;[3] next year came half a pound of silver scrapings in a little cup. The eighth year brought me a ladle of scarcely two ounces; the ninth presented me a little spoon, weighing less than a needle. The tenth year can have nothing less to send me; return, therefore, Postumianus, to the four pounds.

Four pounds of fine silver you sent,
To heighten the solstician glee.
The boon ten years since gave content,
And spoke you, Postumian, to me.

Next year I depended on more,
As bounties should never grow less:
And what came to strengthen my store?
Just half the four pounds, I profess.

The third and the fourth lessen'd still,
The fifth brought a pitiful pound:
A dish of eight ounces to fill,
The sixth generosity crown'd.

And now half a pound in a cup;
A ladle then, less than two ounces:
A spoonlet now gave me to sup,
Though light as the feather that flounces.

Nought has the tenth twelvemonth to send:
To see her endeavour I burn.
Postumian, my counsel attend,
To four honest pounders return. *Elphinston.*

[1] At the Saturnalia in December.

[2] A pound of eight ounces and a half instead of twelve. The derivation of the word is unknown.

[3] The uncia was the twelfth part of the sextarius, which was nearly equivalent to an English pint.

LXXII. TO HIS BOOK, ON PRESENTING IT TO ARCANUS.

My little book, though not yet adorned with the purple, or polished with the keen filing of pumice, you are in haste to follow Arcanus, whom beautiful Narbo, the native town of the learned Votienus,[1] recalls to uphold her laws and the annual magistracy; and, what should equally be an object of your wishes, that delightful spot, and the friendship of Arcanus, will at once be yours. How I could wish to be my book!

Nor yet empurpled, nor polite,
From the dry pumice' grating bite,
Thou hi'st Arcanus to attend;
For whom bright Narbo deigns to send,
T' enforce the justice of the gods,
And prop the laws with equal rods.
Hail, Narbo, hail! supremely blest,
Of such a progeny possess'd!
Arcanus, born to think and say,
Learn'd Votienus, for the lay.
Go then, my child; thy wishes crown,
In such a friend, and such a town.
How just a joy would light my look,
Could I but now become my book! *Elphinston.*

LXXIII. TO INSTANTIUS RUFUS.

Instantius, than whom no one is reputed more sincere in heart, or more eminent for unsullied simplicity, if you wish to give strength and spirit to my muse, and desire of me verses which shall live, give me something to love. Cynthia made sportive Propertius a poet; the fair Lycoris was the genius of Gallus. The beautiful Nemesis gave fame to the wit of Tibullus; while Lesbia inspired the learned Catullus. Neither the Pelignians, nor the Mantuans, will refuse *me* the name of a bard, if I meet with a Corinna or an Alexis.

Instantius, whose sincerer ne'er was known,
The snow unsoil'd of simpleness thine own!
Would'st my Thalia crown with pleasing pow'r,
And hope for lays that fear no final hour?
Would'st place me ev'ry blame or praise above?
Give who shall light me with the torch of love.

[1] An eminent poet.

Thee, gay Propertius, Cynthia earn'd a name;
The fair Lycoris prov'd a Gallus' flame;
'Twas Nemesis attun'd Tibullus' lyre;
And Lesbia set Catullus' soul on fire.
Not me shall the Pelignian's self outshine,
Or e'en the Mantuan, with his muse divine,
Corinna be, or Amaryllis mine. *Elphinston.*

LXXIV. TO A BAD DOCTOR.

You are now a gladiator; you were previously an oculist. You used to do as a doctor what you now do as a gladiator.

A doctor lately was a captain made:
It is a change of title, not of trade. *Hay.*

LXXV. TO LUCANUS, ON A CORPULENT GAUL.

A Lingonian Gaul, fresh arrived, returning late at night to his lodging, through the Covered and Flaminian ways, struck his toe violently against some obstacle, dislocated his ankle, and fell at full length on the pavement. What was the Gaul to do, how was he to get up? The huge fellow had with him but one little slave, so thin that he could scarcely carry a little lamp. Accident came to the poor fellow's assistance. Four branded slaves were carrying a common corpse, such as poor men's pyres receive by thousands. To them the feeble attendant, in a humble tone, addressed his prayer, entreating that they would carry the dead body of his master whithersoever they pleased. The load was changed, and the heavy burden crammed into the narrow shell, and raised on their shoulders. This gentleman, Lucanus, seems to me one out of many of whom we may justly say, "Mortue Galle."[1]

Tom about one was from the tavern come,
And with his load through Fleet-street reeling home;
Striking his toe against the Lord knows what,
Into the kennel he directly shot.
What must Tom do? he could not stir or speak:
One only lad he had! and he so weak,
He scarce could bear his cloak; and wanted might
To set the fallen monument upright.
But Tom's kind stars did present help supply:
By chance an empty hearse was passing by:

[1] "Dead Gallus." A play on the word Gallus, which means either a Gaul, or one of the priests of Cybele, who, from being emasculate, might be called dead men.

The lad screams out, "Good gentlemen, I pray
One moment stop, and take a corpse away."
There's no great ceremony with the dead:
They squeeze him in, no matter, heels or head.
Thus Fortune, in gay humour, did contrive
To make of Tom the best dead man alive. *Hay.*

LXXVI. TO GALLICUS.

"Tell me, Marcus, tell me the truth, I pray; there is nothing to which I shall listen with greater pleasure." Such is your constant prayer and request to me, Gallicus, both when you recite your compositions, and when you are pleading the cause of a client. It is hard for me to deny your request: hear then what is as true as truth itself. You do not hear truth with pleasure, Gallicus.

Tell me, say you, and tell me without fear
The truth, the thing I most desire to hear.
This is your language, when your works you quote:
And when you plead, this is your constant note.
'Tis most inhuman longer to deny
What you so often press so earnestly.
To the great truth of all then lend an ear—
"You are uneasy when the truth you hear." *Hay.*

LXXVII. TO HIS FRIEND LIBER.

Liber, dearest object of care to all thy friends; Liber, worthy to live in ever-blooming roses; if thou art wise, let thy hair ever glisten with Assyrian balsam, and let garlands of flowers surround thy head; let thy pure crystal cups be darkened with old Falernian, and thy soft couch be warm with the caresses of love. He who has so lived, even to a middle age, has made life longer than was bestowed on him.

Liber, of all thy friends thou sweetest care,
Thou worthy in eternal flow'r to fare,
If thou beest wise, with Tyrian oil let shine
Thy locks, and rosy garlands crown thy head;
Dark thy clear glass with old Falernian wine,
And heat with softest love thy softer bed.
He that but living half his days dies such,
Makes his life longer than 't was given him, much.
Ben Jonson.

Liber, thou joy of all thy friends,
Worthy to live in endless pleasure:

While knaves and fools pursue their ends,
Let mirth and freedom be thy treasure.

Be still well dress'd, as now thou art,
Gay, and on charming objects thinking;
Let easy beauty warm thy heart,
And fill thy bed when thou leav'st drinking.

Delay no pressing appetite,
And sometimes stir up lazy nature;
Of age the envious censure slight,
What pleasure's made of, 'tis no matter.

He that lives so but to his prime,
Wisely doubles his short time. *Sedley.*

LXXVIII. ON THE GAMES OF STELLA, IN HONOUR OF THE TRIUMPHS OF DOMITIAN.

Games, such as the victory gained over the giants in the Phlegræan plains, such as thy Indian triumph, O Bacchus, would have deserved, Stella has exhibited in celebration of the triumph over the Sarmatians; and such is his modesty, such his affection, he thinks these too insignificant. Hermus, turbid with gold cast up from its depths, or Tagus which murmurs in the Hesperian regions, would not be sufficient for him. Every day brings its own gifts; there is no cessation to the rich series of largesses, and many a prize falls to the lot of the people. Sometimes playful coins come down in sudden showers; sometimes a liberal ticket bestows on them the animals which they have beheld in the arena. Sometimes a bird delights to fill your bosom unexpectedly, or, without having been exhibited, obtains a master by lot, that it may not be torn to pieces. Why should I enumerate the chariots, and the thirty prizes of victory, which are more than even both the Consuls generally give? But all is surpassed, Cæsar, by the great honour, that thy own triumph has thee for a spectator.

What games might make Phlegræan triumphs shine,
What India's pomp might wish, Lyæus, thine;
The high enhancer of the northern day
Does, and still thinks he nothing does, display.
In him how modesty and duty strove!
'Twas all inferior to terrestrial Jove.
Him not suffices Hermus' sordid stream,
Whose wave, disturb'd, yet gave the gold to gleam;

Him not rich Tagus, flood no less sublime,
Th' unrivall'd glory of the western clime.
Each day profuses boons; nor fails the chain
Of wealth, or to the people rapine's rain.
Now wanton coin descends in copious show'r;
Now the large token bids the prey devour:
The bird into the breast secure is borne,
And catches now her lord lest she be torn.
Why tell the cars, or palms unnumber'd show,
Which neither consul, or not both, bestow.
Yet, all outdone, ne'er thine outdoing cloys;
Thy presence, Cæsar, since thy bay enjoys. *Elphinston.*

LXXIX. TO FABULLA.

All your female friends are either old or ugly; nay, more ugly than old women usually are. These you lead about in your train, and drag with you to feasts, porticoes, and theatres. Thus, Fabulla, you seem handsome, thus you seem young.

All thy companions aged beldames are,
Or more deform'd than age makes any, far:
These cattle at thy heels thou trail'st always
To public walks, to suppers, and to plays.
'Cause when with such alone we thee compare,
Thou canst be said, Fabulla, young or fair. *Anon.* 1695.

All the companions of her Grace, I 'm told,
Are either very plain or very old.
With these she visits: these she drags about
To play, to ball, assembly, auctions, rout.
With these she sups: with these she takes the air.
Without such foils, is lady duchess fair? *Hay.*

LXXX. TO DOMITIAN, ON HIS REVIVAL OF PUGILISTIC CONTESTS.

Thou revivest among us, Cæsar, the wonders of our venerable forefathers, and sufferest not ancient customs to expire, for the games of the Latian arena are renewed, and valour contends with the natural weapon, the hand. Thus, under thy rule, the respect for the ancient temples is preserved, and the fane where Jupiter was worshipped of old, is still honoured by thee. Thus, while thou inventest new things, thou restorest the old: and we owe to thee, Augustus, both the present and the past.

Our fathers' deeds, Cæsar, thou dost revive,
Preserve the grayest ages still alive;
The antiquated Latian games renew,
The fight with simple fists, thy sands do show;
Temples, though old, their honour thou maintain'st,
The mean, for th' sake of richer, not disdain'st.
Thus while thou new dost build, the old restore,
We owe thee for thy own, and all before. *Anon.* 1695.

LXXXI. TO PAPIRIANUS, ON GELLIA.

Gellia swears, not by the mystic rites of Cybele, nor by the bull that loved the heifer of Egypt, nor indeed by any of our gods and goddesses, but by her pearls. These she embraces; these she covers with kisses; these she calls her brothers and sisters; these she loves more ardently than her two children. If she should chance to lose these, she declares she could not live even an hour. Ah! how excellently, Papirianus, might the hand of Annæus Serenus[1] be turned to account!

What do you think is Lady Betty's oath?
'Tis neither split me, dem me, faith, nor troth:
Not by heaven's powers, or those of her own face:
But her dear drop, and dearer Brussels lace.
She calls them her dear creatures, hugs, and kisses,
And loves them better than both little misses.
Protests, if they were ravish'd from her power,
She could not possibly survive that hour.
Then grant, kind heaven, when next she sees the play,
Some hand, like Peny's, snatch them both away. *Hay.*

LXXXII. TO DOMITIAN.

While the crowd presents to thee, Augustus, its humble supplications, we too, in offering to our ruler our poor verses, know that the divinity can find time equally for public affairs and the Muses, and that our garlands also please thee. Uphold thy poets, Augustus; we are thy pleasing glory, thy chief care and delight. It is not the oak[2] alone that becomes thee, nor the laurel[3] of Phœbus; we will wreathe for thee a civic crown of ivy.

[1] A noted thief, who might steal her pearls, and cause her death, as she deserves, for her foolish worship of them.

[2] The crown of oak, given for having preserved the lives of citizens.

[3] The laurel crown for victory in battle; that of ivy, the distinction of poets, or the patrons of poets.

While plaintive mobs, Augustus, ask redress.
We to our bounteous lord our bliss confess.
We know that, from intending human-kind,
He with the muses can his refuge find.
Accept thy various bards, their various lay;
Thy grace, thy glory, thy delight are they.
Nor oak, nor laurel, proves thy sole renown:
Be thine, of ivy, too, a civic crown. *Elphinston.*

BOOK IX.

TO AVITUS.

O POET, celebrated, even against your will, for your sublimity of conception, and to whom the tomb will one day bring due honours, let this brief inscription live beneath my bust, which you have placed among those of no obscure persons:—"I am he, second to none in reputation for composing trifles, whom, reader, you do not admire, but rather, I suspect, love. Let greater men devote their powers to higher subjects: I am content to talk of small topics, and to come frequently into your hands."

Though thy learn'd breast, great poet, 's to me known,
And that thy verse will raise me 'bove mine own;
Yet this short title on my statue place,
Which 'mong no common authors thou dost grace.
"I 'm he, in sportive verse, none is above,
Who none astonish, yet all readers love;
In vaster works vast uncouth things are said,
My glory is, that I am often read." *Anon.* 1695.

TO TORANIUS.

Hail, my beloved Toranius, dear to me as a brother. The preceding epigram, which is not included in the pages of my book, I addressed to the illustrious Stertinius, who has resolved to place my bust in his library. I thought it well to write to you on the subject, that you might not be ignorant who Avitus really is. Farewell, and prepare to receive me.

I. ON THE TEMPLE OF THE FLAVIAN FAMILY.

As long as Janus shall give the years their winters, Domitian[1] their autumns, and Augustus their summers; as long as the glorious day of the Germanic kalends[2] shall recall the mighty name of the subdued Rhine; as long as the Tarpeian temple of the chief of the gods shall stand; as long as the Roman matron, with suppliant voice and incense, shall propitiate the sweet divinity of Julia;[3] so long shall the lofty glory of the Flavian family remain, enduring like the sun, and the stars, and the splendour of Rome. Whatever Domitian's unconquered hand has erected, is imperishable as heaven.

While summers, autumns, winters shall abide,
Imperial names shall o'er the months preside;
While great December's bright and glorious day
Shall boast Domitian made the Rhine obey;
While the Tarpeian rock shall fix'd remain,
And Jove within the Capitol shall reign;
While Roman matrons Julia shall adore,
With frankincense the goddess mild implore;
The lofty temple of the Flavian race
Shall flourish with divine immortal grace;
Like sun and moon, e'en like Rome's empire, stand,
A heaven is built by a victorious hand. *Anon.* 1696.

II. TO LUPUS.

Although you are poor to your friends, Lupus, you are not so to your mistress, and your libidinous desires cannot complain of want of indulgence. The object of your affections fattens upon the most delicate cakes, while your guests feed on black bread. Setine wine, cooled in snow, is placed before your mistress; we drink the black poison of Corsica out of the cask. A small portion of her favours you purchase with your hereditary estates: while your neglected friend is left to plough lands not his own. Your mistress shines resplendent with Erythræan pearls; your client, whilst you are immersed in pleasure, is abandoned to his creditor and

[1] Domitian desired that the month of October should be renamed after himself; as Sextilis had been after Augustus.

[2] The first day of the month of September, on which Domitian pretended to have subdued the Germans.

[3] Daughter of Titus, Domitian's brother.

dragged to prison. A litter, supported by eight Syrian slaves, is provided for your mistress; while your friend is left to be carried naked on a common bier. It is time for thee, Cybele, to mutilate contemptible voluptuaries; such are the characters that deserve the infliction.

III. TO DOMITIAN.

If you, O Cæsar, were to assume the rights of a creditor, and to demand payment for all that you have given to the gods and to heaven, Atlas, even though a great auction were to take place in Olympus, and the deities were compelled to sell all they have, would be bankrupt, and the father of the gods would be obliged to compound with you in a very small dividend. For what could he pay you for the temple on the Capitol? What for the honour of the glorious Capitoline games? What could the spouse of the Thunderer pay for her two temples? Of Minerva I say nothing; your interests are hers. But what shall I say of the temples to Hercules and Apollo, and the affectionate Lacedæmonian twins?[1] What of the Flavian temple which towers to the Roman sky? You must needs be patient and suspend your claims, for Jove's treasury does not contain sufficient to pay you.

If thou shouldst challenge what is due to thee
From heaven, and its creditor wouldst be;
If public sale should be cried through the spheres,
And th' gods sell all to satisfy arrears,
Atlas will bankrupt prove, nor one ounce be
Reserv'd for Jupiter to treat with thee.
What canst thou for the Capitol receive?
Or for the honour of the laurel-wreath?
Or what will Juno give thee for her shrine?
Pallas I pass, she waits on thee and thine.
Alcides, Phœbus, Pollux I slip by,
And Flavia's temple neighb'ring on the sky.
Cæsar, thou must forbear, and trust the heaven:
Jove's chest has not enough to make all even.

Fletcher

If, Cæsar, thou shouldst from great Jove reclaim
All thou hast lent to dignify his name;
Should a fair auction rend Olympus' hall,
And the just gods be forced to sell their all,

[1] Castor and Pollux.

The bankrupt Atlas not a twelfth could pay
To meet thy claims upon the reckoning day;
* * * *
Do not oblige great Jove, then, to compound,
Who could not pay thee sixpence in the pound.
Westminster Review, April, 1853.

IV. TO ÆSCHYLUS.

When Galla will grant you her favours for two gold pieces, and what you please for as many more, why is she presented with ten gold pieces on each of your visits, Æschylus? She does not estimate her utmost favours at so high a price: why then do you give her so much? To stop her mouth?

When for two guilders Galla thou might'st have,
And bring her to do aught, if four thou gave,
Why, Æschylus, gav'st thou ten? Was it, in sooth,
To tie her tongue? Or, rather, gain her mouth?
Anonymous old Translation.

V. TO PAULA.

You wish, Paula, to marry Priscus; I am not surprised; you are wise: Priscus will not marry you; and he is wise.

Paulla, thou wouldst to Priscus wedded be;
Thou 'rt wise; and hee 's wise too; hee won't wedd thee.
Old MS. 16th Cent.

That you would wed Sir John is very wise:
That he do n't care to wed is no surprise. *Hay.*

You 'd marry the marquis, fair lady, they say;
You 're right; we 've suspected it long:
But his lordship declines in a complaisant way,
And, faith, he 's not much in the wrong. *N. B. Halhed.*

VI. TO DOMITIAN.

To thee, chaste prince, mighty conqueror of the Rhine, and father of the world, cities present their thanks: they will henceforth have population; it is now no longer a crime to bring infants into the world. The boy is no longer mutilated by the art of the greedy dealer, to mourn the loss of his manly rights; nor does the wretched mother give to her prostituted child the price paid by a contemptuous pander. That modesty, which, before your reign, did not prevail even

on the marriage couch, begins, by your influence, to be felt even in the haunts of licentiousness.[1]

O thou, who couldst the Rhine restore,
Dread guardian of mankind;
Meek modesty, with blushing lore,
Was to thy care consign'd.

To thee their everlasting praise
Let town and country pay;
Who fairly may their offspring raise,
To people and obey.

By avarice no more beguil'd,
Virility shall mourn:
Nor shall the prostituted child
Be from the mother torn.

Shame, though, before thy blest decree,
The bridal bed's disdain;
Now, sanctified again by thee,
Ubiquitous must reign. *Elphinston.*

VII. TO AFER.

I have been desirous for five whole days, Afer, to greet you on your return from among the people of Africa. "He is engaged," or "he is asleep," is the answer I have received on calling two or three times. It is enough, Afer; you do not wish me to say "How do you do?" so I 'll say "Good bye!"

Since your return from Rome, I five days went
To wish you well, and pay my compliment.
"Busy," "not up," hath been my answer still:
Adieu: you will not let me wish you well. *Hay.*

VIII. TO DOMITIAN.

As if it were but a trifling crime for our sex to bargain away our male children to public lust, the very cradle had become the prey of the pander, so that the child, snatched from its mother's bosom, seemed to demand, by its wailing, the disgraceful pay. Infants born but yesterday suffered scandalous outrage. The father of Italy, who but recently brought help to tender adolescence, to prevent savage lust from condemning it to a manhood of sterility, could not endure such horrors. Before this, Cæsar, you were

[1] Comp. B. vi. Ep. 2, 5; and Ep. 9 below.

loved by boys, and youths, and old men; now infants also love you.

As tho' the vilest wrong were right refin'd,
To traffic it with prostitute mankind;
The cradle prov'd the pander's who could buy
The finest victim, from the feeblest cry.
Against poor innocents such arts conspire
As shook sweet nature, and th' Ausonian sire:
That sire, who to the aid of youth had flown,
Lest savage lust should blight the hero grown.
The boy, the youth, the sage did love, applaud:
Now smiling infants lisp their Cæsar's laud.

Elphinston.

IX. TO BITHYNICUS.

Fabius has bequeathed you nothing, Bithynicus, although you used to present him yearly, if I remember right, with six thousand sesterces. He has bequeathed nothing more to any one; so do not complain, Bithynicus; he has at least saved you six thousand sesterces a year.

Thousands to him each yeere thou gav'st, yet hee,
At 's death, I take 't, gave thee no legacie:
Repine not, though; for to none more he gave;
By 's death those thousands yeerely thou dost save.

Old MS. 16th Cent.

Not in his will! who from you used to clear
A hundred pounds in presents every year!
Cease to complain; you are dealt greatly by:
A hundred pound a year 's a legacy. *Hay.*

X. TO CANTHARUS.

Though you willingly dine at other people's houses, Cantharus, you indulge yourself there in clamour, and complaints, and threats. Lay aside this fierce humour, I advise you. A man cannot be both independent and a glutton.

Since you abroad love to fare plentifully,
Why do you bawl, and domineer, and bully?
This crabbed humour will not do; for he
Will seldom taste deserts that is so free. *Hay.*

XI. ON EARINUS, THE FAVOURITE OF DOMITIAN.

A name born among violets and the roses, a name which is that of the most pleasant part of the year;[1] a name which

[1] The name *Earinus* is from the Greek ἦρ, "spring."

savors of Hybla and Attic flowers, and which exhales a perfume like that of the nest of the superb phœnix; a name sweeter than the nectar of the gods, and which the boy, beloved of Cybele, as well as he who mixes the cups for the Thunderer, would have preferred to his own; a name which, if even breathed in the Imperial palace, would be responded to by every Venus and Cupid; a name so noble, soft, and delicate, I wished to utter in not inelegant verse. But you, obstinate syllable,[1] rebel! Yet some poets say *Eiarinos*; but then they are Greek poets, to whom every license is permitted, and with whom it is lawful to pronounce the word Ares[2] long or short just as they please. We Romans, who court severer muses, dare not take such liberties.

With the roses and violets sprung,
In the season most joyously sung;
That sips Hybla and Attical flowers,
To the Phœnix fum'd eyry that towers;
Oh the name than the nectar more sweet!
That to music's own ear were a treat;
That, whom Cybele lov'd, would cajole;
Or, who tempers the Thunderer's bowl.
In the Palatine-hall if it sigh,
All the Loves and the Graces reply.
Little name noble, delicate, soft!
Thee in smoothest of lays wish I oft,
But the train of short vowels proves cross:
Yet the bards can tune Eiarinos:
The bold Greeks, whom can nothing confound,
And who Ἄρες Ἄρες can resound.
Such fair freedoms our language refuses,
Which obeys more despotical muses.
Other tongues, wisely free as the Greek,
Can with equal variety speak:
Nor the privilege need they decline,
Of Earinus, or Earine. *Elphinston.*

XII. ON THE SAME.

If Autumn had given me a name, I should have been called Oporinus; if the shivering constellations of winter, Cheimerinus. If named by the summer months, I should have been

[1] The first syllable, which the Greek poets lengthened by writing Eiarinos.

[2] Homer makes the a in Ares, "Mars," long and short in the same line Ἄρες, Ἄρες. Βροτολοιγέ, μιαιφόνε, τειχεσιπλῆτα.

called Therinus. What is he, to whom the spring has given a name?

From autumn my name would ὀπώρινος be,
Rude solstice with χειμέρινος would agree;
From fervid delights θέρινος might I bring:
But who is the stripling yclept from the spring?
Elphinston.

XIII. ON THE SAME.

You have a name, which designates the season of the new-born year, when the Cecropian bees plunder the short-lived vernal flowers; a name, which deserves to be written with Cupid's arrow, and which Cytherea would delight in tracing with her needle: a name, worthy of being traced in letters of Erythræan pearls, or gems polished by the fingers of the Heliades,[1] a name which the cranes flying to the skies might describe with their wings,[2] and which is fit only for Cæsar's palace.

Thy name the sweetest season in does bring,
(Joy of the plund'ring bees) the flow'ry spring;
Which to decypher Venus may delight,
Or Cupid, with a plume from 's own wing, write;
Which those, that amber chafe, should only note,
Or be upon, or with a jewel wrote;
A name the cranes do figure as they fly,
And boast to Jove, as they approach the sky:
A name that does with no place else comport,
But where 'tis fix'd, only in Cæsar's court. *Anon.* 1695.

XIV. ON A PARASITE FRIEND.

Do you think that this fellow, whom your dinners and hospitality have made your friend, is a model of sincere attachment? He loves your wild boars, and your mullets, and your sows' teats, and your oysters—not yourself. If I dined as sumptuously, he would be my friend.

Think'st thou his friendship ever faithful proves,
Whom first thy table purchas'd? no, he loves
Thy oysters, mullets, boars, sowes' paps, not thee:
If I could feast him so, he would love me. *May.*

[1] See B. iv. Ep. 25; B. v. Ep. 38.

[2] The cranes as they fly form the letter V, the first of the word ver, "spring."

This honest friend, that you so much admire,
No better is than a mere trencher-squire.
He loves not you; but salmon, turkey, chine:
Your friend a better dinner will make mine. *Hay.*

XV. ON CHLOE.

The shameless Chloe placed on the tomb of her seven husbands the inscription, "The work of Chloe." How could she have expressed herself more plainly?

On her seven husbands' tombs she doth impress
This Chloe did: what can she more confess? *Wright.*

On her seven husbands' tombs "This Chloe made"
She writes: what could she have more plainly said?
Old MS. 16th Cent.

In Stepney church-yard seven tombs in a row
For the reader's soft sympathy call;
On each—"My dear husband lies buried below."
And Chloe 's the widow to all.
Westminster Review, April, 1853.

XVI. ON THE HAIR OF EARINUS.

The youth, who is dearest to the emperor of all that compose his court, and who has a name that denotes the season of spring, has presented his mirror, which showed him how beautiful he was, and his graceful locks, as sacred offerings to the god of Pergamus.[1] Happy is the land that is honoured by such a present! It would not have preferred even the locks of Ganymede.

His lovely hayre, and form's adviser, hee,
(His glass,) Pergamean god, devotes to thee!
Hee, by his lord in court so highly priz'd,
Whose name the sweets o' th' spring characteris'd.
Happy the place that 's honour'd with such hayre,
As will not yield to Ganymede's for fayre.
Old MS. 16th Cent.

XVII. ON THE SAME, TO ÆSCULAPIUS.

Venerable grandson of Latona, who mitigatest with healing herbs the rigorous threads and rapid distaffs of the Fates, these tresses, which have attracted the praise of the emperor, are sent to thee by the youth, thy votary, as his consecrated

[1] Æsculapius, who had a magnificent temple at Pergamus.

offerings, from the city of Rome. He has sent with his sacred hair, too, a shining mirror, by the aid of which his beauteous tresses were arranged. Do thou preserve his youthful beauty, that he may prove not less handsome with his hair short than long.

Thou that with powerfull druggs reversest fate's
Decrees, and eekest out life's shortest dates,
To thee this youth his vowed hayre doth send,
Which, with himself, his lord did soe commend:
His spotless mirrour too does joyne with theise,
The faythfull judge of 's face's takeingst dress.
Preserve thou his youth's beauty, that less fayre
He grow not in his short, than longer, hayre.
Old MS. 16th Cent.

XVIII. TO DOMITIAN, PETITIONING FOR A SUPPLY OF WATER.

I possess, and pray that I may long continue to possess, under thy guardianship, Cæsar, a small country seat; I have also a modest dwelling in the city. But a winding machine has to draw, with laborious effort, water for my thirsting garden from a small valley; while my dry house complains that it is not refreshed even by the slightest shower, although the Marcian fount[1] babbles close by. The water, which thou wilt grant, Augustus, to my premises, will be for me as the water of Castalia or as showers from Jupiter.

A petty farm, and humble gods in town,
By thee, and may they long, my wishes crown.
But, Cæsar, from the vale, to slake the grass,
A painful pump must win the wave to pass:
And then the house complains no fountain cheers;
When, babbling by, the Marcian rill she hears.
The stream Augustus on our gods shall pour,
Will prove Castalian, or the Thund'rer's show'r.
Elphinston.

XIX. TO SABELLUS.

You praise, in three hundred verses, Sabellus, the baths of Ponticus, who gives such excellent dinners. You wish to dine, Sabellus, not to bathe.

Thou praysest in three hundred lines
Ponticus' baths, who richly dines;
Thy minde to eate, not wash, inclines. *May.*

[1] B. vi. Ep. 42.

Your verses on my lord mayor's coach declare,
Not that you ride, but dine, with my lord mayor. *Hay.*

XX. TO DOMITIAN, ON HIS ERECTION OF A TEMPLE ON THE SPOT WHERE HE WAS BORN.

This piece of land, which lies so open to all, and is covered with marble and gold, witnessed the birth of the infant lord of the world. Happy land, that resounded with the cries of so illustrious an infant, and saw and felt his little hands spreading over it! Here stood the venerable mansion, which gave to the earth that which Rhodes,[1] and pious Crete, gave to the starry heaven. The Curetes[2] protected Jupiter by the rattling of their arms, such as Phrygian eunuchs were able to bear. But thee, Cæsar, the sire of the Immortals protected, and the thunderbolt and ægis were thy spear and buckler.

On this grand spot, which gold and marble crown,
Smil'd first the infant-lord of her renown.
What joy was here, to hear th' auspicious cry,
And teach the sprawling hands to hail the sky.
Here stood the awful dome, that brought mankind
What Rhodes, what pious Crete, to heav'n assign'd.
The fam'd Curetes well might clang their arms:
Half-men could guard a little god from harms.
But, Cæsar, thee the sire of gods conceal'd:
The bolt and Ægis prov'd thy spear and shield.
Elphinston.

XXI. TO AUCTUS.

Artemidorus possesses a favourite boy, but has sold his farm: Calliodorus received his farm in exchange for the boy. Say, which of the two has done best, Auctus? Artemidorus plays the lover; Calliodorus the ploughman.[3]

Artemidore his purchas'd fair may boast:
But ev'ry clod for balmy bliss he sold.
Still-laughing lands have Calliodore engross'd:
Of both the friends the wond'rous truth be told.

[1] Neptune was born in Rhodes; Jupiter in Crete.
[2] Priests of Cybele; originally from Phrygia.
[3] Artemidorus, whose name is from the chaste Artemis, or Diana, is a lover; Calliodorus, whose name is from κάλλος, "beauty," is turned a mere ploughman.

Say, Auctus, whether made superior choice?
Or let the queens of land and love decide.
For ploughman Cal shall Venus give her voice?
Can am'rous Art remain Diana's pride? *Elphinston*

XXII. TO PASTOR.

You think, perhaps, Pastor, that I ask riches with the same motive with which the vulgar and ignorant herd ask them; that the soil of Setia may be tilled with my ploughshares, and our Tuscan land resound with the innumerable fetters of my slaves; that I may own a hundred tables of Mauretanian marble supported on pedestals of Libyan ivory, and that ornaments of gold may jingle on my couches; that my lips may press only large cups of crystal, and that my Falernian wine may darken the snow in which it is cooled; that Syrian slaves, clad in Canusian wool, may perspire under the weight of my litter, while it is surrounded by a crowd of fashionable clients; that my guests, full of wine, may envy me the possession of a cupbearer, whom I would not change even for Ganymede; that I may ride a prancing mule to bespatter my Tyrian cloak; or goad with my whip a steed from Marseilles. It is not, I call the gods and the heavens to witness, for any such objects. For what, then? That I may bestow gifts, Pastor and build houses.

Perhaps you think more riches I desire,
From motives which the vulgar herd inspire,
That the bright plough share shine upon my lands;
And that my farm employ a hundred hands.
My tables from carv'd frames derive an air;
From gilt ones my settee or elbow-chair.
That the huge massy golden cup be mine;
Or ice look crimson'd by my cooling wine.
That two tall Irishmen my chair support;
Or at my levee beaux may pay their court.
Or when my mellow guest is put to bed,
He may admire the beauty of my maid.
In harness gay my set of greys advance:
Or that my pad at Foubert's learn to dance.
But, witness heaven! and judge if I speak true!
Not one of all those things have I in view.
Building my passion is, and to extend
Alms to the poor, and presents to a friend. *Hay.*

XXIII. TO CARUS.

O thou, whose lot it was to have thy head decorated with the golden virgin crown,[1] say, Carus, where is now thy Palladian trophy? "Thou seest the countenance of our emperor resplendent in marble; my crown went of its own accord to place itself on those locks." The sacred oak[2] may be jealous of the Alban olive, for being the first to surround that unconquered head.

O thou, whose head with golden glory glow'd,
Say, where my friend the virgin-boon bestow'd?
In marble fix'd th' imperial features view:
The crown, spontaneous, round the honours flew.
With envy may the oak the olive eye,
That this should now th' unvanquish'd wreath supply.
Elphinston.

XXIV. TO THE SAME, ON HIS BUST OF DOMITIAN.

What sculptor, imitating the lineaments of the imperial bust, has surpassed in Roman marble the ivory of Phidias? This is the face that rules the world; these are the features of Jove in his calm majesty; such is the god when he hurls his thunder in a cloudless sky. Pallas has given thee, Carus, not only her crown, but the image of thy lord, which thou hast thus honoured.

What noble artist has such glory won?
In taking Cæsar's face, Phidias out-done?
Whose polish'd iv'ry is no way so fair,
As with the Latian marble to compare.
Such, with delight, we see heav'n's face, and wonder
When, without clouds, serene, we hear it thunder.
Pallas not only gave thee th' olive wreath,
But her own work, this statue, did bequeath. *Anon.* 1695.

XXV. TO AFER.

Whenever I glance at your Hyllus as he pours out my wine, Afer, you fix upon me an eye full of mistrust. What harm is there, I ask, in admiring a pretty attendant? We gaze at the sun, the stars, the temples, the gods. Am I to

[1] The crown, in the form of an olive wreath, presented by the emperor to the victor in the games of the Quinquatria, celebrated in honour of Minerva on the Alban mount.

[2] The crown of oak-leaves usually worn by Domitian. See B. viii. 6.

turn away my head and hide my eyes and countenance, as though a Gorgon were handing me the cups? Alcides was severe; yet he permitted Hylas to be looked at; and Mercury is allowed to play with Ganymede. If you do not wish your guests, Afer, to look at your youthful attendants, you should invite only such as Phineus and Œdipus.[1]

As oft as we thy Hyllus do behold
Filling thy wine, thy brows do seem to scold;
What crime is 't, I would know, to view thy boy?
We look upon the gods, the stars, the day.
Shall I fling back as when a Gorgon lies
Steep'd in the cup? and hide my face and eyes?
Great Hercules was fierce in cruelty,
Yet we might see his pretty Hylas free:
Nor would great Jove have aught in wrath to say
If Mercury with Ganymede did play.
(Afer) if then we must not view thy loose
Soft ministers that serve thee in thy house,
Invite such men as Phineus to be
Thy guests, or Œdipus, that ne'er could see. *Fletcher.*

XXVI. TO NERVA.[2]

He who ventures to send verses to the eloquent Nerva, will present common perfumes to Cosmus,[3] violets and privet to the inhabitant of Pæstum, and Corsican honey to the bees of Hybla. Yet there is some attraction in even a humble muse; the cheap olive is relished even when costly dainties are on the table. Be not surprised, however, that, conscious of the mediocrity of her poet, my Muse fears your judgment. Nero himself is said to have dreaded your criticism, when, in his youth, he read to you his sportive effusions.

Who lines to witty Nerva dares present,
As well might perfumes to th' Exchange have sent;
To Pæstum flow'rs, to th' country privet send,
Or Hybla's hives with Corsick honey mend:
Yet may a slender muse some gust afford;
'Mong choycest fare sowre olives come to th' board.
Nor wonder that our Muse, being conscious
Of her meane worth, should dread thy judgment thus:

[1] Both were blind. Phineus was a king of Salmydessus in Thrace, and an augur.

[2] See B. viii. Ep. 70.

[3] Probably the Cosmus elsewhere mentioned as a perfumer.

Nero himself, with 's wanton straines, did feare
In youth, 't is sayd, t' approach thy critick eare.
Old MS. 16th Cent.

XXVII. TO CHRESTUS.

Cum depilatos, Chreste, coleos portes,
Et vulturino mentulam parem collo,
Et prostitutis levius caput culis,
Nec vivat ullus in tuo pilus crure,
Purgentque crebræ cana labra volsellæ;
Curios, Camillos, Quinctios, Numas, Ancos,
Et quidquid usquam legimus pilosorum
Loqueris, sonasque grandibus minax verbis;
Et cum theatris, seculoque rixaris.
Occurrit aliquis inter ista si draucus,
Jam pædagogo liberatus, et cujus
Refibulavit turgidum faber penem:
Nutu vocatum ducis, et pudet fari,
Catoniana, Chreste, quod facis lingua.

O Chresto, quantunque porti i testicoli spelati, ed una mentola simile al collo d' un Avotojo, e 'l capo più allegerito di natiche prostituite, ne verun pelo esista su le tue coscie, e le mollette sovvente usate nettino le canute tue labra; tu parli dei Curii, dei Camilli, dei Quintii, dei Numa, degli Anchi, e di quanti altri pelosi che noi leggiamo, e severo ti fai sentire con parole gonfie; e ti sdegni coi teatri, e coi tempi. Se fra tanto ti capita qualche nerboruto di già liberato dal pedagogo, il di cui turgido membro abbia il fabro sfibbiato, tu lo conduci chiamato con un segno: e mi vergogno dire, O Chresto, ciò che fai colla tua lingua da Catone. *Graglia.*

XXVIII. EPITAPH ON LATINUS.

I, that lie here, am Latinus, the pleasing ornament of the stage, the honour of the games, the object of your applause, and your delight; who could have fixed even Cato himself as a spectator, and have relaxed the gravity of the Curii and Fabricii. But my life took no colour from the stage, and I was known as an actor only in my profession. Nor could I have been acceptable to the emperor without strict morality. He, like a god, looks into the inmost recesses of the mind. Call me, if you please, the slave of laurel-crowned Phœbus, provided Rome knows that I was the servant of her Jupiter.

The charming grace, the glory of the stage.
Th' applause, the darling pastime of the age;
Latin lies here, whom Cato would have made
His fix'd spectator, sourness have allay'd
In rough Fabricius. His strict life ne'er drew
The stage's vice, its arts he only knew.
Dear to his lord, he must, by virtue, be,
His lord, whose eyes the inward mind do see.
Him, Phœbus' parasite, cease, Rome, to name,
To be thy Jove's domestic, he did claim. *Anon.* 1695.

I 'm that arch fellow Foote, the delight of his age,
The fame and applause of the droll mimic stage;
'T is I who, by muscles quite chang'd and grimace,
Could the deep lurking laugh of great senators trace,
And quite shorten the length of Sir Thomas's face.
'T is I who the various powers have shown
Of changing the face by a secret unknown:
The feign'd laugh, ogling smile, and the wide vacant stare,
That has made the spectators all loudly declare
They never saw anything like it, they swear.
Thus, during my life-time, my house was still showing
That by my sole art I could keep the scenes going.
But what will become of it after I 'm dead
The Lord knows, but fear 't will lie low as my head!
I 've *taken off* others till quite out of breath,
And now I 'm taken off by that fell serjeant, Death.
Rev. Mr. Scott, 1773.

XXIX. EPITAPH ON PHILÆNIS.

After having lived through a period as long as the age of Nestor, are you then so suddenly carried off, Philænis, to Pluto's streams below? You had not yet counted the long years of the Cumæan Sibyl; she was older by three months. Alas! what a tongue is silent! a tongue that not a thousand cages full of slaves, nor the crowd of the votaries of Serapis, nor the schoolmaster's curly-headed troop hurrying to their lessons in the morning, nor the bank resounding with flocks of Strymonian cranes, could overpower. Who will henceforth know how to draw down the moon with Thessalian circle?[1] Who will display such skill in managing an amorous intrigue for money? May the earth lie lightly on you, and may you be pressed with a thin covering of sand, that the dogs may not be prevented from rooting up your bones!

[1] Thessaly was celebrated for magic arts.

Philænis, old as Nestor, must thou take
So soone thy passage to th' infernall lake?
Thou hadst not reach'd the Sibyll's age; her count,
Alas! does thine yet full three months surmount.
Ah! what a tongue 's now silenc'd, which no cry
Of Isis' priests, or gaole-birds, could outvie;
Or in a morning a full schoole of boyes,
Or flock of screaming wylde-geese, e'er outnoyse.
Who now shall charme the moone with magic whirle?
What bawd know how to sell this or that girle?
May gentle earth, and light dust, cover thee,
Lest thy bones unscratch'd up by dogs should bee!
Old MS. 16th Cent.

XXX. ON THE CONJUGAL AFFECTION OF NIGRINA.

Antistius Rusticus has perished on the barbarian frontiers of the Cappadocians, land guilty of a lamentable crime! Nigrina brought back in her bosom the bones of her dear husband, and complained that the way was not sufficiently long;[1] and, when she was confiding the sacred urn to the tomb, which she envied, she seemed to herself to lose her husband a second time.

When late his Grace at Naples did expire
(A place we now may curse, and not admire),
The pious wife brought home the dear remains;
And of the journey short, too short, complains.
Envies the tomb that robs her of his urn;
A loss which she, as widow'd twice, doth mourn. *Hay.*

XXXI. ON THE VOW OF VELIUS.

Velius, while accompanying Cæsar on his northern expedition, vowed, for the safety of his leader, to immolate a goose[2] to Mars. The moon had not fully completed eight revolutions,[3] when the god demanded fulfilment of his vow. The goose itself hastened willingly to the altar, and fell a humble victim on the sacred hearth. Do you see those eight medals hanging from the broad beak of the bird?[4] They were recently hidden in its entrails.[5] The victim which offers pro-

[1] That she might have had his relics longer in her possession.
[2] The preserver of the Roman empire.
[3] The war lasted only eight months.
[4] A silver image of the goose, to the beak of which eight medals were [illegible], indicative of the eight months of the war.
[5] [illegible] allusion to the taking [illegible] of omens by inspecting the entrails of birds.

pitious sacrifices for thee, Cæsar, with silver instead of blood, teaches us that we have no longer need of steel (the sword).

In northern climes, amid sublime alarms,
This bird a Velius vow'd for Cæsar's arms.
Not twice four times her course did Luna stray,
When Mars his vot'ry call'd his vow to pay.
The gander joyous peal'd his fun'ral knell,
And on the sacred fire spontaneous fell.
Eight wondrous coins he dropt from out his bill:
These from his bowels he did late distil.
Who now with silver, not with blood, atones;
The happy unavail of iron owns. *Elphinston.*

XXXII. ON THE CHOICE OF A MISTRESS.

I prefer one who is free and easy, and who goes about clad in a loose robe; one, who has just before granted favours to my young slave; one, whom a couple of pence will buy. She who wants a great deal of money, and uses grand words, I leave to the fat and foolish Gascon.

XXXIII. TO FLACCUS.

Audieris in quo, Flacce, balneo plausum;
Matronis illic esse mentulam scito.

Tu, O Flacco, avrai sentito in qualche bagno delo schiamazzo; sapi che colà v' è 'l cotale d' un drauco. *Graglia.*

XXXIV. TO CÆSAR, ON THE TEMPLE OF THE FLAVIAN FAMILY.

Jupiter, when he saw the Flavian temple rising under the sky of Rome, laughed at the fabulous tomb erected to himself on Mount Ida, and, having drunk abundantly of nectar at table, exclaimed, as he was handing the cup to his son Mars, and addressing himself at the same time to Apollo and Diana, with whom were seated Hercules and the pious Arcos, "You gave me a monument in Crete; see how much better a thing it is to be the father of Cæsar!"

When Jove great Cæsar's Flavian temple ey'd,
His fabulous Cretan tombe he did deride.
And when at table he did freely supp
Nectar, and gave to Mars, his sonne, the cupp,
Looking on Phœbus, and bright Phœbe, where
Faire Maia's sonne and great Alcides were,
"You rais'd me Cretan monuments," quoth he,
How much more Cæsar's father 'tis to be!" *May.*

XXXV. TO PHILOMUSUS.

These are the contrivances, Philomusus, by which you are constantly trying to secure a dinner; inventing numbers of fictions, and retailing them as true. You are informed of the counsels of Pacorus at the court of Parthia; you can tell the exact numbers of the German and Sarmatian armies. You reveal the unopened despatches of the Dacian general; you see a laurelled letter, announcing a victory, before its arrival. You know how often dusky Syene has been watered by Egyptian floods; you know how many ships have sailed from the shores of Africa; you know for whose head the Julian olives grow, and for whom the Father of Heaven[1] destines his triumphal crowns. A truce to your arts; you shall dine with me to-day, but only on this condition, Philomusus, that you tell me no news.

By these stale arts a dinner you pursue;
You trump up any tale and tell as true.
Know how the councils at the Hague incline;
What troops in Italy and on the Rhine.
A letter from the general produce,
Before the officers could have the news.
Know to an inch the rising of the Nile:
What ships are coming from each sugar isle:
What we expect from this year's preparation:
Who shall command the forces of the nation.
Leave off these tricks; and with me if you choose
To dine to-day, do so; but then, no news. *Hay.*

XXXVI. CONVERSATION OF GANYMEDE AND JUPITER ON EARINUS AND OTHER FAVOURITES OF DOMITIAN.

When the Phrygian youth, the well-known favourite of the other Jupiter, had seen the Ausonian attendant[2] with his hair just shaved off, "O sovereign ruler," said he, "concede to thy youth what thy Cæsar has granted to his. The first down upon my chin is now succeeded by longer hairs; thy Juno now laughs at me and calls me a man." To whom the Father of Heaven answered, "Oh, sweetest boy, not I, but necessity, denies your request. Our Cæsar has a thousand cupbearers like you; and his palace, large as it is, scarcely holds the brilliant troop. But if your hair be shaved, and give

[1] Jupiter Capitolinus. [2] Earinus. See Ep. 17 and 18.

you a man's visage, what other youth will be found to mix my nectar for me?"

When late the Phrygian youth espied
Th' Ausonian, with his locks laid down;
To Jupiter he humbly cried,
On my desire, oh! do not frown.
What privilege thy Cæsar deign'd,
To bid his stripling fond enjoy,
Of thee, great ruler, be obtain'd,
To bless thine ever grateful boy.
The down, with which my cheek is clad,
Beneath my waving honours plays.
"Thou now art quite a man, my lad,"
To me thy smiling consort says.
To whom the sire: "My sweetest boy,
Thou seem'st not yet maturely wise.
Thou know'st I would indulge thy joy:
But thee the thing itself denies.
A thousand ministers, like thee,
Adorn my dear Augustus' hall:
Her vast expanse, whate'er it be,
Can hardly hope to hold them all.
Should the rich harvest of thy hair
Upon thy looks implant the man;
To mix my nectar, tell me where
I could supply another Gan?" *Elphinston.*

XXXVII. TO GALLA.

Though, while you yourself, Galla, are at home, you are being dressed out in the middle of the Suburra, and your locks are prepared for you at a distance; though you lay aside your teeth at night with your silk garments, and lie stowed away in a hundred boxes; though even your face does not sleep with you, and you ogle me from under eyebrows which are brought to you in the morning; though no consideration of your faded charms, which belong to a past generation, moves you; though all this is the case, you offer me six hundred sesterces. But nature revolts, and, blind though she be,[1] she sees very well what you are.

When, thou at home and absent, borrow'd hayre
And tyres for thee the shops doe still prepare;

[1] See B. vi. Ep. 23 and 33.

When teeth, as cloaths, at sleeping times ayd by,
Thy face at night doth never with thee lye;
Lock'd up in hundred boxes; whence i' th' morne,
That looke they bring thee out is next day worne;
Yet, without rev'rence to thy locks (as old
As grand-dame's), thou to Cupide offer'st gold;
But Cupid's deafe; and, ne'er so blind, can see
Thou temptest not to sport, but drudgerie.

Old MS. 16th Cent.

XXXVIII. TO AGATHINUS, A JUGGLER.

Though, Agathinus, you play dangerous tricks with the utmost nimbleness, you still cannot contrive to let your shield fall. It seems to follow you, even against your will, and, returning through the thin air, seats itself either on your foot, or your back, or your hair, or your finger. However slippery the stage may be with showers of saffron, and however the violent south winds may tear the canvass opposed to its fury, the shield, without apparent guidance, freely traverses your limbs, unimpeded by either wind or water. Even though you wished to fail, whatever your endeavours, you could not; and the fall of your shield would be the greatest proof of your art.

Little nimble Agathine,
What consummate art is thine!
Play thy postures, one and all;
Never will the target fall.
Thee she follows everywhere:
Stooping through the easy air,
To thy hand or foot she flies,
On thy back or buttock lies.
Slipp'ry footing proves no dread,
Though the show'r Corycian shed;
Though the rapid southern gales
Strive to rend theatric vails.
Still secure, the careless boy
Flings from limb to limb the toy;
And the artist well may brave
All the force of wind and wave.
Little dextrous Agathine,
To eschew should'st thou incline,
Poor thy chance, alone of this:
Who still hits, can never miss.
Thou must change thy postures all;
Else the target ne'er will fall. *Elphinston.*

XXXIX. ON THE BIRTH-DAY OF CÆSONIA.

This is the anniversary of the first day on which the Palatine Thunderer[1] saw light, a day on which Cybele might have desired to give birth to Jove. On this day, too, the chaste Cæsonia was born, the daughter of my friend Rufus; no maiden owes more than she to her mother. The husband rejoices in the double good fortune which awaits his prayers, and that it has fallen to his lot to have two reasons for loving this day.

This was our earthly Jove's first happy morn,
Rhea oft wish'd her Jove upon it born,
Which day first light did to Cæsonia show,
No daughter e'er t' a mother more did owe;
Two mighty joys the day in Rufus moves,
Which for his prince, and for his wife, he loves.

Anon. 1695.

XL. ON DIODORUS AND HIS WIFE PHILÆNIS.

When Diodorus left Pharos for Rome, to win the Tarpeian crowns,[2] his Philænis made a vow for his safe return, that a young girl, such as even the chastest woman might love, should prepare her for his embraces. The ship being destroyed by a terrible storm, Diodorus, submerged and overwhelmed in the deep, escaped by swimming, through the influence of the vow. Oh husband too tardy and too sluggish! If my mistress had made such a vow for me upon the shore, I should have returned at once.

Against the high Tarpeian time,
When garlands render heads sublime;
To Rome returning, Diodore
The canvass spread from Pharos' shore.
Philænis for her lord's return,
Fanning the flame that bid her burn,
Vow'd that the purest maid should meet
What Sabine dames not blush to greet.
The vessel wreck'd in the profound,
Poor Diodore was just not drown'd.
He swims through each opposing storm,
The vow all pious to perform.
Yet kinder than deserv'd his fate:
'T was well he came, nor came too late.

[1] Domitian.
[2] In the Quinquatrian games. See Ep. 23, and B. iv. Ep. 54.

I, so devoted by my dove,
Would fly upon the wings of love. *Elphinston.*

XLI. TO PONTICUS.

Pontice, quod nunquam futuis, sed pellice læva
Uteris, et veneri servit amica manus:
Hoc nihil esse putas? scelus est, mihi crede, sed ingens,
Quantum vix animo concipis ipse tuo.
Nempe semel futuit, generaret Horatius ut tres;
Mars semel, ut geminos Ilia casta daret.
Omnia perdiderat, si masturbatus uterque
Mandasset manibus gaudia fœda suis.
Ipsam crede tibi naturam dicere rerum:
Istud quod digitis, Pontice, perdis, homo est.

O Pontico, il perchè tu mai immembri, ma usi l' adultera tua sinistra, e l' amica mano serve a Venere: pensi tu che ciò sia niente? E' una sceleragine, credimi, ma sì grande e tale, che appena tu stesso la concepisci nell' animo tuo. In fatti, Orazio immembrò una volta sola perchè generasse tre figliuoli. Marte una volta, perchè la casta Ilia dasse i gemelli. L' uno e l' altro avrebbe distrutto ogni cosa, se qual masturbatore avesse abbandonate i sozzi piaceri alle sue mani. Credi, che la natura stessa delle cose ti dice: ciò che, O Pontico, distruggi colle dita, è un uomo. *Graglia.*

XLII. TO APOLLO, THAT STELLA MAY HAVE THE CONSULSHIP.

So mayst thou ever be rich, Apollo, in thy sea-girt plains; so mayst thou ever have delight in thy ancient swans; so may the learned sisters ever serve thee, and thy Delphic oracles never speak falsely; so may the palace of Cæsar worship and love thee; as the kind Domitian shall speedily grant and accord to Stella, at my request, the twelve fasces. Happy then shall I be, and, as thy debtor for the fulfilment of my prayer, will lead to the rustic altar a young steer with golden horns, as a sacrifice to thee. The victim is already born, Phœbus; why dost thou delay?

So may thy temples, Phœbus, honour'd be;
Prophetic swans held sacred unto thee;
The muses glory to make up thy train,
The Delphic oracles prove never vain;

The palace divine worship to thee pay,
As Cæsar (thou inspiring him) shall say,
The grace thou ask'st, to Stella I will show,
Consular ensigns upon him bestow.
Thy happy debtor then, a steer I'll bring,
With gilded horns, for my glad offering;
This vow upon my rural altar pay;
The victim's ready, Phœbus, why dost stay?

Anon. 1695.

XLIII. ON A STATUE OF HERCULES, THAT HAD COME INTO THE POSSESSION OF VINDEX.

This great deity, represented by a small bronze image, who mitigates the hardness of the rocks on which he sits by spreading over them his lion's skin; who, with upraised countenance, gazes on the heaven which he once supported; whose left hand is engaged with his club, and his right with a cup of wine, is not a new-born celebrity, or a glory of our own sculptor's art. You behold the noble work of Lysippus, which he presented to Alexander the Great. This divinity adorned the table of the monarch of Pella, so soon laid in the earth which he had subdued. By this god, Hannibal, when a child, took his oath at the Libyan altar; this god bade the cruel Sulla lay down his kingly power. Offended by the proud despotism of various courts, he now delights to inhabit a private house; and, as he was formerly the guest of the benevolent Molorchus, so he desires now to be the god of the learned Vindex.

On stone, with softer lyon's skinn o'erlayd,
This mighty god, that sits in brass pourtray'd,
Looking to th' starrs, sustayn'd once by his might,
Whose left hand his clubb warmes, and wine his right,
Is no new piece of which our gravers boast;
Wee to Lysippus owe this paynes and cost.
This once the Macedonian youth possess'd,
Who soone the whole world conquer'd, soone decess'd;
Then Hannibal to Libyan coasts translated;
Who Sylla's sterne commanding power abated.
Brooking no longer swelling tyrants' courts,
T' a private dwelling hee at length resorts;
And, as he once was kind Molorchus' guest,
So with learn'd Vindex now this god will rest.

Old MS. 16th Cent.

XLIV. ON THE SAME.

I lately asked Vindex to whose happy toil and workmanship his Hercules owed his existence. He smiled, as is his wont, and, with a slight inclination of head, "Pray," said he, "my dear poet, can you not read Greek? The pedestal bears an inscription which tells you the name." I read the word Lysippus, I thought it had been the work of Phidias.

When late Alcides' self I saw
A Vindex' guest, I gaz'd with awe;
Yet humbly of the god inquir'd,
What human art he had inspir'd,
To bid his image stand confess'd.
His godship scarce his smile suppress'd;
And, nodding bland, thus deign'd to speak:
Poor bardling, dost thou know no Greek?
Behold the base, and learn to spell:
Thence wonder and inquiry quell.
I, blushing, there ΑΥΣΙΠΠΟΥ scann'd;
But thought it had been Phidias' hand. *Elphinston.*

XLV. TO MARCELLINUS.

You are now about to set out, Marcellinus, as a soldier to the northern climes, to brave the sluggish constellations of the Getic sky: there the Promethean rocks and the fabled mountains, to which you must now go, will be close to your eyes! When you have beheld the rocks, the confidants of the mighty plaints of old Prometheus, you will say, "He was more enduring than they." And you may add, "He who was able to bear such sufferings, was well qualified to fashion the race of mortals."

Now thou bear'st arms under the northern pole,
Near which the constellations slowly roll;
With thy approaching eyes thou may'st behold
Prometheus' rock, the fabulous scene of old,
Where th' aged hero fill'd both earth and skies
With hideous exclamations and loud cries,
The tortures proving, which he there sustain'd,
The rock less hard to which his limbs were chain'd.
Who can men's hardships or hard hearts admire,
When they, the offspring, are of such a sire? *Anon.* 1695.

XLVI. ON GELLIUS.

Gellius is always building; sometimes he is laying down thresholds, sometimes fitting keys to doors, and buying

locks; sometimes he is changing or replacing windows. He does anything to be engaged in building, and all this that he may be able to say to any friend who asks him for a loan, "I am building."

He still is building: patches up a door,
Alters a lock, or key; and nothing more:
Removes a window; puts it in repair:
So he but build, no matter what th' affair;
That he may answer, ask him when you will
To lend you money, "I am building still." *Hay.*

XLVII. TO PANNICE.

Democritos, Zenonas, inexplicitosque Platonas,
Quidquid et hirsutis squalet imaginibus,
Sic quasi Pythagoræ loqueris successor et hæres,
Præpendet sane nec tibi barba minor.
Sed, quod et hircosis serum est, et turpe pilosis,
In molli rigidam clune libenter habes.
Tu qui sectarum causas et pondera nosti,
Dic mihi, percidi, Pannice, dogma quod est?

Tu così rammemori i Democriti, i Zenoni, e gli inesplicabili Platoni, e tutto ciò che v'è di succido per le irsute immagini, quasi successore ed erede di Pitagora: ne minor barba ti pende dal mento. Ma ciò che tardi si sente agli ircosi, e turpevolmente pelosi, tu volontieri lo comporti insopportabile nelle effeminate coscie. Tu che sai le origini, e gli argomenti delle Sette, dimmi, o Pannico, esser inciso che dogma è? *Graglia.*

Thy words the deep recondite lore resound
Of Plato, Zeno, what 's severest found
'Mong those whose horrid images affect
To doom all vice, by their austere aspect;
Speak thee Pythag'ras successor and heir,
Nor 'bate thou him in bush of beard a hair.
Thou 'st yet, what 's shameful, and shou'd ne'er be said,
A wanton mind to this thy awful head.
Say thou, who th' axioms of all sects dost know,
Whose dogma 'tis, the scars of lust to show.
Anon. 1695.

XLVIII. TO GARRICUS.

As you swore to me, Garricus, by your gods and by your head, that I was to inherit the fourth of your estate, I believed you, (for who would willingly disbelieve what he desires?) and nursed my hopes by continually giving you pre-

sents; among which I sent you a Laurentian boar of extraordinary weight; one that you might have supposed to be from Ætolian Calydon. But you forthwith invited the people and the senators; and glutted Rome is not yet free from the taste of my boar. I myself (who would believe it?) was not present even as the humblest of your guests; not a rib, not even the tail, was sent me. How am I to expect from you a fourth part of your estate, Garricus, when not even a twelfth part of my own boar came to me?

By all that 's good and sacred you do swear,
To make me of a quarter part your heir.
I think, you would not gratis go to hell;
Nor would I starve a humour I like well.
'Mongst other things I sent of bucks a brace,
Fatter than any now on Enfield chace.
Your corporation you invite to dine;
And cramm'd they were with ven'son which was mine.
Though founder I, and not the meanest guest,
You gave me not one morsel with the rest.
A little ominous an empty plate!
Pray, don't forget a slice of your estate. *Hay.*

XLIX. ON A TOGA GIVEN HIM BY PARTHENIUS.[1]

This is that toga much celebrated in my little books, that toga so well known and loved by my readers. It was a present from Parthenius; a memorable present to his poet long ago; in it, while it was new, while it shone brilliantly with glistening wool, and while it was worthy the name of its giver, I walked proudly conspicuous as a Roman knight. Now it is grown old, and is scarce worth the acceptance of shivering poverty; and you may well call it snowy.[2] What does not time in the course of years destroy? This toga is no longer Parthenius's; it is mine.

This is that coat, so often by me sung,
Upon whose praise the raptur'd reader hung.
His lordship's once; a gift for poet meet;
In which I walk'd respected in the street.
New, and with all its glossy honours on,
Worthy its donor, it divinely shone.
Now old, a hangman scorns it for his fees:
And if it shines at all, it shines with grease.

[1] See B. viii. Ep. 28. [2] See Note on B. iv. Ep. 34.

All things by time, and length of years, decline:
Is this his lordship's coat? for shame! 'tis mine. *Hay.*

L. TO GAURUS.

You pretend to consider my talent as small, Gaurus, because I write poems which please by being brief. I confess that it is so; while you, who write the grand wars of Priam in twelve books, are doubtless a great man. I paint the favourite of Brutus,[1] and Langon,[2] to the life. You, great artist, fashion a giant in clay.

Gaurus approves my wit but slenderly,
'Cause I write verse that please for brevity:
But he in twenty volumes drives a trade
Of Priam's wars. Oh, he's a mighty blade!
We give an elegant young pigmy birth,
He makes a dirty giant all of earth. *Fletcher.*

I am no genius, you affirm: and why?
Because my verses please by brevity.
But you, who twice ten ponderous volumes write
Of mighty battles, are a man of might.
Like Prior's bust, my work is neat, but small:
Yours like the dirty giants in Guildhall. *Hay.*

LI. ON THE BROTHERS LUCANUS AND TULLUS.[3]

That which you constantly asked of the gods, Lucanus, has, in spite of your brother's remonstrances, fallen to your lot; it has been your fate to die before him. Tullus envies you the privilege; for he desired, though the younger, to go first to the Stygian waters. You are now an inhabitant of the Elysian fields, and, dwelling in the charming grove, are content, for the first time, to be separated from your brother; and if Castor in his turn now comes from the brilliant stars, you, as another Pollux, exhort him not to return to them.

To weary heaven, while gen'rous brothers vie,
Thou, Lucan, earlier hast obtain'd to die.
Nor seek'st unenvied thou the shades below:
Tullus, thy younger, glad would elder go.
Blest tenant of the bland Elysian grove,
Now first would'st thou without thy brother rove.

[1] See B. xiv. Ep. 171.
[2] Of whom an elegant statuette was made by Lyciscus. Plin. H. N. xxxv. 8.
[3] See B. I. Ep. 37.

Would Castor leave the light, to pay thy love,
A Pollux thou would'st bid him stay above.
Elphinston.

LII. TO QUINTUS OVIDIUS.

If you but believe me, Quintus Ovidius, I love, as you deserve, the first of April, your natal day, as much as I love my own first of March. Happy is either morn! and may both days be marked by us with the whitest of stones! The one gave me life, but the other a friend. Yours, Quintus, gave me more than my own.

Believing hear, what you deserve to hear:
Your birth-day, as my own, to me is dear.
Blest and distinguish'd days! which we should prize
The first, the kindest bounty of the skies.
But yours gives most; for mine did only lend
Me to the world; yours gave to me a friend. *Hay.*

LIII. TO THE SAME.

On your birth-day, Quintus, I wished to make you a small present: you forbade me; you are imperious. I must obey your injunction: let that be done which we both desire, and which will please us both. Do you, Quintus, make me a present.

When I would send such trifles as I can,
You stop me short! you arbitrary man!
But I submit. Both may our orders give;
And do what both like best: let me receive. *Hay.*

LIV. TO CARUS.

If I had thrushes fattened on Picenian olives, or if a Sabine wood were covered with my nets; or if the finny prey were dragged on shore by my extended rod, or my branches, thickly limed, held fast the fettered birds; I should offer you, Carus, as an esteemed relative, the usual presents, and neither a brother nor a grandfather would have the preference over you. As it is, my fields resound only with paltry starlings and the plaints of linnets, and usher in the spring with the voice of the shrill sparrow. On one side, the ploughman returns the salutation of the magpie; on the other, the rapacious kite soars towards the distant stars. So I send you small presents from my hencoop; and if you accept such, you will often be my relative.

If a mew'd quail by accident I had;
Or snipe or woodcock taken in my glade;
Could I a trout now with my angle get;
Or cover a young partridge with my net;
You, cousin, should have it sooner than another,
As soon as my own father, or my brother.
But now the fields with chattering magpies ring;
Sparrows and swallows now proclaim the spring:
Now to the cuckow shepherd boys reply:
The thieving kite now skims along the sky.
So that I nothing but a fowl could send;
Which, if you like, you're always welcome, friend. *Hay.*

LV. TO VALERIUS FLACCUS.

On the day sacred to relatives,[1] on which many a fowl is sent as a present, there throngs around me, while I am preparing some thrushes for Stella, and some for you, Flaccus, an immense and troublesome crowd, of which each individual thinks that he ought to be the first in my affections. My desire was to show my regard for two; to offend a number is scarcely safe; while to send presents to all would be expensive. I will secure their pardon in the only way that remains to me; I will neither send thrushes to Stella nor to you, Flaccus.

When Christmas turkeys round in presents flew,
One I design'd for Ned, and one for you.
But most unluckily on this occasion,
Fat turkeys make me friend to half the nation.
Two I would fain oblige; and none offend:
But to give every one there is no end.
I then determine, after counsel heard,
That Ned and you must go without your bird. *Hay.*

LVI. ON SPENDOPHORUS, A FAVOURITE OF DOMITIAN.

Spendophorus, the armour-bearer of our sovereign lord, is setting out for the cities of Libya. Prepare weapons, Cupid, to bestow on the boy; the arrows with which you strike youths and tender maids. Let there be also, however, a smooth spear in his delicate hand. Omit the coat of mail, the shield, and the helmet; and that he may enter the battle in safety, let him go uncovered; Parthenopæus[2] was hurt

[1] The first of March.

[2] One of the seven chiefs against Thebes. His beauty is said to have been his defence.

by no dart, no sword, no arrow, whilst he was unencumbered with a head-piece. Whoever shall be wounded by Spendophorus, will die of love. Happy is he whom a death so fortunate awaits! But return while thou art still a boy, and while thy face retains its youthful bloom, and let thy Rome, and not Libya, make a man of thee.

To Libya goes Spendophorus to warre.
Cupid, thy shafts for this faire Boy prepare,
Those shafts, which youths and tender virgins wound;
Light let thy speare in his soft hand be found.
The breast-plate, helme, and shield I leave to thee;
To fight in safety, naked led him bee.
No arrow, sword, nor dart could hurt in warre
Parthenopæus, whilst his face was bare.
He whom this youth shall wound, will dye of love,
And happy too so sweet a fate to prove.
Whilst yet thy chin is smooth, fair boy, come home;
Grow not a man in Affricke, but at home. *May.*

LVII. ON HEDYLUS.

Nil est tritius Hedyli lacernis,
Non ansæ veterum Corinthiorum,
Nec crus compede lubricum decenni,
Non ruptæ recutita colla mulæ,
Nec quæ Flaminiam secant salebræ,
Nec qui littoribus nitent lapilli,
Nec Tusca ligo vinea politus,
Nec pallens toga mortui tribulis,
Nec pigri rota quassa mulionis,
Nec rasum cavea latus bisontis,
Nec dens jam senior ferocis apri.
Res una est tamen, ipse non negabit,
Culus tritior Hedyli lacernis.

Nulla v' è di più trito delle lacerne di Edilo, non i manichi dei vecchi vasi Corinzii, ne una gamba vacillante per i cepi decennali, non il collo ricutito d'una scorticata mula, ne gl' ingombri che interrompono la Flaminia, ne le pietruzze che riluccono sui lidi, ne la zappa lustrata nella Tusca vigna, ne 'l palido mantello d' un povero defunto, ne la spezzata ruota del vecchio carrettiere, ne 'l fianco d' un bisonto spinto nella cava, ne 'l di già vecchio dente d' un feroce cignale. Tuttavia v' è una cosa, esso non la negherà, il culo di Edilo è più trito delle sue lacerne. *Graglia.*

Than Hedyl's clothes is nought more bare:
Not handles of Corinthian ware:

With ten years' chain the shining shin;
Of batter'd mule the closing skin:
No rut of old Flaminius' way;
No pebbles, on the shore that play:
No polish'd spade, the vineyards show;
No paly gown, that shrouds the low:
No sluggish driver's shatter'd wheel;
No shaven flank, when bisons reel
Into th' insidious pit, and roar:
No gleaming bolt of aged boar.
Yet one thing 's much more worn away,
A Hedyl's self will not gainsay.
That wondrous thing must doubtless pose:
His conscience! triter than his clothes. *Elphinston.*

LVIII. TO THE NYMPH OF SABINUS.[1]

Nymph, queen of the Sacred Lake, to whom Sabinus, with pious munificence, dedicates an enduring temple; receive with kindness, I pray thee, (so may mountainous Umbria ever worship thy source, and thy town of Sassina never prefer the waters of Baiæ!) my anxious compositions which I offer thee. Thou wilt be to my muse the fountain of Pegasus. Whoever presents his poems to the temple of the Nymphs, indicates of himself what should be done with them.

Queen of the lake, whose temples soar the skies,
That my Sabinus' bounty gave to rise!
So may high Umbria in thy fountain lave,
Nor Sassina prefer the Baian wave:
Receive the anxious boon my muses bring,
And duly prove their Pegasean spring.
Who lays, ye nymphs, his labours in your fanes,
Just intimates the merit of his strains. *Elphinston.*

LIX. ON MAMURRA.

Mamurra, after having walked long and anxiously in the squares, where golden Rome ostentatiously displays her riches, viewed the tender young slaves, and devoured them with his eyes; not those exposed in the open shops, but those which are kept for the select in private apartments, and are not seen by the people, or such as I am. Satiated with this inspection, he uncovers the tables square and round; and asks to see some rich ivory ornaments which were displayed on the upper shelves. Then, having four times measured a dinner-couch

[1] See B. vii. Ep. 97.

for six, wrought with tortoise-shell, he sorrowfully regretted that it was not large enough for his citron table. He consulted his nose whether the bronzes had the true Corinthian aroma, and criticised the statues of Polyclitus! Next, complaining that some crystal vases had been spoiled by an admixture of glass, he marked and set aside ten myrrhine cups. He weighed ancient bowls, and inquired for goblets that had been ennobled by the hand of Mentor. He counted emeralds set in chased gold, and examined the largest pearl ear-pendants. He sought on every counter for real sardonyxes, and cheapened some large jaspers. At last, when forced by fatigue to retire at the eleventh hour, he bought two cups for one small coin, and carried them home himself.

Mamurra many hours does vagrant tell
I' th' shops, where Rome her richest ware does sell.
Behold, fair boys, devours them with his eyes,
Not those of common note, one first espies;
But which in inner rooms they closely mew,
Remov'd from mine, and from the people's view.
Glutted with these, choice tables he uncases,
Others of ivory, set high, displaces.
Rich tortoise beds he measures four times o'er,
Sighs, they fit not, and leaves them on that score
Consults the statues of Corinthian brass
By the scent; and not without blame lets pass
Thy pieces, Polyclet. He next complains
Of crystals mix'd with glass, and them disdains.
Marks porcelain cups, sets ten of them apart:
Weighs antique plate (of Mentor's noble art
If any be); counts, i' th' enamell'd gold,
The gems that stand. Rich pendants does behold:
For the sardonyx makes a search most nice,
And of the biggest jaspers beats the price.
Tir'd now at last, after eleven hours' stay,
Two farthing pots he bought, and himself bore away.
Anon. 1695.

Vainlove the live-long day strolls up and down,
To view the choicest rarities in town.
Ravish'd admires a Ganymede's soft mien;
Not such as is at common auctions seen;
But an old painting, capital, and rare;
Shown to the curious, and preserv'd with care.
Then takes an inlaid table from its case:
Searches a china jar, or marble vase.

A Turkey carpet measures ten times o'er;
And grieves it is too little for his floor.
Of right japan then judges by his nose:
In statues dares Sir Andrew's taste expose:
Finds the French ware too much to glass allied;
The Dresden therefore marks, and sets aside.
Baskets of filligrane he then takes up;
By Kent ennobled weighs a golden cup.
Numbers the jewels that a ring may bear;
And wants a pendant for a lady's ear;
Looks till he diamonds of true water meets,
And cheapens them, though half as big as Pitt's.
At length fatigued, the hour of dinner come,
He buys and bears two glass decanters home. *Hay.*

LX. ON A CROWN OF ROSES SENT TO CÆSIUS SABINUS.

Whether thou wast produced in the fields of Pæstum or of Tivoli, or whether the plains of Tusculum were decked with thy flowers; whether a bailiff's wife culled thee in a Prænestine garden, or whether thou wast recently the glory of a Campanian villa, that thou mayst seem more beauteous to my friend Sabinus, let him think that thou comest from my Nomentan grounds.

Did Pæstum's gales, or Tibur's, bid thee blow?
Or Tusculum elicit all thy glow?
Thee in Præneste's bed has hoyden slain?
Or wast the glory of Campania's plain?
Yet fairer to my Sabine that thou seem,
Thee child of my own tendance may he deem.
Elphinston.

LXI. ON A PLANE-TREE AT CORDOVA, PLANTED BY JULIUS CÆSAR.

In the regions about the Tartessus, where the rich lands of Cordova are watered by placid Bætis, where the yellow flocks shine with the gold of the river, and living metal decks the fleece of Hesperian sheep, stands a well-known mansion, and in the midst of its courts, overshadowing the whole of the surrounding buildings, rises the plane-tree of Cæsar, with its thick foliage, which was planted by the auspicious right hand of that invincible guest, and tended by it while yet a sapling. This tree seems to acknowledge by its vigour its parent and lord; so richly does it flourish, and lift its branches towards the stars. Often, under this tree, have the playful Fauns

sported with their midnight music, and the pipe has startled the quiet homestead; often has the woodland Dryad, while flying from the nocturnal marauder Pan across the solitary fields, sought shelter beneath it; and often have the household gods retained the odour of the Bacchanalian banquets, which by their libations have developed its luxuriance. The turf has been strewed and vermilioned with the chaplets of yesterday, and no man could distinguish the roses that had belonged to his own. O tree, favourite of the gods, tree of the great Cæsar, fear not the axe nor the impious fire. Thou mayst hope for the glory of an ever-verdant foliage; thou wast not planted by Pompeian hands.

A well-known house doth in that country stand
Where Bætis waters Corduba's rich land,
Where wools their native mettal's colour keepe,
And growing goldfoile gilds the Spanish sheepe.
In midst of th' house, her gods ore-shadowing,
Does Cæsar's plaine-tree prosperously spring,
Planted by that victorious guest, from whose
Imperiall hand the tender twigg arose;
Which now it seems her lord and founder knowes,
She spreads so fast her sky-aspiring bowes.
Under that shade the rusticke Dryades
And wanton Fauns themselves with sporting please;
And oft, as she by night from Pan doth fly,
This silent house doth Syrinx terrifie.
There oft hath Bacchus kept his revelling,
When wine has made the tree more richly sp[illegible].
There roses grow t' adorne the drinking crowne;
And none can say those roses are his owne.
Great Cæsar's tree, to all the gods most deare,
No sacrilegious fire, nor hatchets feare;
Still mayst thou hope honour'd with leaves to bee;
'Twas no Pompeian hand that planted thee. *May.*

LXII. ON PHILÆNIS.

If Philænis wears all day and night garments dyed with Tyrian purple, it is not that she is extravagant or proud; it is the odour that pleases her,[1] not the colour.

That Tyrian tinge, both night and day,
Philænis in her trappings uses;
Nor pomp, nor pride, bespeaks th' array:
The odour, not the hue, she chooses. *Elphinston.*

[1] To disguise the odour of her own person. Compare B. vii. Ep. 67, and B. iv. Ep. 4.

LXIII. TO PHŒBUS.

All the licentious men about town invite you to their tables, Phœbus. He who gets his living under such circumstances, is not, I consider, respectable company.[2]

LXIV. ON A STATUE OF DOMITIAN IN THE CHARACTER OF HERCULES.

Cæsar, having deigned to assume the form of the mighty Hercules, adds a new temple to the Latian way, at the spot where the traveller, who visits the grove of Diana, reads the inscription on the eighth milestone from the Queen of Cities. Formerly, O Romans, you used to worship Hercules, as the superior, with prayers and abundant blood of victims, now Hercules, as the inferior, worships Domitian. We address our more important prayers, some for wealth, others for honours, to Domitian, who, unsolicitous about inferior requests, leaves the fulfilment of these to Hercules.

Into august Alcides' form
Augustus deigned to descend:
Sublimer strengths than his to storm,
And temples to the Latian lend.

Where, while the wand'rer's weary feet
Explore fair Trivia's woodland scene,
Marble the eighth he joys to meet,
Sequester'd from the city-queen.

With copious blood, and pious vows,
Alcides whilom was address'd:
But lo! his greater he allows;
And bends, obsequious, with the rest.

To one for wealth this suppliant sues,
For honour that submiss applies;
While fearless, with inferior views,
They plague the hero of the skies. *Elphinston.*

LXV. TO HERCULES, ON THE SAME STATUE.

O Hercules, whom the Latian Jupiter must now recognise, since thou hast assumed the glorious features of the divine Cæsar, if thou hadst borne those lineaments and that air when the wild beasts yielded to thy prowess, nations would not have beheld thee a slave to the Argive tyrant, and submitting to

[2] Ad cœnam invitant omnes te, Phœbe, cinædi:
Mentula quem pascit, non, puto, parus homo est.

his cruel rule; but thou wouldst have issued orders to Eurystheus, and the deceiver Lichas would not have brought thee the perfidious gift of Nessus. Saved from the torment of the funeral pyre upon mount Œta, thou would have ascended to the heaven of thy father above, free from all care, that heaven to which thy labours entitled thee. Nor wouldst thou have twirled the Lydian spindles of a proud mistress, or have looked upon Styx and the dog of Tartarus. Now Juno is favourable to thee, now thy Hebe indeed loves thee; now, if the nymph that carried off thy Hylas were to see thy majestic appearance, she would send him back to thee.

Thee must the Latian Thund'rer gladly own,
Where Cæsar's godlike lineaments are known.
Had then thy guise and aspect been the same,
When thy hands render'd savage monsters tame,
Mankind had ne'er with due disdain beheld
The tyrant honour'd, and the hero quell'd;
Or in Argolic thraldom seen the brave;
But seen Eurystheus prove Alcides' slave.
Nor had sly Lichas made thy blood to boil,
With the dire present of the Centaur's spoil.
Free from the tasks of pow'r, or goads of guile,
Free from the torments of th' Œtean pile,
Thou hadst securely climb'd thy sire's domain,
Nor storm'd its summits by the strength of pain.
From hands heroic none had dancing seen
The Lydian spindles of the haughty queen.
Ne'er hadst thou visited the shades below,
Nor the Tartarean dog couldst ever know.
Now Juno smiles; fair Hebe now adores;
And Amphydacia Hylas' self restores. *Elphinston.*

LXVI. TO FABULLUS.

When you have a wife, handsome, chaste, and young, Fabullus, why should you supplicate for the rights of a father of three children?[1] That which you ask of our ruler and deity, you will obtain from yourself, if you deserve the name of a man.

You've a wife, blest Fabullus, fair, modest, and young;
And the honour of tripartite progeny ask!
What you crave of our lord, with so touching a tongue,
Is your own to bestow: 'tis a natural task. *Elphinston.*

[1] See B. ii. Ep. 91, 92.

LXVII. TO ÆSCHYLUS.

Lascivam tota possedi nocte puellam,
Cujus nequitias vincere nemo potest.
Fessus mille modis illud puerile poposci:
Ante preces totas, primaque verba dedit.
Improbius quiddam ridensque rubensque rogavi:
Pollicita est nulla luxuriosa mora.
Sed mihi pura fuit; tibi non erit, Æschyle: si vis,
Accipe et hoc munus conditione mala.

Possedei per tutta la notte una lasciva ragazza, le di cui malizie nessuna può sorpassare. Sazio in mille maniere, dimandai quel non so che alla fanciullesca: me lo accordò avanti d' esserne pregata, ed alle prime ricchieste. Fra 'l riso e la vergogna dimandai qualche cosa d' assai nefando: me lo promise senza la menoma interessata dilazione. Ma fù da me lasciata pura; non lo sarà da te, o Eschilo: se vuoi questo dono, prendilo, ma a caro prezzo. *Gruglia.*

LXVIII. TO THE MASTER OF A NOISY SCHOOL IN HIS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

What right have you to disturb me, abominable schoolmaster, object abhorred alike by boys and girls? Before the crested cocks have broken silence, you begin to roar out your savage scoldings and blows. Not with louder noise does the metal resound on the struck anvil, when the workman is fitting a lawyer on his horse;[1] nor is the noise so great in the large amphitheatre, when the conquering gladiator is applauded by his partisans. We, your neighbours, do not ask you to allow us to sleep for the whole night, for it is but a small matter to be occasionally awakened; but to be kept awake all night is a heavy affliction. Dismiss your scholars, brawler, and take as much for keeping quiet as you receive for making a noise.

Despiteful pedant, why dost me pursue,
Thou hated head by all the younger crew?
Before the cock proclaims the day is near,
Thy direful threats and lashes stun mine ear;
The anvil rings out a shriller sound,
When massy hammers the hot irons pound;
Statues of brass with lesser din are made,
Than thou dost carry on the grammar trade;
Shouts in the race and theatre are less,
When factions for their parties zeal express.

[1] A sneer at the equestrian statues of lawyers. See Juv. vii. 129.

Whole nights, I ask not, in repose to keep;
To wake 's not grievous, but 'tis, ne'er to sleep.
Wilt leave thy school, thy bawling lectures cease?
Thy gain shall greater be to hold thy peace. *Anon.* 1695.

LXIX. TO POLYCHARMUS.

Cum futuis, Polycharme, soles in fine cacare,
Cum pædicaris, quid, Polycharme facis:

Quando immembri, o Policarmo, suoli dopo sgravarti. Quando sei sodomizato, che fai, o Policarmo?

LXX. TO CÆCILIANUS.

"O times! O manners!" was of old the cry of Cicero, when Catiline was contriving his impious plot; when father-in-law and son-in-law were engaging in fierce war, and the sad soil of Italy was soaked with civil bloodshed. But why do you, Cæcilianus, now exclaim "O times! O manners?" What is it that displeases you? We have no cruel leaders, no maddening warfare, but may enjoy settled peace and happiness. It is not *our* morals, Cæcilianus, that disgrace the age of which you complain, but *your own*.

Oh! the degenerate age! great Tully cried,
When Catiline design'd his parricide:
When kindred chiefs join'd battle on the plain,
Which mourn'd in tears of blood the subject slain.
Oh! the degenerate age! you loudly chatter:
What is the matter, Sir, what is the matter?
No civil discord now: no tyrant's power:
Peaceful and blissful passes every hour.
If you esteem the age so wicked grown,
Blame not our morals for it, but your own. *Hay.*

"O times! O manners!" Tully cried of old,
When Catiline in impious plots grew bold;
When in full arms the son and father stood,
And the sad earth reek'd red with civil blood:
Why now, why now, "O times! O manners!" cry?
What is it now that shocks thy purity?
No sword now maddens, and no chiefs destroy,
But all is peace, security, and joy.
These times, these manners, that so vile are grown,
Prythee, Cæcilian, are they not thy own? *Elton.*

LXXI. ON A LION AND A RAM.

It is astonishing with what attachment this lion, the glory of the Massylian mountains and this husband of the fleecy

flock, are united. Behold with your own eyes; they dwell in one stall, and take their social meals in company. Nor do they delight to feed on the brood of forests, or the tender grass; but a small lamb satisfies their joint appetites. What were the merits of the terror of Nemea,[1] or the betrayer of Helle,[2] that they should shine among brilliant constellations in the high heaven? If cattle and wild beasts are worthy of a place in the heavens, this ram and this lion deserve to become stars.

LXXII. TO LIBER, A PUGILIST.

O Liber, whose brows are adorned with the Spartan crown, and whose Roman hand strikes blows worthy of Greece, when you send me a dinner, why does the wicker basket, in which it is conveyed, contain no wine-flask as an accompaniment? If you mean to make presents worthy of your name,[3] you are aware, I suppose, what you ought to have sent me.

O thou, whose forehead boasts Amyclæ's band,
Who deal'st the Grecian blows with Latian hand!
My nooning why didst bid the wicker bear,
Nor with the wattles bid the flask repair?
Worthy thy name hadst thou the boons bestow'd,
My Liber knows what on his friend had flow'd.

Elphinston.

LXXIII. TO A COBBLER, WHO HAD OBTAINED A LEGACY BY FRAUD.

You, whose business it once was to stretch old skins with your teeth, and to bite old soles of shoes besmeared with mud, now enjoy the lands of your deluded patron at Præneste, where you are not worthy to occupy even a stall. Intoxicated with strong Falernian wine, too, you dash in pieces the crystal cups, and plunge yourself in debauchery with your patron's favourite. As for me, my foolish parents taught me letters. What did I want with grammarians and rhetoricians? Break up, my muse, your flowing pen, and tear up your books, if a shoe can secure such enjoyments to a cobbler.

[1] The Nemean lion slain by Hercules; afterwards the constellation of Leo.

[2] The ram with the golden fleece, that was to carry Helle across the Hellespont, and allowed her to drop into the water, afterwards the constellation Aries.

[3] Liber being a name of Bacchus.

Who with your teeth the stretching leather drew,
To patch a hole in an old dirty shoe;
To you your cheated lord's possessions fall,
In which you scarce deserve to have a stall.
In amorous fits succeeding to his lasses;
And in your drunken frolics breaking glasses.
My learning only proves my father fool:
Why would he send me to a grammar school?
Ah! cease, my muse! your works consign to fire!
If an old shoe may serve to raise us higher. *Hay.*

LXXIV. ON THE PORTRAIT OF CAMONUS.

This picture preserves the likeness of Camonus as a child; it is only his early features, when he was an infant, that remain to us. The affectionate father has kept no likeness of his countenance in the bloom of manhood, dreading to look on so fine a face deprived of animation.

Here, as in happy infancy he smiled,
Behold Camonus—painted as a child;
For on his face as seen in manhood's days,
His sorrowing father would not dare to gaze. *W. S. B.*

LXXV. ON THE WOODEN BATH OF TUCCA.

Tucca has not constructed his bath of hard flint, or of quarry stone, or of baked bricks, with which Semiramis encircled great Babylon, but of the spoils of the forest and masses of pine planks, so that he may sail in his bath. The same magnificent personage has built splendid warm baths of every kind of marble; that which Carystos produces; that which Phrygian Synnas,[1] and African Numidia, sends us; and that which the Eurotas has washed with its verdant stream. But there is no wood in it; put your wooden bath, therefore, Tucca. beneath your warm baths.

No stubborn flint, by cement bound,
Or that the queen could rear around
Her haughty town, made Tucca's bath:
But murder'd groves, and mortis'd pines,
Exalted Tucca's grand designs;
That he might swim in cooling lath.

A hot bath next he built, sublime,
Of marble hewn in every clime,
Carystos, Synnas, Nomas send:

[1] A town of Phrygia.

Or that the green Eurotas laves.
But wood was wanting to the waves:
Then to the hot the cold-bath lend. *Elphinston.*

LXXVI. ON THE PORTRAIT OF CAMONUS.

The features you here see are those of my Camonus; such was his face and figure in early youth. That countenance had grown more manly in the course of twenty years; a beard seemed delighted to shade his cheeks; and, once clipped, had scattered its ruddy hair from the points of the scissors. One of the three sisters looked with malice on such beauty, and cut the thread of his life before it was fully spun. An urn conveyed his ashes to his father from a far distant pyre; but that the picture may not alone speak of the youth, there shall be a more impressive description in my page.

This which you see is my Camonus' face;
Such his young looks, such his first beauty was.
His countenance grew stronger twice ten years,
Till a beard cream'd his cheeks with downy hairs.
The offer'd purple once his shoulders spread,
But one of the three sisters wish'd him dead,
And thence his hasten'd thread of life did cut,
Which to his father, in a sad urn put,
Came from his absent pile: but lest alone
This picture should present his beauty gone,
His image yet more sweetly drawn shall be
In never-dying papers writ by me. *Fletcher.*

LXXVII. ON THE FEAST OF PRISCUS.

The eloquent page of Priscus considers "what is the best kind of feast?" and offers many suggestions with grace, many with force, and all with learning. Do you ask me, what is the best kind of feast? That at which no flute-player is present.[1]

Priscus with art in many leaves disputes,
What requisites a sumptuous feast best suits;
Many sublime and witty things he brings,
All from a learn'd and noble art which springs.
What makes a feast, shall I in one line say?
Absence of scurrilous jests and fiddlers' play.
Anon. 1695.

[1] One that does not require the attractions of music, but is sufficiently recommended by the dishes and the conversation.

LXXVIII. TO PICENTINUS.

After the deaths of seven husbands, Galla has espoused you, Picentinus. Galla, I suppose, wishes to follow her husbands.

Your spouse, who husbands dear hath buried seven,
Stands a bad chance to make the number even. *Hay.*

LXXIX. TO DOMITIAN.

Before thy reign, Rome hated the crowd attendant on the emperors, and the haughtiness of the court; but now, such is our love, Augustus, for all that belongs to thee, that every one makes the care of his own family of but secondary consideration; so sweet are the tempers of thy courtiers, so considerate are they towards us, so much of quiet good-feeling do they display, and so much modesty is there in their bearing. Indeed, no servant of Cæsar (such is the influence of a powerful court) wears his own character—but that of his master.

Cæsar, our former princes' courtly state,
And throngs of haughty servants, Rome did hate;
But of your house all now so tender are,
That each man's own is but his second care:
Such gentle mindes, such reverence of you,
Such quietness, such modesty, all shew,
As proves (which is the nature of great courts)
Each to his prince's guise his own comports.
Old MS. 16th Cent.

LXXX. ON GELLIUS.

The poor and hungry Gellius married a woman old and rich. He eats and enjoys himself.

An old rich wife starv'd Gellius, bare and poor,
Did wed: so she cramm'd him and he cramm'd her.
Fletcher.

LXXXI. TO AULUS.

My readers and hearers, Aulus, approve of my compositions; but a certain critic says that they are not faultless. I am not much concerned at his censure; for I should wish the dishes on my table to please guests rather than cooks.

The readers and the hearers like my books,
And yet, some writers cannot them digest;
But what care I? for when I make a feast,
I would my guests should praise it, not the cooks.
Harrington.

My works the reader and the hearer praise.
They're not exact, a brother poet says:
I heed not him; for when I give a feast,
Am I to please the cook, or please the guest? *Hay.*

LXXXII. TO MUNNA.

An astrologer declared, Munna, that you would soon come to an end; and I believe he spoke the truth. For, through fear of leaving anything behind you, you have squandered your inheritance in luxuries; your two millions have dwindled away in less than a year. Tell me, Munna, is not this coming soon to an end?

True spoke the conjurer, when he foretold
Your end, before that twice six moons had roll'd.
You took the hint; spent your estate with care,
For fear of being bubbled by your heir.
Twice ten years' income spent at once; 'tis clear,
Live e'er so long, you cannot live this year. *Hay.*

LXXXIII. TO DOMITIAN, ON HIS EXCLUSION OF THE KNIGHTS FROM THE STAGE.

Among the numberless wonders of your arena, Cæsar, which surpasses the splendid shows of the old emperors, our eyes confess that they owe you much, but our ears more; inasmuch as those who used to recite upon the stage are now only spectators.

Among the many wonders of the stage,
With which thou hast adorn'd the present age
'Bove former princes, Cæsar, as we owe
Much for the cost and gallantry of show,
Nothing does yet advance thy glory more,
Than that the nobles now, however poor,
Spectators sit, that players were before. *Anon.* 1695.

LXXXIV. TO NORBANUS.

When your affectionate fidelity, Norbanus, was standing in defence of Cæsar against the raging of sacrilegious fury, I, the well-known cultivator of your friendship, was amusing myself with the composition of these verses, in the calm security of Pierian retreats. The Rhætian spoke of me to you on the borders of Vindelicia, nor was the Northern Bear ignorant of my name. Oh how often, not renouncing your old friend, did you exclaim, "It is my poet, my own!" All my compo-

sitions, which for six whole years your reader has recited to you, their author will now present to you in a body.

While thee, to quell the sacrilegious rage,
Fair loyalty would for thy lord engage;
Safe wanton'd in the sweet Pierian shade,
Who Norban's friendship held his primal aid.
My death to Vindelician shores had flown;
Nor was my name to northern climes unknown.
Thine ancient friend thou never didst deny:
My bard! my bard! became the tender cry.
My code complete in parts the reader lent:
The six-years' produce has the author sent. *Elphinston.*

LXXXV. TO ATILIUS, ON PAULUS FEIGNING SICKNESS.

If our friend Paulus is ever out of health, Atilius, it is not himself, but his guests, that he deprives of a dinner. You suffer, Paulus, with a sudden and fictitious ailment; but my sportula has given up the ghost.

Our Paul, whene'er his languor reigns,
Still, in his friends, himself will treat:
A head-ache when Atilius feigns,
My sportula extends her feet. *Elphinston.*

LXXXVI. TO SILIUS ITALICUS, ON THE DEATH OF HIS SON SEVERUS.

While Silius, whose powers have been displayed in more than one department of Roman literature,[1] was lamenting the premature death of his friend Severus, I expressed my sympathy with him to the Pierian choir and to Phœbus: "I too," said Apollo, "wept for my Linus;" and, looking round at Calliope, who stood next to her brother, he added: "You also have your own sorrow.[1] Behold the Tarpeian and the Palatine Thunderer; Lachesis has audaciously presumed to wound both Jupiters.[2]" When you see the divinities exposed to the harsh rule of destiny, you may acquit the gods of injustice.

Thee, Silius, not one way renown'd,
Thy rapt Severe in sorrow drown'd;
Each muse, nay Phœbus, mourn'd with me:
I wept my Linus too, said he.

[1] Silius Italicus, orator and poet. See also B. vii. Ep. 62.
[2] In the loss of her son Orpheus.
[3] By causing the deaths of Sarpedon, and of Domitian's infant son. See B. vi. Ep. 3.

Calliope then caught his eye:
"Sweet sister, thou hast had thy sight.
Palatine and Tarpeian Jove;
'Gainst both bold Lachesis has strove.'
If fate with us can be at odds,
No more let envy load the gods. *Elphinston.*

LXXXVII. TO LUPERCUS.

After I have taken seven cups of Opimian wine, and am stretched at full length, and beginning to stammer from the effects of my heavy potations, you bring me some sort of papers, and say, "I have just made Nasta free—he is a slave that I inherited from my father;—please to give me your signature." The business may be better done to-morrow, Lupercus; at present my signet is wanted for the bottle.[1]

When I am half seas o'er, and cannot read,
My lawyer brings me a long parchment deed:
Tells me I promised, when the term began,
To seal a leaf to Tim, my father's man.
It will be better by to-morrow's light:
I'll touch no wax, but that on corks, to-night. *Hay.*

LXXXVIII. TO RUFUS.

While you were trying to catch me, Rufus, you used to send me presents; since you have caught me, you have given me nothing. To keep me when caught, send presents to me now as you did before, lest the boar, being badly fed, escape from his cage.

While thou didst seek my love, thou sent'st me some
Presents, but now thou hast it, no gifts come.
That thou may'st hold me, Rufus, still be free,
Lest th' ill-fed boar break from his frank and flee.
Fletcher.

LXXXIX. TO STELLA.

By too severe a decree, Stella, you compel your guest to write verses at table. Under such a decree I may certainly write verses, but bad ones.

Thy guest must verses give; a piteous task!
But thou art good, and dost not good ones ask.
Elphinston.

[1] The Romans put seals on their wine-vessels, as a security against their slaves.

XC. TO FLACCUS, RESIDING IN CYPRUS.

So, reclining upon the flowery meads, where rolling pebbles sparkle in the brook, its winding banks glowing on every side, may you break the ice into the goblet of dark wine, far removed from all cares, and your brow wreathed with chaplets of roses; so may you enjoy alone the caresses of a favourite, and the pleasures of a chaste love, as you keep on your guard, I warn and pray you, Flaccus, against the climate of Cyprus, too well known for its excessive heat, when the threshing-floor receives the crackling harvest, and the mane of the tawny lion glows in its fierceness. And do thou, goddess of Paphos, send back the youth, send him back unharmed, to my prayers. So may the kalends of March be ever consecrated to thee, and may many a slice of cake, with incense, and wine, and offerings, be laid upon thy fair altars.

So stretched on the flowery grass,
Where o'er the moved pebbles pass
Pure streames, with waves curling about,
Farr thence all troubled thoughts cast out:
With coole ice may your cupps abound,
Your browes with rosy garlands crown'd;
So may your mistress, and your boy,
To you be kind, to others coy,
As you of your own health take care,
In Cyprus's too sultry ayre,
When the ripe corne is layd i' th' floore,
And Leo's scorching rage boyles o'er.
So, Venus, may much wine and spice,
On altars pure in sacrifice,
On Mars's calends offer'd bee,
With many a piece of cake, to thee!

Old MS. 16*th Cent.*

XCI. TO DOMITIAN.

If two messengers were to invite me to dine in different heavens, the one in that of Cæsar, the other in that of Jupiter, I should, even if the stars were nearer, and the palace at the greater distance, return this answer: "Seek some other who would prefer to be the guest of the Thunderer; my own Jupiter detains me upon earth."

If that a diverse invitation came
At once in Jove's and in great Cæsar's name,

Though that the stars were near, Rome more remote,
The gods in answer should have this my vote,
"Go, seek another that Jove's guest would be,
My Jupiter on earth hath fetter'd me." *Fletcher.*

XCII. TO CONDYLUS.

Of the troubles of a master, and the pleasures of a slave, Condylus, you are ignorant, when you lament that you have been a slave so long. A common rug gives you sleep free from all anxiety; Caius lies awake all night on his bed of down. Caius, from the first dawn of day, salutes with trembling a number of patrons; you, Condylus, salute not even your master. "Caius, pay what you owe me," cries Phœbus on the one side, and Cinnamus on the other; no one makes such a demand on you, Condylus. Do you fear the torturer? Caius is a martyr to the gout in his hands and feet, and would rather suffer a thousand floggings than endure its pains. You indulge neither gluttonous nor licentious propensities. Is not this preferable to being three times a Caius?

More ease than masters' servants' lives afford:
Think on that, Tom; nor wish to be your lord.
On a coarse rug you most securely snore:
Deep sunk in down he counts each sleepless hour;
Anxious betimes to every statesman low
He bows; much lower than to him you bow.
Behold him with a dun at either ear,
"Pay, pay," the word; a word you never hear.
Fear you a cudgel? view his gouty state;
Which he would change for many a broken pate.
You know no morning qualm, no costly whore:
Think then, though not a lord, that you are more. *Hay.*

XCIII. TO CALOCISSUS, HIS SLAVE.

Why, my slave, do you delay to pour in the immortal Falernian? Fill double measures from the oldest cask. Now tell me, Calocissus, to which of all the gods shall I bid you fill six cups? It shall be Cæsar. Let ten wreaths of roses be fitted to my locks, to honour the name[1] of him who raised the noble monument to his sacred family.[2] Next give me twice five kisses, the number which denotes the name[3] our divinity acquired from the Sarmatian countries.

[1] Domitianus, a word of ten letters.
[2] The Flavian temple. See Ep. 24 and 34. [3] Germanicus.

Crown the deathless Falernian, my boy;
Draw the quincunx from out the old cask.
Of the gods who shall heighten the joy?
'Tis for Cæsar five bumpers I ask.
Let the garland ten times bind the hair,
To the hero that planted the fane:
Twice five goblets replete will declare
The kind god from th' Odrysian domain. *Elphinston.*

XCIV. ON HIPPOCRATES.

Hippocrates has given me a cup medicated with wormwood, and now has the presumption to ask of me honied wine in return. I do not suppose that even Glaucus was so stupid, who gave his golden armour to Diomede for armour of brass. Can any one expect a sweet gift in return for a bitter one? Let him have it, but on condition that he drink it in hellebore.[1]

What blest assurance! when my doctor thought
To get my claret, for his wormwood draught.
Glaucus of old was not a greater ass,
Who gave his golden arms for arms of brass.
But I will send it; if he will agree
To drink it from the bottle sent to me. *Hay.*

XCV. ON ATHENAGORAS.

Athenagoras was once Alphius; now, since he has taken a wife, he has begun to call himself Olphius. Do you believe, Callistratus, that his real name is Athenagoras? May I die if I know who Athenagoras is![2] But suppose, Callistratus, I call him by his real name; if I call him otherwise, it is not I who am in fault, but your friend Athenagoras himself.

Bob's name was Booby, now 'tis Bou—ou—bee:
His wife would not plain Booby be, not she.
If we doubt which is right, and which is wrong,
I shall not know if Bob is Bob, ere long.
I think that Booby is his real name:
If I mistake, is Bob or I to blame? *Hay.*

XCVI. ON HERODES.

The doctor Herodes had filched a cup belonging to his patients. Being detected, he exclaimed, "Fool! what need have you of drink?"

[1] The presumed specific for madness.
[2] That is, what is his true name.

The doctor from his patient steals his cupp,
But, caught i' th' fact, says, "Drinke! no. not a supp!
Old MS. 16th Century.

A quack, who stole his patient's cup, did cry,
Caught in the fact, "What! would you drink, and die?"
Hay.

XCVII. TO JULIUS.

A certain person, my dearest Julius, is bursting with envy because Rome reads me; he is bursting, I say, with envy. He is bursting with envy, too, bursting with envy, because in every assembly I am pointed out by the finger of admiration. He is bursting with envy, bursting with envy, because both Cæsars[1] accorded me the rights of a father of three children. He is bursting with envy, bursting with envy, because I have an agreeable suburban villa and a small house in town. He is bursting with envy, bursting with envy, because I am dear to my friends, and because I am their frequent guest. He is bursting with envy, because I am loved and praised. Whoever is bursting with envy, let him burst.

Bursting with envy is a wretch unknown,
Because my works have taken with the town.
With envy bursting, that the admiring throng
Point to their poet as they pass along.
With envy bursting, that by royal grace,
Under my sovereign I enjoy a place.
With envy bursting, at my house in town,
And at my little box on Bansted Down.
Bursting with envy, that I am caress'd
By all my friends, to all a welcome guest.
From love, and from esteem, if envy springs,
May he e'en fret his guts to fiddle-strings! *Hay.*

XCVIII. TO QUINTUS OVIDIUS.

The produce of the vineyards has not failed everywhere, Ovidius. The heavy rains have been productive. Coranus made up a hundred jars by means of the water.

Pray, don't imagine, without reason,
The vintage is all lost this season:
The heavy rains, which fell, produce
A hundred pipes for Dashwell's use. *Hay.*

[1] Titus and Domitian.

XCIX. TO ATTICUS, ON MARCUS ANTONIUS, TO WHOM HE SENDS HIS BOOK.

Marcus Antonius loves my muse, Atticus, if his complimentary letter but speaks the truth,—Marcus, who is the undeniable glory of Palladian Toulouse, and whom repose, the child of peace, has nurtured. You, my book, who can bear the toil of a long journey, go to him, as a pledge of love from his absent friend. You would be worthless, I admit, if a dealer were to send you: but your coming from the author will give value to the present. It makes a great difference, believe me, whether a draught be taken from the fountain-head, or from the stagnant waters of a sluggish pool.

My book, a better traveller, I send,
To show my honour for an absent friend.
The value from a bookseller were small;
The author's present is the all in all.
Much better tastes the water, which you take
From a spring-head, than from a standing lake. *Hay.*

C. TO BASSUS.

You invite me to a supper, Bassus, worth three denarii,[1] and expect me to dance attendance in your antechamber in the morning clad in my toga; and afterwards to keep close to your side, or walk before your chair, while I attend you in your visits to ten or a dozen widows. My toga is threadbare, shabby, and even ragged; yet I could not buy one as good, Bassus, for three denarii.

For drachmas three thou offer'd'st to expend,
Thou requir'st gown'd I early thee attend,
Make up thy train, and trot before thy chair,
When thou old ladies court'st to be their heir.
My gown is threadbare, mean, I not deny,
Yet such I cannot for three drachmas buy. *Anon.* 1695.

CI. FLATTERY OF DOMITIAN.

O Appian way, which Cæsar consecrates under the form of Hercules,[2] and renders the most celebrated of Italian roads, if thou desirest to learn the deeds of the ancient Hercules, listen to me. He subdued the Libyan giant; he carried off the

[1] The price of the sportula.

[2] See Ep. 65. Domitian erected on the Appian Way a temple to Hercules, in which he himself was to be worshipped.

golden apples; he disarmed the Amazonian queen of her shield, though secured by a Scythian girdle; by feat of arms he added the lion's skin to that of the Arcadian boar; he delivered the forest from the brazen-footed stag and the lakes of Arcadia from the Stymphalian birds; he brought from the waters of Styx the infernal dog Cerberus; he prevented the fruitful Hydra from renewing its heads after they had been cut off; he plunged the horned bulls of Hesperia in the Tuscan Tiber. Such were the achievements of the ancient and lesser Hercules. Listen now to the deeds of the greater Hercules, whom the sixth milestone from the citadel of Alba celebrates. He freed the palace from the thraldom of a bad rule. His first wars, as a boy, were waged in defence of his patron Jupiter.[1] When already in sole possession of the Cæsarean reins of government, he resigned them to his father, contenting himself to become the third citizen in his own world.[2] Thrice he broke the perfidious horns of the Sarmatian Danube: thrice he cooled his sweating steed in the Getic snows. For bearing to accept the honours of a triumph, and often refusing them, he acquired a title, as a conqueror, from the Northern climes. He gave temples to the gods, morals to his people, rest to the sword, heaven to his family,[3] constellations to the skies, garlands to Jupiter. The divinity of a Hercules is not sufficient for acts so great; our deity should be represented under the form of Tarpeian Jupiter.

O Appian! who thine awful shall display?
Thou peerless glory of th' Ausonian way!
To Cæsar sacred, in Herculean guise,
Thy feet on earth, thy fame is in the skies.
Would'st thou admire the first Alcides' deeds,
And then compare Alcides who succeeds?
One tamed the Libyan, and the dragon tore:
The victor-god the golden apples bore.
How hard was buckler'd Menalippe's lot!
He bid the fair unloose the Scythian knot.
What need I sing the lion whom he slew;
Or scared Arcadia's boar he overthrew?
From woods he drove the brazen-footed hind,
The birds Stymphalian from the waves and wind.

[1] In the Vitellian war he took refuge in the Capitol, and defended it. Suetonius, Domit. c. 1.

[2] Being inferior to Vespasian and Titus.

[3] Enrolling his father, brother, and wife, among the gods.

Safe he return'd, from out the Stygian bog;
Unquitted, but unworried by the dog.
The Hydra he forbade to spring by blood,
And cows Hesperian lav'd in Tuscan flood.
Such were the toils of Hercules the less;
The glory of his greater now confess:
Whose majesty is worshipp'd, and whose pow'r,
By the sixth marble from the Alban tow'r.
'Twas his, fell usurpation to destroy;
And for his Jove he warfar'd, yet a boy.
When now he held the Julian reins alone,
He sat but third upon the human throne.
The treach'rous horns of Ister thrice he broke,
In Getic snow thrice quench'd his charger's smoke.
To conquer ardent, and to triumph shy,
Fair vict'ry nam'd him from the polar sky.
Fanes to the gods, to men he manners gave;
Rest to the sword, and respite to the brave;
Stars to his own, constellants to th' alcove,
And wreaths refreshing to immortal Jove.
So high could ne'er Herculean pow'r aspire:
The god should lend his looks to the Tarpeian fire.

Elphinston.

CII. TO PHŒBUS.

You give me back, Phœbus, my bond for four hundred thousand sesterces; lend me rather a hundred thousand more. Seek some one else to whom you may vaunt your empty present: what I cannot pay you, Phœbus, is my own.

My bond for four hundred you proudly present;
One hundred, kind Phœbus, I'd rather you lent.
In the eyes of another such bounty may shine;
Whate'er I can't pay you, dear Phœbus, is mine.

Westminster Review, April, 1853.

CIII. ON HIERUS AND ASILLUS, TWIN-BROTHERS.

What new Leda has produced you these attendants so like each other? What fair Spartan has been captivated by another swan? Pollux has given his face to Hierus, Castor his to Asillus; and in the countenance of each gleams the beauty of their Tyndarean sister (Helen). Had these beautiful figures been in Therapnæan Amyclæ, when the inferior present prevailed over those of the two other goddesses,[1] Helen would have

[1] When Venus promised Helen to Paris, while Juno offered him empire, and Minerva wisdom.

remained at Sparta, and Trojan Paris have returned to Phrygian Ida with two Ganymedes.

Whence so much likeness, so much sweetness, grew?
To bear these twins did Leda brood a-new?
If this is Pollux, that is Castor's face:
In both alike there shines the sister's grace.
When rivals yielded to the Cyprian queen;
At Sparta's court had so much beauty been,
The Phrygian Paris had reversed his deed;
And, leaving Helen, stole each Ganymede. *Hay.*

BOOK X.

I. THE BOOK TO THE READER.

If I seem to be a book of undue size, with my end too much delayed, read only a small portion of me; I shall then be to you but a little book. Each of my pages is occupied by but three or four short pieces; make me as short as you please for yourself.

If of my length you 're tempted to complain,
A slight expedient puts you out of pain:
A page, a poem, fourteen verses make;
Stop where you please, a whole in each you take.
If of my price, the age to verse how cold!
A thousand poems at that price are sold. *Capel Lofft.*

II. TO THE READER, ON PUBLISHING A SECOND EDITION OF THIS BOOK.

The labour, which I bestowed upon this tenth book, being too hurried, made it necessary that the work, which had slipped from my hands, should be revised. You will read here some pieces which you have had before, but they are now repolished by the file; the new part will be the larger; but be favourable, reader, to both; for you are my true support; since, when Rome gave you to me, she said, "I have nothing greater to give you. By his means you will escape the sluggish waves of ungrateful Lethe, and will survive in

the better part of yourself. The marble tomb of Messala is split by the wild fig, and the audacious muleteer laughs at the mutilated horses of the statue of Crispus.[1] But as for writings, they are indestructible either by thieves or the ravages of time; such monuments alone are proof against death."

This my tenth booke, set out before too soone,
Backe to my hands comes to be better done.
Some old, but new corrected, thou wilt finde;
The most are new; reader, to both be kinde.
Reades, my wealth; whom when to me Rome gave,
Nought greater to bestow (quoth she) I have:
By him ingratefull Lethe thou shalt flye,
And in thy better part shalt never dye.
Wilde Fig-trees rend Messalla's marbles off;
Crispus halfe-horses the bold carters scoffe.
Writings no age can wrong, no theeving hand;
Deathlesse alone those Monuments will stand. *May.*

The verses in this book too soon took air:
My want of care at first renew'd my care.
Some, that are old, you here retouch'd will find:
The greater part are new: to both be kind.
When Fate to me a constant reader gave;
"Receive," she said, "the greatest boon I have.
By this beyond oblivion's stream arrive!
And in your better part by this survive.
Statues may moulder; and the clown unbred
Scoff at young Ammon's horse without his head.
But finish'd writings theft and time defy,
The only monuments which cannot die." *Hay.*

III. TO PRISCUS.

A certain anonymous poet is circulating the jargon of slaves, foul satires, and filthy turpitudes, such as are uttered only by low vagabonds; vulgarisms such as even a dealer in broken Vatinian glass would not purchase at the price of a sulphur match; and these he attempts to pass off as mine. Do you believe, Priscus, that the parrot can speak with the note of the quail, and that Canus[2] would wish to be a bagpiper? Far from my little books be such foul fame; books which the fairest reputation bears aloft on unsullied wing. Why should I labour to attain a disgraceful notoriety, when I can remain silent without loss?

[1] Mentioned B. iv. Ep. 54. [2] B. ix. Ep. 5.

The porter's joke, the chairman's low conceit,
The dirty style of angry Billingsgate,
Such as a strolling tinker would not use,
Nor hawker of old clothes, or dreadful news,
A certain poet privately disperses,
And fain would fob them off for Martial's verses.
Will then the parrot steal the raven's note?
At country wakes Italians strain their throat?
Far from my writings be th' envenom'd lie:
My name on purer wings shall mount the sky.
Rather than strive an evil fame to own,
Cannot I hold my tongue, and die unknown? *Hay.*

IV. TO MAMURRA.

You who read of Œdipus, of Thyestes deserted by the sun, of the Colchian princess (Medea), and of the Scyllas, of what do you read but fabulous wonders? Of what advantage to you is the story of the rape of Hylas, or of Parthenopæus, or of Atys, or of the sleeper Endymion? Or of the youth Icarus despoiled of his falling wings? or of Hermaphroditus, who shuns the amorous waters? What do the empty tales of such frivolous writings profit you? Read in this book of mine of real life, of which you may say, "It is mine." You will not find here Centaurs, or Gorgons, or Harpies; *my* pages savour of man. But if you have no wish, Mamurra, to study the manners of the times, or to know yourself, you may read the *myths* of Callimachus.[1]

What are but monsters, in the Theban bed,
Thyestes, Scyllaes, or Medea's read?
What profits thee sleeping Endymion?
Parthenopæus, Atis, Hylas gone?
Icarus drown'd? Hermaphroditus' fate,
Who now doth love's transforming waters hate?
Why such vaine trash spendst thou thy time upon?
Reade that, which truly thou mayst call thine own.
There are no Centaures, Gorgons, Harpyes here;
My page speakes only man. But thou dost feare
Thy selfe, Mamurra, and thy crimes to know.
Then read Callimachus his Causes, thou. *May.*

Who reads of Œdipus or Scylla now,
As well may read of Warwick's monstrous cow.
Leave all the stories of a cock and bull,
Which you in Ovid find, to boys at school.

[1] The Αἴτια, a work of Callimachus the poet, no longer extant.

From idle tales what pleasure will remain?
Read but to live; all reading else is vain.
Never on monsters my invention ran:
My every page an essay is on man.
If you dislike yourself at all to know;
Proceed in your romance, transported beau. *Hay.*

No Centaurs here, nor Gorgons look to find,
My subject is of man, and humankind. *Buston.*

V. ON A SLANDEROUS POET.

Whoever, despising the matron and the noble, whom he ought to respect, has injured them with impious verse; may he wander through town after town, an outcast on bridge and hill, and lowest among craving mendicants, may he entreat for mouthfuls of the spoilt bread reserved for the dogs. May December be dreary to him, and the dripping winter and close cell prolong the cheerless cold. May he call those blessed, and pronounce them happy, who are borne past him upon the funeral bier. And when the thread of his last hour is spun, and the day of death, which has seemed too slow, has arrived, may he hear around him the howling of dogs for his body, and have to drive off the birds of prey by shaking his rags. Nor may the punishment of the abject wretch end with his death; but, sometimes lashed with the thongs of the severe Æacus, sometimes burthened with the mountain-stone of unresting Sisyphus, sometimes thirsting amid the waters of the babbling old Tantalus, may he exhaust all the fabled torments of the poets; and when the Furies shall have compelled him to confess the truth, may he exclaim, betrayed by his conscience, "I wrote those verses."

Whoso by impious verse in all the town
Scandals the senator's or matron's gown,
Which rather ought be worshipp'd, let him be
Banish'd through all the seats of beggary;
And let him from the dogs bespeak their meat;
Be his December long, his winter wet;
Let his shut vault prolong the frost most sad;
And let him cry such happy that are dead,
On hellish-bedsteds carried to their grave;
And when his last threads their fulfilling have,
And the slow day shall come, oh, let him see
Himself the strife of dogs, and his limbs be

The prey of rav'nous birds, nor let his pains
End in the simple crack of his heart's veins,
But feeling the strict doom of Æacus,
One while let him relieve old Sisyphus,
Then scorch in Tantalus his dry desire,
And all the fables of the poets tire;
And when the truth the Furies shall demand,
May his false conscience cry, This was the hand.

Fletcher

VI. ON THE ARRIVAL OF TRAJAN.

Happy are they whom Fortune has permitted to behold this leader beaming with the rays of northern suns and constellations! When will that day come, on which the fields, and the trees, and every window shall shine resplendent, adorned by the ladies of Rome? When shall be witnessed the delightful halts on the road, the distant clouds of dust telling of Cæsar's approach, and the spectacle of all Rome assembled in the Flaminian Way? When will ye, Knights, and ye Moors clad in rich Egyptian tunics, go forth to meet him? And when will the unanimous voice of the people exclaim, "He comes"?

Happy, whose lot allow'd to ken afar,
The gleaming warrior of the polar star!
Haste, festal day, when ev'ry field and tree
Shall laugh with verdure, and shall sing with glee;
When every window shall effulge new flame,
Fed by the lustre of the Latian dame;
When fond suspense anticipates parade,
And the long cloud ensures the cavalcade:
When hailing Rome herself shall full display
The wondrous object on Flaminius' Way.
Ye prancing Moors, in pictured vest of Nile,
When will ye shed on all the sudden smile?
When shall we hear the voice that sweetly sums
The wish of nations in one word,—He comes?

Elphinston.

VII. TO THE RHINE.

O Rhine, father of the nymphs and streams that drink the northern snows, so may thy waters ever flow uncongealed, and no barbarous wheel of insolent rustic traverse or his foot trample thy ice-bound surface; so mayest thou pursue thy way, receiving thy golden tributaries, and owning the sway of Rome on either bank, as thou shalt send back Trajan to

his people and to his city. This does our Tiber, thy master, implore of thee.

Sire of nymphs, of streams the source,
Swilling northern snows;
Still may'st thou enjoy thy course,
In serene repose.

So may never barb'rous car
Of insulting swain,
Thy pellucid channel mar;
Or thine ear his strain:

So may'st find thy horns, and roam
Roman on each strand;
Send but safe our Trajan home:
Tiber gives command. *Elphinston.*

VIII. ON PAULA.

Paula wishes to be married to me; I am unwilling to marry Paula, because she is an old woman; but I should have no objection, if she were still older.

Paula thou needs would'st marry me
When thou art old and tough:
I cannot: yet I'd venture thee
Wert thou but old enough. *Fletcher.*

Me would the widow wed: she's old, say I:
But if she older were, I would comply. *Hay.*

To the Hon. Charles Fox, on a proposal made to him to marry a rich old maid.

Lady Bab, though turn'd fifty, was hot I should wed her,
But I, being not very willing to marry,
Told a friend she was old, so could ne'er think to bed her,
And therefore desir'd some time longer to tarry.
At this, being nettled, she flew in a rage,
And pouted, as she was ne'er courted before:
Pooh! said I, I mistook, she is quite *under age*,
Oh would she were now but a hundred or more.
Rev. Mr Scott.

IX. ON HIMSELF.

I am that Martial known to all nations and people by my verses of eleven feet,[1] my hendecasyllables, and my jokes,

[1] He calls his hendecasyllable verses *eleven feet*, as if each syllable were a foot.

which however are without malice. Why do you envy me? I am not better known than the horse Andræmon.

Why dost thou envy Martial's being known
For his smart verse, abusive yet to none?
That Rome, the provinces, extol his name?
Celer, the race-horse, has a louder fame. *Anon.* 1695.

X. TO PAULUS, ONE OF THE CONSULS.

While you, who open the year with laurel-wreathed fasces, wear away a thousand door-steps with your morning calls, what remains for me to do? What do you leave to me, Paulus, who am sprung from Numa's people, and am simply one of the plebeian crowd? Shall I salute as lord and king every one who honours me with a look? This you do yourself, and oh! with what superior grace! Shall I follow somebody's litter, or chair? You are not above this office yourself, and you even struggle for the distinction of walking foremost through the midst of the mud. Shall I frequently rise to applaud a poet who recites his verses? You remain standing all the time, with both hands stretched out towards the author. What is a poor man to do, when he cannot even be a client? Your purple has supplanted our plain togas.

When thou of consular rank think'st it no scorn
A hundred to salute by early morn;
What office, Paulus, leav'st thou unto me,
And to Rome's num'rous throng of low degree?
Who stoops himself, shall I call lord and king?
Crouch to one acts the fawning underling?
Shall I attend his chair, who does not shun
Others to bear, through 'thick and thin to run?
To praise men's verse, what boots it oft to rise,
When thou, to show applause, dost not despise
Always to stand, with hands stretch'd to the skies?
What shall mean men do, clients when no more?
If those are great, share duties with the poor?
Anon. 1695.

XI. TO CALLIODORUS.

You speak of nothing but Theseus and Pirithous, and you imagine yourself equal to Pylades. May I perish if you are worthy to hand a chamber-vessel to Pylades, or to feed Pirithous's pigs. "Yet I have given my friend," say you, "five thousand sesterces, and a toga (O bounty!), not

more than three or four times scoured." Munificent gift! Pylades never gave anything to Orestes: a man who gives to his friend, however much, withholds still more.

Pirithous his name you oft repeat;
And equal Pylades in your conceit.
Not fit to fill to Pylades his wine;
Not fit to feed Pirithous his swine.
Once, as you boast, you gave your friend a note
For fifty shillings; twice an old scour'd coat.
True: you than Pylades more presents make:
He never gave, he let Orestes take. *Hay.*

XII. TO DOMITIUS.

You who are going to visit the people of Æmilia, and of Vercellæ dear to Apollo, and the fields of the Po, renowned for the death of Phaeton, may I perish, Domitius, if I do not cheerfully allow you to depart, although without your society no day is tolerable to me. But what I greatly desire is this; that, if for only one summer, you would relieve your neck of the yoke imposed upon it by a residence in town. Go, I pray you, and inhale the fervid rays of the sun at every pore. How handsome you will become during your journey! And when you return, you will be past recognition by your pale faced friends, and the pallid crowd will envy the colour of your cheeks. But Rome will soon take away the colour which your journey gives you, even though you should return as black as an Ethiop.

To range th' Æmilian, and the tribes survey,
Where once Apollo made a fav'rite stay;
To stroll the lawns, where Padus rolls along,
And soothe thy toils with Phaethontian song;
I give thee leave, my friend; or let me die:
Though without thee each day but spins the sigh.
Yet on these terms alone we brook thy tour
(For nature cannot pain prolong'd endure),
That on thy friends one season thou bestow,
And shun in city-shade fell Sirius' glow.
Drink then at ev'ry pore the burning air:
Be but a foreigner, thou still art fair.
True, when thou com'st our eyes thou wilt amaze:
Thy friends will scarce acknowledge, as they gaze.
Thou too shalt wonder, at their paly hue:
To thy now brown their tincture will be blue.

But Rome thy ravish'd tint will soon restore,
Though from the Nile thou should'st return a Moor.
Elphinston.

XIII. TO TUCCA.

While a chariot carries your effeminate minions sitting at their ease, and African out-riders toil in your service along the dusty road; while your sumptuous couches surround your baths which rival those of Baiæ, the waters whitened with perfumes; while measures of Setine wine sparkle in your brilliant glasses, and Venus sleeps not on a softer couch; you pass your nights upon the threshold of a proud harlot, and her deaf gate is wet, alas! with your tears; nor do sighs cease to rend your sad breast. Shall I tell you, Tucca, why matters go so ill with you? It is because they go too well.

Although your berlin always moves in state;
And a long train on horseback with it sweat;
Although your house, in many an airy room,
Receives a flowery garden's rich perfume;
Although your glass sparkle with burgundy;
No dutchess on a softer bed can lie;
You for a paltry actress sigh in vain,
Stung to the heart whole nights by her disdain.
Little you guess, sweet Sir, what 'tis doth tease ye;
An easy fortune makes you thus uneasy. *Hay.*

XIV. TO CRISPUS.

You say, Crispus, that you yield to no one of my friends in affection for me; but what, I pray, do you do to prove the truth of this assertion? When I asked for a loan of five thousand sesterces, you refused me, though your overstocked cash-box could not contain your hoards. When did you give me a bushel of beans or grain, though you have lands ploughed by Egyptian husbandmen? When was even a scanty toga sent me in the cold winter season? When did half a pound of silver find its way to me? I see nothing to make me look upon you as a friend, Crispus, but your habit of putting yourself quite at ease in my presence.

You say, I have no better friend than you:
What do you do, to make me think it true?
I wanted but five pounds, which you deny;
Though you have useless thousands lying by.
From all the fertile harvests of your plain,
When did you send to me one single grain?

When a short cloak, to guard me from the cold?
To line my purse, when a small piece of gold?
I see no mark of friendship on your part;
But, before me, you are free enough to *Hay.*

XV. ON APER.

Aper has pierced the heart of his richly-dowered wife with a sharp arrow. But it was in play. Aper is skilful at play.

With a sly shaft he shot his dowried wife.
Arch Aper knows the game, and plays for life.
Elphinston.

XVI. TO CAIUS.

If you call it making a present, Caius, to promise and not to give, I will far outdo you in gifts and presents. Receive from me all that the Asturian has extracted from the mines of Gallicia; all that the golden wave of the rich Tagus possesses; all that the swarthy Indian finds in the seaweed of the Erythræan sea; all that the solitary bird amasses in its nest; all that industrious Tyre collects in her Phœnician coppers; all that the whole world possesses, receive from me,—after your own manner of giving.

If promises, for gifts, thou dost account,
See, Caius, how in gifts I thee surmount.
Take all the gold delv'd in Asturian fields;
The wealthy sand the strand of Tagus yields;
Whate'er the Indians find of yellow ore;
The spices which the phenix' nest do store;
Tyre's richest purple, all that all men have,
I give you, Caius, just as you me gave. *Anon.* 1695.

XVII. TO HIS MUSE, ON MACER.

In vain, my Muse, would you defraud Macer of his tribute at the Saturnalia; you cannot, he himself asks you for it. He demands the customary jokes, and cheerful verses; and complains that he no longer hears my jests. But he is now engaged upon long computations of surveyors; and what will become of thee, O Appian Way, if Macer reads my epigrams?

Felonious Muse, dost thou pretend
To bilk both Saturn and thy friend
Of their delight, the jocund lay;
The annual tribute thou should'st pay?
Though Macer now has little leisure
To scan, but heavy books of measure;

Amid his labours he complains
He hears no more my flippant strains.
Poor Appian! what thy fate would be
Did Macer also study me! *Elphinston.*

XVIII. ON MARIUS.

Marius neither asks any one to dinner, nor sends presents, nor becomes security for any one, nor is willing to lend; indeed he has nothing to lend. Nevertheless a crowd is found to court his barren friendship. Alas, how besotted, Rome, are the wearers of thy toga!

No dinners! presents! he is no man's bail!
He cannot lend, because his riches fail!
Yet crowds attend his future power and grace.
For fools of all sorts London is the place. *Hay.*

XIX. HE SENDS HIS BOOK TO PLINY THE YOUNGER.

Go, my Thalia, and present to the eloquent Pliny my little book, which though not learned enough or very grave, is not entirely devoid of elegance. When you have passed the Suburra, it is no long labour to ascend the steep pathway over the Esquiline hill. There you will see a glittering statue of Orpheus on the top of a perfume-sprinkled theatre, surrounded by beasts wondering at his music; and among them the royal bird which carried off Ganymede for the Thunderer. Near it is the humble house of your friend Pedo, surmounted by an eagle with smaller wings. But take care lest, in a moment of indiscretion, you knock at the learned Pliny's door at an inauspicious time. He devotes his whole days to the severe Minerva, while preparing for the ears of the centumviri that which our own age and posterity may compare even with the eloquent pages of Cicero. You will go with the best chance of success when the evening lamps are lighted. That hour is for you the best when the god of wine reigns, when the rose holds its sway, and the hair is moistened with perfumes. Then even rigid Catos read me.

My book not learn'd enough, enough severe,
But yet not rude, to fluent Pliny bear,
Sportive Thalia. The Suburran way
Pass'd, with short labour the next hill you may
Ascend: from whence, thou Orpheus (set on high,
Dash'd by the theatre) plainly shalt descry;

The wond'ring beasts, the king of birds and air,
Which the young Phrygian to the Thund'rer bear:
There thy friend Pedo's house stands also by,
Showing a lesser eagle carv'd on high.
But to learn'd Pliny make not thy address
Wanton, but when time suits for thy access;
He in severer studies spends the day,
How he the Hundred Judges best may sway:
Studies, which ours, nor no age, will forbear,
With Tully's noblest labours to compare.
Thou'lt safeli'st go when it is candle-light;
This is the hour when Bacchus mads the night;
When odours reign, when roses crown the head,
By rigid Cato then thou may'st be read. *Anon.* 1695.

XX. TO MANIUS.

That Celtiberian Salo draws me to its auriferous banks, that I am pleased again to visit the dwellings of my native land suspended amid rocks, you, Manius, are the cause; you who have been beloved of me from my infant years, and cherished with affection in the days of my youth; than whom there is no one in all Iberia dearer to me, or more worthy of real regard. With you I should delight even in a tent of the Libyan desert, or a hut of the savage Scythian. If your sentiments are the same, if our affections are mutual, every place will be a Rome to us both.

That in my native soil I long to be,
The golden sands of Spanish Salo see;
Thou, to whom love from tender years I bore,
Honour'd, while yet thou the prætexta wore,
Art the chief cause: and yet a sweeter air
No country yields, or may with Spain compare.
But, wert with thee, I Scythia could enjoy,
Nor would the sands of Africk me annoy.
If mutual love thou bear'st and a like mind,
Rome we shall both in ev'ry climate find. *Anon.* 1695.

XXI. TO SEXTUS, A WRITER AFFECTING OBSCURITY.

Why, I ask, Sextus, is it your delight to produce compositions which even Modestus himself, or Claranus, could scarcely understand? Your books require, not a reader, but an Apollo. In your judgment Cinna was a greater poet than Virgil. May your works receive similar praise! As for

mine, I am content that they please the Grammarians, provided they please others without the aid of Grammarians.

What pleasure is it, that your writings are
Almost too hard for Bentley or for Hare?
You write not to be read, but criticis'd:
Persius you follow; Virgil is despis'd.
This be your praise: but may my every line,
Or with a comment, or without it, shine. *Hay.*

XXII. TO PHILÆNIS.

Do you ask, Philænis, why I often come abroad with plaister on my chin, or with my lips covered with salve when nothing ails them? I do not wish to kiss you.

Why on my chin a plaster clapp'd;
Besalv'd my lips, that are not chapp'd:
Philænis, why? The cause is this:
Philænis, thee I will not kiss. *Elphinston.*

XXIII. ON M. ANTONIUS PRIMUS.

The happy Antonius Primus now numbers fifteen Olympiads (75 years) passed in tranquillity; he looks back upon the days that are gone, and the whole of his past years, without fearing the waters of Lethe to which he daily draws nearer. Not one day of his brings remorse or an unpleasant reflection; there is none which he would be unwilling to recall. A good man lengthens his term of existence; to be able to enjoy our past life is to live twice.

At length, my friend (while time with still career
Wafts on his gentle wing this eightieth year),
Sees his past days safe out of Fortune's pow'r,
Nor dreads approaching fate's uncertain hour;
Reviews his life, and, in the strict survey,
Finds not one moment he could wish away,
Pleas'd with the series of each happy day.
Such, such a man extends his life's short space,
And from the goal again renews the race:
For he lives twice who can at once employ
The present well, and e'en the past enjoy. *Pope.*

XXIV. ON THE KALENDS, OR FIRST DAY, OF MARCH.

O Kalends of March, anniversary of my birth, day more charming to me than any other kalends, day on which even maidens send me presents, I place upon the hearth, in honour of you, these cakes, and this censer, for the fifty-seventh time.

To these years (provided it be for my good) add at my entreaty, I beseech you, twice nine more, so that I may descend to the groves of the Elysian queen while still undisabled with protracted old age, yet having accomplished the three stages of life. After such a Nestor's existence, I will not ask for a single day more.

Mars's calends, ne'er outshin'd!
Fairest of the calend-kind!
When to me the maids present
Fifty cakes for half a cent:
With the fifty, truth requires
Censer seventh, upon your fires.
Still to these, if so be best,
Add twice nine, I meek obtest;
That, not yet quite spent with age,
Though thrice trod the youthful stage,
I may seek Elysian groves:
Earthly wish no wider roves. *Elphinston.*

XXV. ON MUCIUS.

If that Mucius, whom we lately beheld in the arena in the morning, and who thrust his hand into the blazing fire, appears to you to be a man of patience, fortitude, and endurance, you have no more sense than the people of Abdera; for when a man is commanded, with the alternative of the pitched shirt before his eyes, to burn his hand, it would be more courageous to say, "I will not burn it!"

Who Mucius acted on the stage's sand,
So promptly thrust into the flame his hand;
If brave and bold for this thou him dost deem,
Thyself of some dull clime I must esteem:
To save his life by this means was his case;
'Twere braver far to have refus'd the grace. *Anon.* 1695.

XXVI. ON THE DEATH OF THE CENTURION VARUS IN EGYPT.

O Varus, thou who wast but lately a Roman officer of rank among the Parætonian cities, and a distinguished leader of a hundred men, art now reposing, a strange shade, on the Egyptian shore; your return is vainly expected by the Ausonian Quirinus. It was not permitted us to moisten thy parching lips with our tears, nor to place rich incense on thy sad pyre. But an enduring tribute shall be given thee in immortal verse. Wouldst thou, perfidious Nile, also deprive us of this?

Varus, who as Rome's Tribune didst command
An hundred men, renown'd in Egypt's land.
Now as a stranger ghost thou dost remaine
On Nilus' shore, promis'd to Rome in vaine.
We could not dew with teares thy dying face,
Nor thy sad funerall flames with odours grace;
Yet in my verse eternis'd shalt thou bee:
Of that false Ægypt cannot cousen thee. *May.*

XXVII. TO DIODORUS.

On your birth-day, Diodorus, the senate and a great many knights sit as guests at your table; and your sportula is a largess of no less than thirty sesterces to each person. And yet, Diodorus, no one regards you as a man of birth.

The senate did thy birth-day celebrate;
Many knights also at thy table sat:
Largess thou gav'st; yet still thou'rt all men's scorn;
None will believe that ever thou wert born. *Anon.* 1695.

XXVIII. TO JANUS.

O most honoured father of years, and of this glorious universe, to whom first of all the gods the public vows and prayers are addressed, thou wert formerly wont to dwell in a small temple, open to all, and through which the busy crowd of Rome wore their constant way. Now thy threshold is surrounded with tokens of the munificence of Cæsar, and thou numberest, Janus, as many forums as thou hast faces. But do thou, venerable father, in gratitude for such a boon, secure thy iron gates with a perpetual bolt.[1]

Father of years, and of each beauteous round;
Whom first our vows invoke, our thanks resound!
Pervious and scanty was thy late abode,
Where many a Roman beat a barb'rous road.
Now gifts Cesarean thy glad thresholds grace,
And thou a square enjoy'st for every face.
For these, O sacred fire! benign agree
To lock thy cloisters with perpetual key. *Elphinston.*

XXIX. TO SEXTILIANUS.

The dish which you were wont to present to me, Sextilianus, at the Saturnalia, you have bestowed on your mistress: and with the price of my toga, which you used to give me on the first of March, you have bought her a green dinner robe.

[1] That is, grant us uninterrupted peace. The temple of Janus was open only in time of war.

Your mistresses now begin to cost you nothing; you enjoy them at my expense.

In the days of old Saturn you dol'd me a dish,
Which you now throw your damsel, like bait to a fish.
On the calends of March you enlarg'd my renown;
Now you buy the green vest with the price of my gown.
The fair fav'rites, Sextilian, you render so gay,
Are, by my presents only, enroll'd in your pay. *Elphinston.*

XXX. TO APOLLINARIS ON THE CHARMS OF FORMIÆ.

O delightful shore of salubrious Formiæ; Apollinaris, when he flees from the city of stern Mars, and wearied lays aside his anxious cares, prefers thee to every other spot. The charming Tivoli, the birth-place of his virtuous wife, is not to him so attractive, neither are the retreats of Tusculum, or Algidus, or Prænestе, or Antium. He pines not after the bland Circe, or Trojan Caieta, or Marica, or Liris, or the fountain of Salmacis, which feeds the Lucrine lake. At Formiæ the surface of the ocean is but gently crisped by the breeze; and though tranquil, is ever in motion, and bears along the painted skiff under the influence of a gale as gentle as that wafted by a maiden's fan when she is distressed by heat. Nor has the fishing-line to seek its victim far out at sea; but the fish may be seen beneath the pellucid waters, seizing the line as it drops from the chamber or the couch. Were Æolus ever to send a storm, the table, still sure of its provision, might laugh at his railings; for the native fish-pool protects the turbot and the pike; delicate lampreys swim up to their master; delicious mullet obey the call of the keeper, and the old carp come forth at the sound of his voice. But when does Rome permit him to partake of these enjoyments? How many days at Formiæ does the year allot to him, closely chained as he is to the pursuits of the city? Happy gate-keepers and bailiffs! These gratifications provided for your masters, are enjoyed by you.

O Bay of Formiæ, temperate and fair!
Which, when Apollinaris, tir'd with care,
Flies from the toilsome business of the town,
Than pleasant Tybur holds in more renown,
His chaste wife's soil: prefers to th' sweet recess
Of Tusculane, Prænestе, Lucrine; less
Esteems Cajeta, or what men more admire,
Rais'd by their fancy or by fiction higher.

A gentle air here glides o'er Thetis' face,
Such as the fans of Virgin make, to chase
Summer's ungrateful heat. The sea is smooth,
Not torpid dead, but a soft gale does soothe
The active calm; and painted gallies move.
For fish you need not launch into the deep,
These you may take, and yet your chamber keep,
Out at your window cast your line and lead,
And draw the dangling prey up to your bed.
And when the waves by winter winds arise,
From your safe board you may the storm despise.
Gardens no less, and fresh springs Formiæ grace,
Fountains are seen to flow in ev'ry place;
Fish-ponds the stranger trout and mullet feed,
The home-bred pike, which call'd, does come with speed
Fat carps here know their names, and to you make,
And all a pastime is, no pains, to take.
But to the owners when does Rome give leave,
But a few days these pleasures to receive?
Fruition's lost, while they to business cleave.
These sweets (O hinds and gard'ners, happy crew!)
Were for your lords prepar'd, but are enjoy'd by you.

Anon. 1695.

In vain rude Æolus deforms
Old Ocean's brow with rising storms;
Thy splendid board, secure, defies
The angry main and threat'ning skies.
Within thy ample bason see
Each nobler fish that swims the sea;
The stately sturgeon, ocean's pride,
The mugil, fond in sands to hide,
The turbot, and the mullet old,
Are pastur'd in the liquid fold.
Trained to the summons, lo! they all
Rise at the feeder's well-known call.

Melmoth.

XXXI. TO CALLIODORUS.

You sold a slave yesterday for the sum of thirteen hundred sesterces, in order, Calliodorus, that you might dine well once in your life. Nevertheless you did not dine well; a mullet of four pounds' weight, which you purchased, was the chief dish, the very crown of your repast. I feel inclined to exclaim, "It was not a fish, shameless fellow, it was a man, a veritable man, Calliodorus, that you ate."

Thy servant thou for a great sum didst sell,
That but once, Callidore, thou might'st fare well.
Nor far'd'st thou well: a mullet of four pound
Was the head dish, which the whole table crown'd.
May we not, wretch, exclaim 'gainst this thy treat?
Say, 'twas a man, not fish, that thou didst eat.

Anon. 1695.

XXXII. TO CÆDICIANUS, ON A LIKENESS OF MARCUS ANTONIUS PRIMUS.

Do you ask, Cædicianus, whose lineaments are traced in this picture, which I am adorning with roses and violets? Such was Marcus Antonius Primus in the prime of life; in this portrait the old man sees himself in his youth. Would that art could have painted his character and his mind! There would then be no fairer portrait in the whole world.

This picture see! on which no cost I spare;
But set in gold, and in my snuff-box wear.
At twenty-one such was lord Worthy's face;
Who, now grey-hair'd, here views what once he was.
Could but the piece his mind and morals show,
'Twould choicer be than Raphael ever drew. *Hay.*

XXXIII. TO MUNATIUS GALLUS.

Munatius Gallus, more simple in manners than the Sabines of old, more virtuous than the Athenian sage (Socrates), so may the chaste Venus bless your union, and give you to inherit the noble mansion of your father-in-law, as you exculpate me from having written any verses, tinged with foul malice, which malevolence may have attributed to me; and as you insist that no poet, who is read, composes such verses. In all my writings my rule has ever been to lash vices without personality.

Blest with the morals of a former age,
In goodness passing the Athenian sage,
May your fair daughter's virtues fix her spouse,
And his allies, fast friends unto your house,
If when you meet a malice-tinctur'd line,
And slandering fame report that it is mine,
You vindicate your friend; and boldly plead,
I ne'er compose what 'tis a shame to read:
For in my writings 'tis my constant care
To lash the vices, but the persons spare. *Hay.*

XXXIV. TO THE EMPEROR TRAJAN.

May the gods grant thee, O Trajan our prince, whatsoever thou deservest, and may they ratify in perpetuity whatsoever they grant; thou who restorest to the patron the right of which he had been deprived. He will no longer be regarded by his freedmen as an exile. Thou art worthy and able to protect the whole body of citizens, and if occasion serves thou wilt prove the truth of my words.

Whate'er thou hast deserv'd, may heav'n bestow:
And ratify whate'er it gave below!
Who, with their rights restor'd, sett'st patrons free;
Nor to their freedmen bidd'st them exiles be.
Hail, worthy patron of profaned mankind!
And, the event evinces, such assign'd. *Elphinston.*

XXXV. PRAISE OF SULPICIA.

Let all maidens, who would please only one husband, read Sulpicia. Let all husbands, who would please only one wife, read Sulpicia. She does not describe the fury of Medea, or paint the feast of the accursed Thyestes; nor does she believe in the existence of Scylla or Byblis; but she tells of chaste and affectionate loves, of pure sports, gratifications, and amusements. He who shall properly estimate her poems, will say that no one is more modest, no one more loving. Such I should suppose were the endearments of Egeria in the cool grotto of Numa. With Sulpicia as fellow-student, or as an instructress, Sappho might have been more learned, and more chaste; and had cruel Phaon seen both at the same time, he would rather have fallen in love with Sulpicia. But in vain; for she would not sacrifice Calenus to become either the queen of the Thunderer, or the beloved of Bacchus or Apollo.

Let all chaste Virgins, that would wed
One man alone, Sulpitia read.
Let all good men, that love the bed
Of one chaste spouse, Sulpitia read.
She sings not of Medea's spells,
Nor dire Thyestes' banquet tells.
Scylla and Byblis stories lies
She counts; pure loves, and chastities,

[1] By restoring to them their patrons.

Sweet sports, and harmeless she relates.
Her verse whoe'er well æstimates,
Will say that none are holier.
Such jests, I thinke, Ægeria's were
In that moist cave to Numa's ear.
Brought up with her, or taught by her,
Chaste, and more learn'd, had Sappho beene.
But flinty Phao, had he seene
Them both, had lov'd Sulpitia sure,
(Although in vaine,) for she, more pure,
Would not exchange Calenus' love
For Bacchus, Phœbus, or great Jove. *May.*

XXXVI. TO MUNNA, RESIDING AT MARSEILLES.

Whatever the dishonest wine vaults of Marseilles contain, whatever cask has assumed age by the help of the flame, comes to us, Munna, from you: to your unfortunate friends you send, across seas and by circuitous paths, cruel poisons; nor do you supply them on moderate terms, but at a price for which wine from Falernum, or Setia, so esteemed for their cellars, would be sufficient. Your reason for not coming to Rome during so long a period is, I suspect, lest you should have to drink your own wine.

All the worst cyder Hereford could make,
Mix'd up, and boil'd, for taste and colour's sake,
A hundred miles you by the carrier send:
Have you a mind to poison every friend?
And make us pay such monstrous prices for't,
It dearer comes than Malaga or Port.
Perhaps you now have staid so long from town,
For fear of drinking cyder, once your own. *Hay.*

XXXVII. TO MATERNUS, ACQUAINTING HIM THAT THE AUTHOR IS SETTING OUT FOR BILBILIS.

O Maternus, most scrupulous observer of law and equity, you who rule the Roman forum by your convincing eloquence, have you any commands for the Spanish Main to send by your fellow-townsman and old friend? Or do you imagine it better to catch hideous frogs on the shores of the Tiber, and to angle for poor stickle-backs, than to be able to throw back to its rocky bed the captured mullet because less than three pounds' weight? And to feast, at your principal meal, upon a stale crab or a dish of periwinkles, rather than upon oysters which may compare with those of Baiæ, and which even the

servants are permitted by their master to eat? At Rome you hunt with much ado a stinking fox into your toils, and the filthy captive wounds your dogs. There (at Bilbilis) the wet fishing nets scarcely drawn up from the depths full of fish, entangle the hares. While I am speaking, see, your fisherman returns with empty creel, and your huntsman comes home proud of having caught a badger; your every feast comes from the city market to the coast. Have you any commands for the Spanish main?

Thou reverend searcher of our equall law,
From whose sure mouth Rome's courts their dictates draw,
Your cytyzen, and old companion, mee
Please you aught to command to th' Spanish sea?
Whether is't better on Laurentum's shoare
To catch foule froggs, or little minnow's stoare?
Or mullets, caught among the rocks in Spayne,
Not three pound weight, streight to throw in agayne?
Insipid winckles topp of all your feast
To make, or little thin-shell'd shrimps at best?
Rather than oysters, (Baiæ ne'er did yield
Better,) with which our servants there are fill'd?
Here the rank foxe, that bites your doggs, you drive
With clamorous noyse into your netts alive:
Your fishing-draggs, scarce drawn from sea, will there,
Yett well spread on the shoare, streight catch a hare:—
Here see the fisherman returnes with nought,
The huntsman's proud that has a weezel caught:—
Your shoares with fish from marketts furnish'd bee.
Please you command me aught to th' Spanish sea?

Old MS. 16th Cent.

XXXVIII. TO CALENUS.

Oh how delicious have been the fifteen years of married bliss, Calenus, which the deities have lavished, in full measure, on thee and thy Sulpicia! Oh happy nights and hours, how joyfully has each been marked with the precious pearls of the Indian shore![1] Oh what contests, what voluptuous strife between you, has the happy couch, and the lamp dripping with Niceronian perfume, witnessed! Thou hast lived, Calenus, three lustra, and the whole term is placed to thy account, but thou countest only thy days of married life. Were

[1] Marked with white stones, with which the Romans distinguished auspicious days. Comp. B. viii. Ep. 45.

Atropos, at thy urgent request, to bring back to thee but one of those days, thou wouldst prefer it to the long life of Nestor quadrupled.

Twice seven years, and one above it,
You have been yoked with Mrs Loveit.
A heavenly blessing such a wife!
You must have led a charming life!
Oh! happy days! in which no hour
You can forget in twenty-four.
What nights! still spent in curtain-lecture!
What struggling, who should be director!
What blest debates! which oft have lasted
Until the candle quite was wasted.
The number of your years, I ween,
Don't even now exceed fifteen:
I count not those, which time did give;
But those, you felt yourself alive.
And if, like these, Fate add one more;
That one may seem to you fourscore. *Hay.*

XXXIX. TO LESBIA.

Why do you swear, Lesbia, that you were born in the consulship of Brutus? You say falsely, Lesbia, you were born in the reign of Numa. Should you even admit that, you would seem to say falsely; for, judging by your decrepitude, you must have been formed by the hand of Prometheus.

Why do you swear that you were born
In good Queen Anna's reign?
You're out, for by your face forlorn
In James's it is plain:
Nay, here you're out; for sure your age
Does show, as one may say,
That you were form'd, and in a rage,
Of the Promethean clay. *Rev. Mr Scott* 1773.

XL. TO LUPUS.

As I was constantly told that my mistress Polla indulged in improper connection with a young libertine, I surprised them, and found they were as proper as my own.

I heard my Polla was a rover;
I watch'd, and caught her with a lover.
How did she treat him? Was she free?
To the last possible degree *Anon.*

XLI. TO PROCULEIA.

On the return of January you desert your old husband, Proculeia, and force him to consent to a separation of property. What, I ask, has happened? Why this sudden discontent? You answer not? I will tell you then: He was elected Prætor; his Megalesian purple robe would have cost you a hundred thousand sesterces, even if you had given shows of the most economical kind: and the public festivities would have cost twenty thousand more. This is not a divorce, Proculeia: it is an artifice to save money.

On Michaelmas' eve, it is said, Lady Jane
From your husband that you did elope,
And tell him that he was the cause of your pain,
So bade him go e'en take a rope!
I ask what's the matter, the cause of your sorrow,
But nothing you answer again:
I'll tell you, that he'll be lord-mayor to-morrow;
So now your disorder is plain.
Feasts at Easter, Old Bailey, and grave Judges' shows,
And many gay generous treats,—
But you grudge every farthing of money that goes
In making him fit for such feats:
This is not what alarm'd Lime-street Ward at the first,
So to them I'll the true cause explain:
You pine and are famish'd with "gold's sacred thirst,"
And all your concern then is gain.

Rev. Mr Scott, 1773.

XLII. TO DINDYMUS.

So light is the down upon your cheeks, and so soft, that a breath, or the heat of the sun, or a light breeze, would disperse it. They are clothed like young quinces which are deprived of their bloom, and become smooth by the touch of a maiden's thumb. Were I to kiss you rather eagerly five times or so, I should become bearded, Dindymus, from the spoil of your lips.

So light upon your cheeks the down,
By subtlest breeze it may be blown;
'Tis like that which on quinces comes,
Which shine when brush'd by maiden's thumbs;
I kiss you thrice, your lips are clear'd,
And mine have caught a second beard. *Anon.*

XLIII. TO PHILEROS.

Your seventh wife, Phileros, is now being buried in your field. No man's field brings him greater profit than yours, Phileros.

Thy seventh wife lies buried in thy field:
Thy ground more gain than any man's doth yield.
Fletcher.

Seven wives! and in one grave! there is not found
On the whole globe a richer spot of ground. *Hay.*

XLIV. TO QUINTUS OVIDIUS.

You, Quintus Ovidius, who are about to visit the Caledonian Britons, and the green Tethys, and father Ocean; will you then resign Numa's hills, and the comfort of Nomentan retreats? and does the country, and your own fireside, fail to retain you in your old age? You defer enjoyment, but Atropos does not at the same time lay aside her spindle, and every passing hour is placed to your account. You show by performing a kindness to a dear friend (and who would not praise such conduct?), that a sacred regard to your word is dearer to you than life. But may you at length be restored to your Sabine estate, long to remain there, and remember yourself among your friends!

Do you an India voyage then design?
And twice to cross the Tropic and the Line?
In your old age quit Paul's and Harrow spire?
A cheerful house, and comfortable fire?
Postpone not life: life still is posting on:
And makes you debtor for each moment gone.
A noble proof of friendship you afford,
Who hold your life less sacred than your word.
Soon to your friends return! and in your breast
Leave for yourself a place amongst the rest. *Hay.*

XLV. TO A READER DIFFICULT TO BE PLEASED.

If my little books contain anything gentle and graceful, if my page teems with pleasing terms of eulogy, you think them insipid; and when I offer you the choicest bits of a Laurentian boar, you prefer to gnaw the bones. Drink Vatican wine, if you like something sour; my spread is not for your stomach.

If in my books aught sweet and gentle sound,
Aught celebrating famous acts is found,

Witless thou 't deem'st; a dry bone valu'st more,
Than such choice morsels of the noblest boar.
If ranc'rous spleen be thy belov'd disease,
My candid vein shall ne'er thy malice please.
Anon. 1695.

XLVI. TO MATHO.

You are always wishing, Matho, to speak finely; speak sometimes merely well; sometimes neither well nor ill; sometimes even ill.[1]

Thou finely would'st say all? Say something well:
Nay, something ill, if thou would'st bear the bell.
Elphinston.

"Omnia vult *bellé* Matho dicere; dic aliquando
Et *bene:* dic *neutrum;* dic aliquando *malè.*"
The first is rather more than mortal can do;
The second may be sadly done, or gaily;
The third is still more difficult to stand to;
The fourth we hear, and see, and say too, daily:
The whole together is what I could wish
To serve in this conundrum of a dish.
Byron, Don Juan Canto XV.

XLVII. TO JULIUS MARTIALIS.

The things that make life happy, dearest Martial, are these: wealth not gained by labour, but inherited; lands that make no ill return; a hearth always warm; freedom from litigation; little need of business costume; a quiet mind; a vigorous frame; a healthy constitution; prudence without cunning; friends among our equals, and social intercourse; a table spread without luxury; nights, not of drunkenness, yet of freedom from care; a bed, not void of connubial pleasures, yet chaste; sleep, such as makes the darkness seem short; contentment with our lot, and no wish for change; and neither to fear death nor seek it.

What makes the happiest life below,
A few plain rules, my friend, will show.
A good estate, not earn'd with toil,
But left by will, or giv'n by fate;
A land of no ungrateful soil,
A constant fire within your grate:

[1] This Epigram is quoted by Abp. Whakely, in his Rhetoric, as a good rule in composition.

No law; few cares; a quiet mind;
Strength unimpair'd, a healthful frame;
Wisdom with innocence combin'd;
Friends equal both in years and fame;
Your living easy, and your board
With food, but not with luxury stored
A bed, though chaste, not solitary;
Sound sleep, to shorten night's dull reign;
Wish nothing that is yours to vary;
Think all enjoyments that remain;
And for the inevitable hour,
Nor hope it nigh, nor dread its power. *Merivale.*

Martial, the things that do attain
The happy life, be these, I find:
The riches left, not got with pain;
The fruitful ground, the quiet mind:
The equal friend, no grudge, no strife;
No charge of rule, nor governance;
Without disease, the healthful life;
The household of continuance:
The mean diet, no delicate fare;
True wisdom join'd with simpleness;
The night discharged of all care,
Where wine the wit may not oppress:
The faithful wife, without debate;
Such sleeps as may beguile the night.
Contented with thine own estate;
Ne wish for Death, ne fear his might.
Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey.

The things that make a life to please
(Sweetest Martial), they are these:
Estate inherited, not got:
A thankful field, hearth always hot:
City seldom, law-suits never:
Equal friends agreeing ever:
Health of body, peace of mind:
Sleeps that till the morning bind:
Wise simplicity, plain fare:
Not drunken nights, yet loos'd from care:
A sober, not a sullen spouse:
Clean strength, not such as his that plows;
Wish only what thou art, to be;
Death neither wish, nor fear to see.
Sir Richard Fanshawe.

The foregoing elegant Epigram has also been translated by Fletcher, Fenton, Cowley, Somervile, Hay, Elphinston, the Anonymous translator of 1695, and the author of the MS. of the 16th Century.

XLVIII. MARTIAL'S PREPARATION FOR A BANQUET.

The priesthood of the Pharian heifer[1] announce to her the eighth hour,[2] and the guard armed with javelins now return to their quarters.[3] Now the warm baths have acquired a proper temperature; at the preceding hour they exhaled an intolerable excess of steam; at the sixth the heat of the baths of Nero is unsupportable. Stella, Nepos, Canius, Cerealis, Flaccus, are you coming? The sigma (dinner-couch) holds seven; we are only six, add Lupus. My bailiff's wife has brought me mallows, to aid digestion, and other treasures of the garden; among them are lettuces and leeks for slicing; nor is mint, the antidote to flatulence, or stimulant elecampane, wanting. Slices of egg shall crown anchovies dressed with rue; and there shall be sow's teats swimming in tunny-sauce. These will serve as whets for the appetite. My little dinner will all be placed on table at once; there will be a kid snatched from the jaws of the rapacious wolf; there will be tid-bits such as have no need of a carver; there will be haricot beans, and young cabbage sprouts. To these will be added a chicken; and a ham which has already appeared at table three times. For dessert I will give ripe fruits; wine from a Nomentan flagon which was filled in the second consulship of Frontinus. All shall be seasoned with pleasantry free from bitterness; there shall be no licence of speech that brings repentance on the morrow, and nothing said that we should wish unsaid. But my guests may speak of the rival factions in the circus, and my cups shall make no man guilty.

> The clock strikes two: now every powder'd spark
> Sallies self-satisfied into the Park.
> From one to two himself he did peruse:
> From twelve to one his chocolate and news.
> At three precisely I shall dine at home;
> Will, Jack, and Tom, and Dick, and you will come:

[1] Isis. [2] Two o'clock in the afternoon.

[3] *Et pilata redit jamque subitque cohors.* What *cohors* is meant here, has been a great subject of doubt. Gronovius supposes it to be the prætorian guard, which it was now the time for changing.

That makes us six; I have one place to spare;
Bring Ned; and listen to your bill of fare.
A wholesome salad will adorn the board,
Luxurious, as my garden will afford.
The lettuce cooling; leeks that claim the knife;
Mint good for wine; and rocket for the wife:
Parsneps with eggs shall hide a salted fish;
Delicious pickled pork, another dish.
Lamb, which perhaps you'll think is better meat;
A morsel Reynard had a mind to eat.
Cutlets, which want no carving till they're cold;
The youngest sprouts, and beans that are too old.
Fowl, and a ham that thrice appear'd before;
Ripe nonpareils for those who wish for more.
Parsons his stout (I entertain with beer)
Brew'd when Lord Mayor elect the second year.
No dangerous secret, no ill-natur'd jest,
No freedoms, which next day will break your rest:
But tales of bets the last Newmarket season:
None of my friends shall in his cups talk treason. *Hay.*

Ben Jonson's Invitation to Supper is a close imitation of this Epigram.

XLIX. TO COTTA.

While you yourself, Cotta, drink out of Amethystine cups, and regale yourself with the rich wine of Opimius, you offer me new Sabine wine, and say to me, "Will you have it in a cup of gold?" Who would have leaden wine in a golden cup?

When rich Opimian wine thyself dost quaff,
Turn th' amethystine glasses often off,
Thou vile Sabinum offer'st unto me,
And say'st, "Wilt drink in gold?" to show thou'rt free.
Who cares (thy sordid nature to unfold)
For leaden wine, though in a cup of gold? *Anon.* 1695.

L. ON THE DEATH OF THE CHARIOTEER SCORPUS.

Let Victory in sadness break her Idumæan palms; O Favour, strike thy bare breast with unsparing hand. Let Honour change her garb for that of mourning; and make thy crowned locks, O disconsolate Glory, an offering to the cruel flames. Oh! sad misfortune! that thou, Scorpus, should be cut off in the flower of thy youth, and be called so prematurely to harness the dusky steeds of Pluto. The chariot-race was always shortened by your rapid driving; but O why should your own race have been so speedily run?

Boast, Victory, no more Idume's land:
Beat, Favour, thy bare breast, with barb'rous hand.
Change, weeping Honour, change thy glad attire:
Feed, groaning Glory, feed the fun'ral fire
With the rich honours from thy temples torn:
There be no more the wonted garlands worn.
Of youth bereft, amid thy glorious deeds,
How soon thou, Scorpus, join'st thy sable steeds!
Ah! why so rapid was thy car's career?
And why thy goal of vital course so near? *Elphinston.*

LI. TO FAUSTINUS.

The Tyrian bull[1] now looks back on the constellation of the ram of Phryxus,[2] and the winter flees from Castor, visible alternately with his brother.[3] The country smiles; the earth resumes its verdure, the trees their foliage; and plaintive Philomel renews her strain. Of what bright days at Ravenna does Rome deprive you, Faustinus! O ye suns! O retired ease in the simple tunic! O groves! O fountains! O sandy shores moist but firm! O rocky Anxur, towering in splendour above the azure surface! and the couch, which commands the view of more than one water, beholding on one side the ships of the river, on the other those of the sea! But there are no theatres of Marcellus or of Pompey, no triple baths, no four forums; nor the lofty temple of Capitoline Jove; nor other glittering temples that almost reach the heaven to which they are consecrated. How often do I imagine I hear you, when thoroughly wearied, saying to the Founder of Rome: "Keep what is yours, and restore me what is mine."

Now that the vernal constellations chase
The winter's rage, and earth renews her face;
Now the fields smile, and trees fresh verdures take,
And Philomel her charming plaints does make;
What days, what joys, does Rome from thee withhold!
What ease from city toil, not to be told!
O woods! O founts! O Anxur's pleasant strand!
Where rolling waves wash o'er the glitt'ring sand;
Where ev'n from bed you divers waters see,
Here boats on rivers glide, there on the sea.
But some will urge, you do not here behold
The Capitol, the temples rich with gold
Embellish'd, which in gorgeousness draw nigh
The heav'ns they represent, and with them vie;

[1] Taurus, *April.* [2] *March* [3] The Gemini, *May*

Rome's august baths, nor theatres, are here,
Her grandeur does not in the least appear.
Before you both advantages I lay;
And now, I fancy, I do hear you say,—
As men, when with ill wives they can't agree,—
"Rome, take what's thine, render what's mine to me."
Anon. 1695.

Now the gay hours to meet the Pleiads run,
And winter flies before the vernal sun;
Now smiles new-clad the woodland and the plain,
And plaintive Philomel renews her strain;
What happy days the town now steals from Kent!
There in pure air and ease unformal spent!
Think on your groves, your fountains, Dover's strands,
And o'er the waves her high commanding lands;
Which to your bed a double view afford,
Of ships at sea, and ships in harbour moor'd.
What, though there be no crowded theatre;
No senate, and no courts of justice there;
No palace, where our honour'd monarch lies;
No Paul's with gilded cross invade the skies;
I seem to hear you thus reproach the town:
"Keep to yourself your things; give me my own." *Hay.*

LII. ON A EUNUCH.

Numa, one day, saw the eunuch Thelys dressed in a toga. He remarked that it was a convicted adultress.

The eunuch Thelis when begown'd he saw,
Sage Numa cried: A punk condemn'd by law
Elphinston.

LIII. EPITAPH ON THE CHARIOTEER SCORPUS.

O Rome, I am Scorpus, the glory of thy noisy circus, the object of thy applause, thy short-lived favourite. The envious Lachesis, when she cut me off in my twenty-seventh year, accounted me, in judging by the number of my victories, to be an old man.

I am that Scorpus, glory of the race,
Rome's admired joy, but joy for a short space.
Among the dead Fates early me enroll'd;
Numb'ring my conquests, they did think me old.
Anon. 1696.

On the death of a Girl.

Censure no more the hand of death
That stopp'd so early Stella's breath,

Nor let an easy error be
Charg'd with the name of cruelty.
He heard her sense, her virtues told,
And took her (well he might) for old.
Josiah Relph.

LIV. TO OLUS.

You put fine dishes on your table, Olus, but you always put them on covered. This is ridiculous; in the same way I could put fine dishes on my table.

You give us good dishes, but all of them cover:
So I could feast guests a hundred and over. *Anon.*

LV. ON MARULLA.

Arrectum quoties Marulla penem
Pensavit digitis, diuq; mensa est:
Libras scriptula, sextulasque dicit.
Idem post opus, et suas palæstras,
Loro cum similis jacet remisso:
Quanto sit levior Marulla dicit.
Non ergo est manus ista, sed statera.

Ogni volta che Marulla ha pesato colle dita l' eretto membro, e lungo tempo misurato: ne dice le libre, gli scrupoli ed i grani. Parimenti dopo le sue giostre, giace simile ad un rilasciato cuojo, Marulla dice di quanto sia più leggiero. Questa dumque non è una mano ma una stadera. *Graglia.*

LVI. TO GALLUS.

You expect me, Gallus, to be always at your service, and trudge up and down the Aventine mount three or four times a day. Cascellius extracts or repairs an aching tooth; Hyginus burns away the hairs that disfigure the eye; Fannius relieves, without cutting, the relaxed uvula; Eros effaces the degrading brand-marks from slaves' foreheads; Hermes is a very Podalirius in curing hernia; but tell me, Gallus, where is he that can cure the ruptured?

Gallus, thou'd'st have me thee attend alway,
To pass th' Aventine three, four times a day.
Cascellius remedies to th' teeth applies,
Hyginus to all evils of the eyes;
Fannius defluxions of all sorts can stay,
Eros the scars of branding clear away;
Hermes inveterate ruptures will insure:
Hast thou the skill a broken state to cure?
Anon. 1695.

LVII. TO SEXTUS.

You used to send me a pound weight of silver; it has dwindled to half a pound of pepper! I cannot afford to buy my pepper, Sextus, so dear.

You'd wont to send a pound of plate each year,
But half a pound does now from you appear,
And that of spice. I buy not spice so dear.

Anon. 1695.

LVIII. TO FRONTINUS, EXCUSING HIMSELF FOR HAVING NEGLECTED TO PAY HIS RESPECTS TO HIM.

Whilst I frequented, Frontinus, the calm retreats of Anxur on the sea, and the neighbouring Baiæ, with its villas on the shore, the groves free from the troublesome *cicadæ* in the heats of July, and the freshwater lakes, I then was at leisure, in company with you, to cultivate the learned muses; but now mighty Rome exhausts me. Here, when is a day my own? I am tossed about in the vortex of the city; and my life is wasted in laborious nothingness; meantime I cultivate some wretched acres of a suburban farm, and keep my homestead near thy temple, O sacred Romulus. But love is not testified solely by day and night attendance on a patron; nor does such waste of time become a poet. By the sacred Muses and by all the gods I swear that I love you, though I fail to exercise the officiousness of a mere client.

On the cool shore, near Baia's gentle seats,
I lay retired in Anxur's soft retreats;
Whose silver lakes, with verdant shadows crown'd,
Disperse a grateful coolness all around.
The grasshopper avoids th' untainted air,
Nor, in the heat of summer, ventures there.

Whilst I the brackish Anxur's sweet retreats,
And on the shore the nearer Baian seats
Haunted; those springing lakes and woods wherein
I' th' summer grasshoppers ne'er made a dinn;
I leisure had the Muses to admire
With thee: Great Rome now both of us doth tire.
What day is now our own? wee're lost i' th' mayne
O' th' towne, and waste our lives in fruitless payne;
Whilst barren suburb grounds wee to manure
About our seats, neare Rome, ourselves enure.
Yet those may love that do not night and day
(Which not becomes a poet) visits pay.

By th' sacred Muses and the gods above,
I you in truth, not like a courtier, love.
Old MS. 16th Cent.

LIX. TO A READER DIFFICULT TO PLEASE.

If one subject occupies a whole page, you pass over it; short epigrams, rather than good ones, seem to please you. A rich repast, consisting of every species of dish, is set before you, but only dainty bits gratify your taste. I do not covet a reader with such an over-nice palate; I want one that is not content to make a meal without bread.

If one sole epigram takes up a page,
You turn it o'er, and will not there engage:
Consulting not its worth, but your dear ease;
And not what's good, but what is short, does please.
I serve a feast with all the richest fare
The market yields; for tarts you only care.
My books not fram'd such liq'rish guests to treat,
But such as relish bread, and solid meat. *Anon.* 1695.

LX. ON MUNNA.

Munna solicited Cæsar for the rights of a teacher of three scholars; though he had always been accustomed to teach only two[1].

The right of three disciples Munna sought:
But Munna, more than two, had never taught.
Elphinston.

LXI. EPITAPH ON EROTION.

Here reposes Erotion in the shade of the tomb that too early closed around her, snatched away by relentless Fate in her sixth winter. Whoever thou art that, after me, shalt rule over these lands, render annual presents to her gentle shade. So, with undisturbed possession, so, with thy family ever in health, may this stone be the only one of a mournful description on thy domain.

Underneath this greedy stone
Lies little sweet Erotion;
Whom the Fates, with hearts as cold,
Nipp'd away at six years old.
Thou, whoever thou mayst be,
That hast this small field after me,

[1] A jest drawn from the *jus trium liberorum*; see B. ii. Ep. 91.

Let the yearly rites be paid
To her little slender shade;
So shall no disease or jar
Hurt thy house, or chill thy Iar;
But this tomb be here alone
The only melancholy stone. *Leigh Hunt.*

LXII. TO A SCHOOLMASTER.

Schoolmaster, be indulgent to your simple scholars; if you would have many a long-haired youth resort to your lectures, and the class seated round your critical table love you. So may no teacher of arithmetic, or of swift writing, be surrounded by a greater ring of pupils. The days are bright, and glow under the flaming constellation of the Lion, and fervid July is ripening the teeming harvest. Let the Scythian scourge with its formidable thongs, such as flogged Marsyas of Celænæ, and the terrible cane, the schoolmaster's sceptre, be laid aside, and sleep until the Ides of October. In summer, if boys preserve their health, they do enough.

Thou monarch of eight parts of speech,
Who sweep'st with birch a youngster's breech,
Oh! now awhile withhold your hand!
So may the trembling crop-hair'd band
Around your desk attentive hear,
And pay you love instead of fear:
So may yours ever be as full,
As writing or as dancing school.
The scorching dog-day is begun;
The harvest roasting in the sun:
Each Bridewell keeper, though requir'd
To use the lash, is too much tir'd.
Let ferula and rod together
Lie dormant, till the frosty weather.
Boys do improve enough in reason,
Who miss a fever in this season. *Hay.*

LXIII. EPITAPH ON A NOBLE MATRON.

Small though the tomb, traveller, on which you read these lines, it yields not in interest to the sepulchres of Mausolus or the Pyramids. I have lived long enough to be twice a spectator of the Secular Games; and my life lost nothing of happiness before my funeral pyre. Juno gave me five sons, and as many daughters; and their hands closed my dying

eyes. Rare conjugal glory, too, was mine; my chaste love knew but one husband.

By this small stone as great remains are hid,
As sleep in an Egyptian pyramid.
Here lies a matron, for her years rever'd;
Who through them all with spotless honour steer'd.
Five sons, as many daughters, nature gave,
Who dropp'd their pious tears into her grave.
Nor her least glory, though too rarely known;
One man she held most dear, and one alone. *Hay*

LXIV. TO POLLA, WIFE OF LUCAN THE POET.

Polla, my queen, if you light upon any of my little books, do not regard my sportive sallies with knitted brow. Your own great bard, the glory of our Helicon, while he was sounding fierce wars with his Pierian trumpet, was yet not ashamed to say in sportive verse, "If I am not to play the part of Ganymede, what, Cotta, am I doing here?"[1]

Imperial Polla, should my various lay
To thy chaste ears explore her dubious way;
Interpretation bland would meet each joke,
Which a soft smile (O could it!) would provoke
Of him, so deep who quaff'd Castalia's spring,
Whose deathless glory bids Parnassus ring;
Who, while his trump sublime blows savage wars,
Not still the strains of guiltless mirth abhors;
Nor blushes in familiar guise to say:
"If never I unbend, who nerves my lay?" *Elphinston.*

LXV. TO CARMENION, AN EFFEMINATE PERSON.

Whilst you vaunt yourself, Carmenion, a citizen of Corinth, and no one questions your assertion, why do you call me brother; I, who was born amongst the Iberians and Celts, a native of the banks of the Tagus? Is it that we seem alike in countenance? You walk about with shining wavy tresses; I with my Spanish crop stubborn and bristling. You are perfectly smooth from the daily use of depilatories; I am rough-haired both in limb and face. You have lisping lips and a feeble tongue; my infant daughter speaks with more force than you. Not more unlike is the dove to the eagle,

[1] Words taken from some piece of Lucan's, none of whose smaller poems are extant.

the timid gazelle to the fierce lion, than you to me. Cease then, Carmenion, to call me brother, lest I call you sister.

Boasting yourself a cytyzen
Of Corinth, (which all grant,) why then
Mee born in Spayne, within the wall
Of Bilboa, doe you brother call?
Are we in count'nance like at all?
Soft neately curled locks you weare:
I've stubborn bristles like a beare.
You with a pummice-stone are sleekt
Dayly: I'm hayry-thigh'd and cheekt.
You have a lisping voice and weake,
My daughter does more strongly speake.
Bold lyons from the fearfull doe,
Eagles from doves, differ not soe.
Forbeare to call me brother then,
Least I you sister call agayne. *Old MS.* 16*th Cent.*

LXVI. TO THEOPOMPUS, A HANDSOME YOUTH, BECOME A COOK.

Who, I ask, was so unfeeling, who so barbarous as to make you, Theopompus, a cook? Has any one the heart to defile a face such as this with the smut of a kitchen? Can any one pollute such locks with greasy soot? Who could better present cups, or crystal goblets? Out of what hand would the Falernian come with more relish? If this is the destiny of youth of such brilliant beauty, let Jupiter at once make a cook of Ganymede.

Who could so cruel, who so brutish be,
For a cook, Theopomp, to destine thee?
Could any soil that face so sweetly fair?
Condemn to soot and grease that lovely hair?
None worthier with the crystal glass to stand,
And praise the wine with his more crystal hand.
For such a fate, if beauteous boys must look,
Next news we hear, Jove doats upon a cook.

Anon. 1695.

LXVII. EPITAPH ON PLOTIA, AN OLD WOMAN.

Plotia, the daughter of Pyrrha, the stepmother of Nestor, she whom Niobe, in her youth, saw grey-headed, she whom the aged Laertes called his grandmother, Priam his nurse, Thyestes his mother-in-law; Plotia, older than any crow, is at last laid lusting in this tomb a.ong with bald Melanthion.

Here Pyrrha's daughter, Nestor's mother-in-law,
Whom youthful Niobe in gray hairs saw,
Whom old Laertes did his beldame name,
Great Priam's nurse, Thyestes' wife's grandam,
Survivor to all nine-lived daws are gone,
Old Plotia, with her bald Melanthion,
Lies itching here at last under this stone. *Fletcher.*

LXVIII. TO LÆLIA.

Though, Lælia, your home is not Ephesus, or Rhodes, or Mitylene, but a house in a patrician street at Rome; and though you had a mother from the swarthy Etruscans, who never painted her face in her life, and a sturdy father from the plains of Aricia; yet you (oh shame!) a countrywoman of Hersilia and Egeria, are perpetually repeating, in voluptuous Greek phrase, "My life, my soul." Such expressions should be reserved for the couch, and not even for every couch, but only that which is prepared by a mistress for a wanton lover. You pretend forsooth a wish to know how to speak as a chaste matron, but your lascivious movements would betray you. Though you were to learn all that Corinth can teach, Lælia, and practise it, you would never become a perfect Lais.

When thee nor Ephesus nor Rhodes will own,
When Mitylene's name thou scarce hast known;
Though Grecian main or isle could ne'er complete
The upstart native of Patrician-street:
Thy mother tinged but by Etruscan brown;
Thy sire a stalker of Aricia's down:
Presumest thou to lisp, without control,
Ζωή καὶ ψυχή! for, my life and soul?
Oh shame! a daughter of Hersilia thou?
Thee shall Egeria of her clan avow?
Such strains thy couch, nor ev'ry couch, should hear:
Such wit keeps Lewdness for her lover's ear.
Thou studiest style that suits a matron's use:
More luscious cannot burning lust produce.
All Corinth should she con, and bid us see,
A Lælia ne'er will quite a Lais be. *Elphinston.*

LXIX. TO POLLA.

You set a watch upon your husband, Polla: you refuse to have any set upon yourself. This, Polla, is making a wife of your husband.

Thou, Polla, guard'st thy spouse; he guards not thee:
Thou sure must be the husband, the wife he. *Anon.*

LXX. TO POTITUS.

Because I produce scarcely one book in a whole year, I incur from you, learned Potitus, the censure of idleness. But with how much more justice might you wonder that I produce even one, seeing how frequently my whole day is frittered away! Sometimes I receive friends in the evening, to return my morning calls; others I have to congratulate on preferments, though no one has to congratulate me. Sometimes I am required to seal some document at the temple of the lustrous Diana on Mount Aventin; sometimes the first, sometimes the fifth hour, claims me for its occupations. Sometimes the consul detains me, or the prætor, or the dancers as they return; frequently, listening to a poet's recitation occupies the entire day. Nor can I fairly refuse a few minutes to a pleader, or a rhetorician, or a grammarian, should they make the request. After the tenth hour, I go fatigued to the bath, and to get my hundred farthings.[1] What time have I, Potitus, for writing a book?

That scarce a piece I publish in a year,
Idle perhaps to you I may appear.
But rather, that I write at all, admire,
When I am often robb'd of days entire.
Now with my friends the evening I must spend:
To those preferr'd my compliments must send.
Now at the witnessing a will make one:
Hurried from this to that, my morning's gone.
Some office must attend; or else some ball;
Or else my lawyer's summons to the hall.
Now a rehearsal, now a concert hear;
And now a Latin play at Westminster.
Home after ten return, quite tir'd and doz'd.
When is the piece, you want, to be compos'd? *Hay.*

LXXI. ON RABIRIUS, THE ARCHITECT OF DOMITIAN, PRAISING HIS AFFECTION FOR HIS PARENTS.

Whoever thou art that desirest for thy parents a long and happy life, regard with sympathy the short inscription upon this marble tomb:—"Here Rabirius consigned two dear departed ones to the earth; no aged couple ever died under happier circumstances. Sixty years of married life were gently closed in one and the same night; a single pyre

[1] That is, the sportula. See B. I. Ep. 70.

sufficed for both funerals." Yet Rabirius mourns them as though they had been snatched from him in the flower of their youth; nothing can be more unjustifiable than such lamentations.

Thou that dost wish thy parents' lives should prove
Both long and blest, this tomb's short title love.
Wherein Rabirius' dead deare parents rest.
No age with happier fate was ever blest.
Wedlocke of threescore years one night untwines,
And in one funerall flame both bodies wynes.
But he, as they had dy'd in greener yeares,
Still weepes. What iustice is there in those teares? *May.*

LXXII. IN PRAISE OF TRAJAN.

Flatteries, in vain do you come to me, miserable objects, with prostituted lips! I am not about to celebrate a Lord or a God; there is now no longer any abode for you in this city. Go far away to the turbaned Parthians, and, with base and servile supplications, kiss the feet of their pageant kings. Here there is no lord, but an emperor; as senator, the most just of all the senate; one through whose efforts Truth, simple and unadorned, has been recovered from the Stygian realm. Under this prince, Rome, if thou art discreet, beware of speaking in the language used to his predecessors.

In vain, O wretched Flattery,
With bare-worn lips thou com'st to me,
To call me falsely Lord and God.
Away; for thee here's no abode;
To Parthia's mitred Monarchs goe;
There falling prostrate, basely low,
The gaudy King's proud feet adore.
This is no Lord, but Emperor,
Of all the justest Senator.
By whom from Stygian shades, the plain
And rustic truth's brought back again.
Thou dar'st not, Rome, this Emperor
To flatter as thou didst before. *May.*

In vain, mean flatteries, ye try
To gnaw the lip, and fall the eye!
No man or god or lord I name:
From Romans far be such a shame.
Go teach the supple Parthian how
To veil the bonnet on his brow;

Or on the ground all prostrate fling
Some Pict, before his barbarous King.
Addison: Dial. on Medals.

LXXIII. TO MARCUS ANTONIUS PRIMUS.

A letter from my eloquent friend has brought with it a pleasing token of his friendship, an imposing present of a Roman toga; a toga not such as Fabricius, but as Apicius, would have been glad to wear; or as the knight Mæcenas, the friend of Augustus, might have chosen. It would have been of less value in my estimation had any other person been the giver; it is not by every hand that a propitious sacrifice may be offered. Coming from you it is grateful to me; but even had I not loved *your* gift, Marcus, I must naturally love *my own* name.[1] But more valuable than the gift, and more pleasing than even the name, is the kind attention and favour of so learned a man.

A missive pledge, whence pledges bring renown,
Brought the grave present of th' Ausonian gown;
Which, not Fabricius, would Apicius bear;
And which th' Augustan knight were proud to wear.
This from elsewhere might less acceptance gain:
Not ev'ry hand can hallow victims slain.
From thine the boon must yield supreme delight:
The very name might selfish love excite.
But, far more grateful than the boon or name,
From learning's hand, and friendship's heart, it came.
Elphinston.

LXXIV. TO ROME.

Have pity at length, Rome, upon the weary congratulator, the weary client: How long shall I be a dangler at levees, among crowds of anxious clients and toga-clad dependents, earning a hundred paltry coins[2] with a whole day's work, while Scorpus[3] triumphantly carries off in a single hour fifteen heavy bags of shining gold? I ask not as the reward of my little books (for what indeed are they worth?) the plains of Apulia, or Hybla, or the spice-bearing Nile, or the tender vines which, from the brow of the Setian hill, look down on the Pomptine marshes. What then do I desire, you ask?—To sleep.

[1] Marcus was the name both of the giver and the receiver of the present.
[2] See Ep. 70. [3] The charioteer: see Ep. 50, 53.

Tir'd with the town, too much of life I've spent
In formal levees, and dull compliment.
For long attendance what reward we meet!
A word! at most a dinner from the great!
One hour to Figg did greater gains afford,
Much greater, for a flourish of his sword.
Were I to pay the labours of my Muse
(Small her desert), not Chelsea fields I'd choose;
Nor Hybla's honey; nor Arabia's spice;
Nor pleasant gardens hung on Highgate's rise,
O'erlooking Hackney-marshes fed with sheep.
Ask you, what is it then I want?—To sleep. *Hay.*

LXXV. ON GALLA.

Once upon a time Galla's demand was twenty thousand sesterces; and I admit she was not much too dear at the price. A year passed by: "I am yours," she said, "for ten thousand sesterces." This seemed to me more than she had asked before. Six months afterwards, when she came down to two thousand, I offered one thousand, which she refused. About two or three months later, so far from refusing this sum, she herself lowered her demand to four gold pieces. I declined to give it, and then she asked me to give her a hundred sesterces; but even this sum seemed greatly too much. A miserable sportula of a hundred farthings would then have brought us together; that is, she proposed to accept it; but I told her I had bestowed it on my slave. Could she descend lower than this? She did; she now offers herself for nothing; but I decline.

Galla, times past, ask'd me an hundred pound:
And 'twas not much, where such a form was found.
After one year, fifty was her demand:
Methought she now was at a dearer hand.
Some time laps'd: says she, Twenty you'll bestow
Ten I shall gladly: but she answer'd, No.
Two or three months, I know not which, pass'd more:
Then she ask'd nobles, and of them, but four,
And I refus'd. Well, send a hundred pence:
But this seem'd then too much, and I went thence.
She next my poor dry sportula did crave.
Good truth, said I, that to my boy I gave.
Was 't possible that she should lower go?
Yes: Gratis herself she offer'd; I said, No. *Anon.* 1695.

LXXVI. ON MÆVIUS.

Does this seem just to you, Fortune? A man who is not a native of Syria or of Parthia, not a knight from Cappadocian slave-cages, but one of the people of Remus, and a born subject of Numa, a man of agreeable manners, upright, and virtuous, a trustworthy friend, learned in the Greek and Roman languages, a man whose only fault (but that a great one) is, that he is a poet;—Mævius, I say, shivers in a faded black hood; while the mule-driver Incitatus glitters in purple.

Oh! Fortune! is your justice lost?
Behold this man, no knight o' th' post:
Who is no alien, French, or Swiss;
But Englishman, and Cockney is:
Pleasant, sincere, good-natur'd, meek,
Well skill'd in Latin and in Greek:
Who hath no individual crime,
But that he is possess'd with rhyme.
Should he, half starv'd, wear shabby black,
When grooms have gold upon their back? *Hay.*

LXXVII. TO MAXIMUS, ON THE DEATH OF CARUS, A QUACK.

Never did Carus do anything worse, Maximus, than to die of fever; the fever, too, was much in the wrong. The cruel destroyer should at least have been a quartan, so that he might have become his own doctor.

Not a slipp'rier trick e'er by Carus was play'd,
Than by Fever, who Carus has swept.
Wicked Fever! a quartan thou might'st have essay'd:
For her doctor she should have been kept. *Elphinston.*

LXXVIII. TO MACER, SETTING OUT FOR HIS PROVINCE OF DALMATIA.

You are going, Macer, to the shores of Salona. Rare integrity and the love of justice will accompany you, and modesty follow in the train. A just governor always returns poorer than he went. O happy husbandman of the gold-producing country, thou wilt send back thy ruler with his purse empty; thou wilt deplore his return, O Dalmatian, and escort him on his departure with mixed feelings of gratitude and sorrow. I, Macer, shall go among the Celts and the fierce Iberians, with deep regret for the loss of your companionship.

But every page of mine that shall be circulated there, written with a pen made from the reeds of the fish-abounding Tagus, will record the name of Macer. So may I be read among old poets, and rank in your esteem as inferior to none but Catullus.

My Macer seeks Salona's shore:
Rare honour will his steps attend;
Nice rectitude the route explore,
With modesty her bosom-friend.

Mending the subjects of their toil,
The gen'rous may themselves impair:
Blest tenant of the golden soil,
Thou home wilt send thy ruler bare.

Thou, Dalmat, wise wilt wish delay,
And his prolong'd dominion woo:
Hin., when he can no longer stay,
Thou shalt with weeping joy pursue.

'Mong Celts and rude Iberians we
Shall soon retrace our native seat;
Where, Macer, the regret of thee
Must harass our belov'd retreat.

But thence, whatever page of ours
Expand from teeming Tagus' reed,
Shall prop with Macer's name her pow'rs;
So to eternity decreed.

'Mid ancient bards shall I be read,
When with his chaste perusal crown'd;
And, of the living or the dead,
Catullus only greater found. *Elphinston.*

LXXIX. ON THE RICH TORQUATUS AND THE POOR OTACILIUS.

Near the fourth milestone from the city, Torquatus has a princely mansion: near the fourth milestone, Otacilius purchases a little country-house. Torquatus has built splendid warm baths of variegated marble; Otacilius erects a basin. Torquatus has laid out a plantation of laurels on his land; Otacilius sows a hundred chestnuts. When Torquatus was consul, Otacilius was chief magistrate of the village, and, proud of such a dignity, did not imagine himself a less personage than Torquatus. As, of old, the large ox made the small frog burst, so, I suspect, Torquatus will burst Otacilius.

Four miles from town his lordship's buildings stand:
So does Tom's cottage with a bit of land.
A marble green-house lately built my lord:
Tom for his flowers erects a shed of board.
His park with oaks his lordship planted round:
Tom put a hundred acorns in the ground.
My lord was treasurer: Tom overseer;
As great, in his opinion, as the peer.
As the ox burst the frog (so fables speak),
Aping my lord, I fear poor Tom will break. *Hay.*

LXXX. ON EROS.

Eros weeps whenever he casts his eye on beautiful vases of mottled myrrha, or on young slaves, or choice specimens of citron-wood; and he sighs from the very bottom of his heart, because, unhappy mortal, he cannot buy them all and carry them home with him. How many persons do the same as Eros, but with dry eyes! The greater portion of mankind laugh at such tears, and yet at heart are like him.

At Chenevix' poor little master cries,
When boxes, seals, and rings, and dolls he spies;
And from his soul sincerest sorrows come,
That he can't buy the room, and bear it home.
How many with dry eyes act master's part?
And, while they smile, for trifles sob at heart. *Hay.*

LXXXI. ON PHYLLIS.

Cum duo venissent ad Phyllida mane fututum,
Et nudam cuperet sumere uterque prior;
Promisit pariter se Phyllis utrique daturam,
Et dedit. Ille pedem sustulit, hic tunicam.

Dui essendo venuti da Fillide in sul mattino per immembrarla, e l' uno e l' altro desiderando goderla nuda il primo: Fillide promise darsi ugualmente a tutti e due, e si diede: quello alzolle il piede, questo la tunica. *Graglia.*

LXXXII. TO GALLUS.

If discomfort to me is of any advantage to you, I will put on my toga to attend you at dawn, or even at midnight: I will endure the whistling blasts of the keen north wind; I will bear showers of rain, and brave storms of snow. But if you are not a fraction the better for all my sufferings, all these tortures inflicted on a free man, show some indulgence,

I pray, to your fatigued client, and excuse him from such bootless toils, which are of no advantage to you, Gallus, and are painful to me.

If your affairs my diligence could mend,
Early and late I ready would attend:
Expos'd to storms, when angry winds do blow;
And on my breast receive the driving snow.
But if you not one farthing happier are
By my fatigue, and by my generous care;
Spare one worn out, oh! spare a labour vain,
Which helps not you, but gives me real pain. *Hay.*

LXXXIII. TO MARINUS, ON HIS BALDNESS.

You collect your straggling hairs on each side, Marinus, endeavouring to conceal the vast expanse of your shining bald pate by the locks which still grow on your temples. But the hairs disperse, and return to their own place with every gust of wind; flanking your bare pole on either side with crude tufts. We might imagine we saw Hermeros of Cydas standing between Spendophorus and Telesphorus. Why not confess yourself an old man? Be content to seem what you really are, and let the barber shave off the rest of your hair. There is nothing more contemptible than a bald man who pretends to have hair.

Your thin-sown hairs on any side
With dextrous care you cull;
And rob your temples of their pride,
To thatch your shining scull.

Repell'd by ev'ry puff of wind,
They take their former stand,
And then your desert poll they bind,
With locks on either hand.

So, 'twixt two tuzzy youthful pates,
One Halmyrotes sees.
Throw ridicule no more such baits:
The bare old-man will please.

But, that at length you may seem one,
The shaver quick be call'd;
And let him o'er the remnant run:
Belock'd! oh shame! and bald! *Elphinston.*

LXXXIV. TO CÆDICIANUS, ON AFER, THE HUSBAND OF AN UGLY WIFE.

Do you wonder, Cædicianus, why Afer does not retire to rest? You see with whom he has to share his couch.

Dost wonder why Afer goes late to his bed,
Cædician? Just see what a wife he has wed! *Anon.*

LXXXV. ON LADON.

Ladon, a boatman on the Tiber, bought himself, when grown old, a bit of land on the banks of his beloved stream. But as the overflowing Tiber often invaded it with raging floods, breaking into his ploughed fields, converting them in winter into a lake, he filled his worn-out boat, which was drawn up on the beach, with stones, making it a barrier against the floods. By this means he repelled the inundation. Who would have believed it? An unseaworthy boat was the safe-guard of the boatman.

A worn-out sailor, charm'd with Deptford strand,
Close to the river bought a piece of land.
The winter tides prevail'd against the mound;
And in strong torrents overflow'd his ground.
His cast-off bark, which luckily lay near,
He fill'd with stones, converted to a pier,
And stopp'd the breach: and, who would have believ'd?
That a sunk ship a tar's affairs retriev'd. *Hay.*

LXXXVI. ON LAURUS, A PLAYER AT BALL, IN HIS OLD AGE.

No one was ever so inflamed with ardour for a new mistress, as Laurus with love for the game of ball. But he who, in his prime, was the best of players, is now, after having ceased to play, the best of balls.[1]

With a new love was never stripling fir'd
Like Laurus, by the lust of ball inspir'd.
But the prime player, while his vigour reign'd,
Desisting play, the primal ball remain'd. *Elphinston.*

LXXXVII. ON THE BIRTH-DAY OF RESTITUTUS, THE ELOQUENT ADVOCATE.

Let Rome gratefully celebrate the first of October, the natal day of the eloquent Restitutus. Let us all join in

[1] See B. ii. Ep. 43.

solemn and pious orisons to celebrate thy anniversary. A truce to litigation; let wax tapers, cheap tablets, and little table-napkins, propitatory gifts of the poor client, be deferred until the saturnalia of icy December. Let rich men now vie in the munificence of their offerings. Let the swelling merchant of the portico of Agrippa bring cloaks from the city of Cadmus. Let him who has been charged with drunkenness and midnight brawling present a dinner-robe to his defender. Has a maiden triumphed over the slanderer of her fair fame, let her, with her own hands, bring pure sardonyxes. Let the antiquary present you with a work from the chisel of Phidias. Let the hunter bring a hare, the farmer a kid, the fisherman a prey from the waters. If every one sends you his own peculiar gift, what do you think, Restitutus, that a poet ought to send you?

With festal rites, let pious Rome,
In guise the antipode of gloom,
  October's Calends hail:
With solemn vows, and silent awe,
Approach to greet the man of law,
  And softly tread the vale.

Quiescent lie judicial fray;
The orator was born to-day:
  Ye vot'ries, bring no trash.
Let tapers, tablets, toilets fine,
Their jokes to jocund days consign,
  And tempt December's lash.

Let all the heirs of thy success,
To crown the hero of redress,
  In grateful tokens vie.
To thee the swelling son of trade
Shall bid the robes be all display'd,
  That boast Cadmean dye.

Of riot and assault arraign'd,
The wight, so innocent maintain'd,
  A revel-vest may render:
The youthful and the injur'd dame,
Who clear evinc'd her lord to blame,
  True sardonyx will tender.

The hoary peer, empower'd by thee
To carry up his pedigree,
  Must burn to pay his debt:

The mode alone he studious seeks,
And deeply versant in antiques,
Presents a Phidian set.

The jolly hunter brings a hare,
The honest hind a kid will bear
The fisher robs the sea:
If ev'ry client send his own,
Who know'st so much, hast thou yet known
What may be sent by me? *Elphinston.*

LXXXVIII. TO COTTA, A DISHONEST PERSON.

You are eager to take charge of all the prætors' bags, and ready to carry their tablets. You really are a very handy man.

To bear folks' bags, and tablets, is your plan:
You do some service—to yourself, good man! *Anon.*

LXXXIX. ON A STATUE OF JUNO BY POLYCLETUS.

This Juno, Polycletus, your happy workmanship and masterpiece, which would do honour to the hand of Phidias, displays such beauty, that, had she thus appeared on Mount Ida, the judge would have felt no hesitation in preferring her to the other goddesses. If Jupiter had not loved his sister Juno, he might, Polycletus, have fallen in love with your Juno.

Thy Juno, Polyclet, (most matchless piece!)
May well contest the proudest hand of Greece.
Had but the goddess shone with such a grace
In Ida, both her rivals had given place.
Though his own Juno Jove did ne'er approve,
Before his brightest strumpets thine he'd love.
Anon. 1695.

XC. TO LIGEIA.

Quid vellis vetulum, Ligeia cunnum?
Quid busti cineres tui lacessis?
Tales munditiæ decent puellas.
Nam tu jam nec anus potes videri.
Istud, crede mihi, Ligeia, belle
Non mater facit Hectoris, sed uxor.
Erras, si tibi cunnus hic videtur,
Ad quem mentula pertinere desit.

Quare si pudor est, Ligella, noli
Barbam vellere mortuo leoni.

Perche, o Ligella, depili tu il vecchio tuo c-no? Perche fomenti tu le ceneri del tuo scheletro? Tali forbitezze convengono alle giovinotte; imperocchè tu già vecchia non puoi assomigliar loro. Credimi, Ligella, ciò non siede bene alla madre di Etore, ma bens' alla moglie. T' inganni si questo c-no te ne pare; al quale la mentola ha cessato appartenere. Per la qual cosa, se hai qualche rossore, o Ligella, non voler svellere la barba al morto leone.

Graglia.

XCI. ON ALMO.

Almo has none but eunuchs about him, and is himself impuissant; yet he complains that his wife Polla produces him nothing.

You keep no lacqueys, nor can do the deed,
Yet grumble that your lady fails to breed.

XCII. TO MARIUS, TO WHOSE CARE MARTIAL COMMITS HIS GROUNDS.

To you, Marius, the admirer of a tranquil life, you who shared mine with me, you the glory of the ancient town of Atina, I commend these twin pines, the pride of a rustic grove, these holm oaks sacred to the Fauns, and these altars dedicated to the Thunderer and the shaggy Silvanus, erected by the unpractised hand of my bailiff; altars which the blood of a lamb or a kid has frequently stained. I intrust to you also the virgin goddess, the patroness of this sacred temple; him, too, whom you see the guest of his chaste sister, Mars, my patron saint; and the laurel grove of the tender Flora, into which she fled for refuge from the pursuit of Priapus. Whenever you propitiate these kind divinities of my little property, whether with blood or with incense, you will remember to say to them, "Behold the right hand of your absent votary, wherever he may be, unites with mine in offering this sacrifice. Imagine him present, and grant to both whatsoever either shall pray for."

Of the sequester'd scene, thou social friend,
Atina's boast! I to thy faith commend
These twinling pines, the glory of the grove;
These oakling clumps, where Fauns delight to rove:
These altars, that a rustic hand has rear'd,
Or to the Silvan lov'd, or Thund'rer fear'd.

Which lambkin's oft, or kidling's, blood has soil'd,
While duty chid the horror that recoil'd.
Dear delegate, with pious awe sustain
The virgin-goddess of the hallow'd fane;
And him the modest sister joys to see,
The champion of my Calends and of me.
Still dress the laurel-grove, that Flora knew,
When from the brutal ravisher she flew.
Hail, guardian-group of my beloved spot!
O ne'er forgetting, ne'er to be forgot!
Or you, in arduous task, or thankful ease,
Let bloodshed honour, or let incense please;
Where'er your Martial be, his friend will say,
He ministers with me your rites to-day.
Absent, alas! impute him still at hand,
And grant to both what either may demand.

Elphinston.

XCIII. TO CLEMENS, ON SENDING SOME UNPUBLISHED POEMS TO HIS WIFE.

If, Clemens, you see the Euganean coast of Helicaon, and the fields varied with vine-clad hills, before me, present to your wife Sabina, to whom Atesta gave birth, these verses not yet published, but just stitched up in a purple cover. As a rose which is newly plucked delights us, so a new book, not yet soiled with the beards of readers, gives us pleasure.

Should'st thou see sooner Helicaon's reign,
Where viny ridges paint the pregnant plain;
To Sabine Atestina bear with awe
Some strains empurpled that the world ne'er saw.
As a fair rose delights, when pluck'd in prime,
So virgin-stanzas and unsullied rhyme. *Elphinston.*

XCIV. WITH A PRESENT OF FRUIT.

No Libyan dragon guards my orchards, no royal plantations of Alcinous serve me; but my garden flourishes in security with Nomentan trees, and my common fruits do not tempt the robber. I send you here, therefore, some of my rosy autumnal apples, gathered in the midst of the Suburra.

No snake of Massylia my orchards defends:
No soil of Alcinous my wishes attends.
Secure my Nomentan: no robbers are here.
My crabs and my coddlings depend without fear.

These pippins, in genial Subura that grew,
My autumn's best produce, have mellow'd for you.
Elphinston.

XCV. TO GALLA.

Your husband and your gallant alike refuse, Galla, to acknowledge your infant: thus, I consider, they plainly declare that they have done nothing to render you a mother.

Thee back the child thy lord and lover sent:
Both claimless, Galla, to thy kind intent. *Elphinston.*

XCVI. TO AVITUS.

You are astonished, Avitus, that I, who have grown old in the capital of Latium, should so often speak of countries afar off; that I should thirst for the gold-bearing Tagus, and my native Salo; and that I should long to return to the rude fields around my well-furnished cottage. But that land wins my affection, in which a small income is sufficient for happiness, and a slender estate affords even luxuries. Here we must nourish our fields: there the fields nourish us. Here the hearth is warmed by a half-starved fire; there it burns with unstinted brilliancy. Here to be hungry is an expensive gratification, and the market ruins us; there the table is covered with the riches of its own neighbourhood. Here four togas or more are worn out in a summer; there one suffices for four autumns. Go then and pay your court to patrons, while a spot exists which offers you everything that a protector refuses you.

Me, who have lived so long among the great,
You wonder to hear talk of a retreat,
And a retreat so distant as may show
No thoughts of a return when once I go.
Give me a country, how remote soe'er,
Where happiness a moderate rate doth bear;
Where poverty itself in plenty flows,
And all the solid use of riches knows.
The ground about the house maintains it there;
The house maintains the ground about it here.
Here even hunger's dear, and a full board
Devours the vital substance of the lord.
The land itself does there the feast bestow,
The land itself must here to market go.
Three or four suits one winter here does waste;
One suit does there three or four winters last.

Here every frugal man must oft be cold,
And little luke-warm fires to you sold:
There fire's an element as cheap and free
Almost as any other of the three.
Stay you then here, and live among the great,
Attend their sports, and at their table eat;
When all the bounties here of men you score,
The place's bounty there will give you more. *Cowley.*

XCVII. ON NUMA.

While the lightly-piled funeral pyre was being supplied with paper to kindle it; while the desolate wife was buying myrrh and lavender; when the grave, the bier, the corpse-anointer, were all ready, Numa made me his heir, and forthwith recovered.

While they the funeral charge prepare
Which in the paper piles placed are,
And Numa's weeping wife now buys
Sweet perfumes for his obsequies,
His grave and bier being ready made,
And one to wash his body dead,
And me left heir by his own pen,
Pox on him! he grew well again. *Fletcher.*

XCVIII. TO PUBLIUS.

When my Cæcuban wine is poured out for me by an attendant of yours, more delicate than the Idæan Ganymede, than whom neither your daughter, nor your wife, nor your mother, nor your sister, recline more elegantly attired at table, would you have me rather look at your dress, and your old citron-wood furniture, and your Indian ivories? However that I may not, while your guest, incur your suspicions, let me be served by the son of some rank swineherd, or coarse fellow from a mean village, with bristling hair, rough, rude, and ill-grown. Your pretended modesty will betray you; you cannot have at the same time, Publius, such morals as you wish us to suppose, and such beautiful minions.

When a looser lad, forsooth,
Than was e'er th' Idean youth,
Ministers Cecubian juice;
Than thy daughter's self more spruce,
Than thy mate, or mother fine,
Or thy sister can recline:

Must I more thy trappings twang,
Citron old, or Indian fang?
Yet, offenceless that I lean,
That I thee, like me, serene;
From the herd, or sordid cot,
Let the homely train be got;
Cropt and bristling, rude, and small;
Rankest swineherd's children all.
Thus, my friend, beware undoing:
Blushes may bewray thy ruin.
But thou canst not those I see,
Publius, keep, and blushing be. *Elphinston.*

XCIX. ON A PORTRAIT OF SOCRATES.

If these lineaments of Socrates could be supposed to represent a Roman, it would be Julius Rufus among the Satyrs (? Satirists).

This Socrates, had he a Roman been,
Were Julius Rufus, 'mid the Satyrs, seen. *Elphinston.*

C. TO A PLAGIARIST.

Why, simpleton, do you mix your verses with mine? What have you to do, foolish man, with writings that convict you of theft? Why do you attempt to associate foxes with lions, and make owls pass for eagles? Though you had one of Ladas's legs, you would not be able, blockhead, to run with the other leg of wood.

Fool that you are to mix your verse with mine;
Of theft indicted by each other line.
To herd with lions will the fox delight?
Eagles resemblance bear to birds of night?
Can you expect to run with one leg good,
When you another have, which is of wood? *Hay*

CI. ON CAPITOLINUS.

If it were possible for Gabba, who owed so much to the patronage of Augustus, to return to earth from the Elysian plains, he who should hear Capitolinus and Gabba engage in a combat of wit, would say, "Dull Gabba, be silent."

Could witty Rochester return again
With jokes his merry prince to entertain;
And he and you could with the monarch sit;
He'd silence Rochester for want of wit. *Hay.*

CII. TO AVITUS.

You ask me, Avitus, how Philenus became a father, he who never did anything to gain the name? Gaditanus can tell you, he who, without writing anything, claims to be a poet.

Hee Venus sports did never try,
Yett is a father. You'd know why.
Ask Gaditane, that never writt,
And is a poet called yett. *Old MS. 16th Cent.*

How Joseph's self a father may be made
And long sterility a child produce,
Let Glynn declare, who got by Robert's aid
A thriving babe upon a barren muse.
Dr. Hodgson.

CIII. TO HIS FELLOW TOWNSMEN OF BILBILIS.

Fellow townsmen, born upon the steep slope of Augustan Bilbilis, which Salo encompasses with its rapid waters, does the poetical glory of your bard afford you any pleasure? For my honour, and renown, and fame, are yours; nor does Verona, who would willingly number me among her sons, owe more to her tender Catullus. It is now thirty-four years that you have presented your rural offerings to Ceres without me; meanwhile I have been dwelling within the beautiful walls of imperial Rome, and the Italian clime has changed the colour of my hair. If you will receive me cordially, I come to join you; if your hearts are frigid, I shall quickly leave you.

My friends, who round Mount Caburn do abide,
Drink Lewes' stream, or o'er her carpet ride;
Are you not anxious for your poet's fame?
His honours yours, and yours his deathless name.
Much Twick'nam owes to Pope: now he is gone,
May you not wish some poet for your own?
You without me, now thirty years at least,
In social mirth enjoy your Christmas feast.
While in this fair metropolis we stay,
Our hairs, alas! (as soon you'll see), are grey.
If well receiv'd, with you will we remain:
If not, a chaise conveys us back again. *Hay.*

[1] The Day of Judgement, a Seatonian prize poem (1757), written by Roberts, was fathered by Glynn of King's College, Cambridge, because the real author was too old to be a candidate; in order to extort from Baky (a third kingsman, and one of the best modern Latinists) his revenue, as he used facetiously to term this prize.

CIV. TO HIS BOOK, PRESENTED TO FLACCUS ON HIS DEPARTURE FOR SPAIN.

Go, my little book, go; accompany my Flaccus across the wide, but propitious, waters of the deep, and with unobstructed course, and favouring winds, reach the towers of Hispanian Tarragona. Thence a chariot will take you, and, carried swiftly along, you will see the lofty Bilbilis, and your dear Salo, after the fifth change of carriages. Do you ask what are my commissions for you? That, the moment you arrive, you offer my respects to a few but old friends, whom I have not seen for four and thirty years, and that you then request my friend Flaccus to procure me a retreat, pleasant and commodious, at a moderate price; a retreat in which your author may enjoy his ease. That is all; now the master of the vessel is bawling loudly, and chiding your delay, and a fair wind favours the way out of the harbour. Farewell, my book. A single passenger, as I suppose you know, must not keep a vessel waiting.

Go, little book, my kind companion, go:
O'er gentle waves may winds propitious blow.
Having made all thine own, the heavenly pow'rs;
Explore the friendly Tarraconian tow'rs.
Thence mount thy car, and joyous skim the land,
Where fond Hispania waves her hailing hand.
The fifth blest stage may haply give to ring
My lofty Bilbilis, and bid thy Salo sing.
Thou askest my commands? Make no delay,
Nor seek a respite from the weary way,
Till thou salute my ancient friends—how few!
Whom, twice seventeen long winters since, I knew.
Instant our best beloved Flaccus tell
To trace me out a sweet sequester'd cell,
Benign of aspect, of salubrious breeze,
Where thy worn parent may retire to ease.
Hark! how the master calls to spread the sail,
Chastens delay, and gratulates the gale
That opes the port. Farewell, my filial lay:
Or e passenger thou know'st, will ne'er the vessel stay.

Elphinston.

BOOK XI.

I. TO HIS BOOK.

WHITHER, my book, whither are you going so much at your ease, clad in a holiday dress of fine linen? Is it to see Parthenius?[1] certainly. Go, then, and return unopened; for he does not read books, but only memorials; nor has he time for the muses, or he would have time for his own. Or do you esteem yourself sufficiently happy, if you fall into hands of less note? In that case, repair to the neighbouring portico of Romulus; that of Pompeius does not contain a more idle crowd, nor does that of Agenor's daughter,[2] or that of the inconstant captain[3] of the first ship. Two or three may be found there who will shake out the worms that infest my trifles; but they will do so only when they are tired of the betting and gossip about Scorpus and Incitatus.[4]

Whither, ah! whither, idle muse,
Stray you from Dodsley's shop so spruce?
To minister of high condition,
Less used to poem than petition?
By him received, you may lie still,
With that or with a tradesman's bill.
Or if to verse he should incline;
More to his own, perhaps, than mine.
Are you content to lie on stall,
A common prostitute to all?
Go, then, and catch some loitering beau,
Whilst he is walking to and fro;
Who in the playhouses delights,
Or Tom's, or Cocoa-tree, or White's.
How few will take from mice their due!
Nor will your follies by those few
Be told; but when their stories flag
Of some new bet or running nag. *Hay.*

II. TO HIS READERS.

Ye stern brows and severe looks of rigid Catos, ye daughters of rustic Fabricii, ye mock-modest, ye censors of

[1] See B. v. Ep. 6, and B. iv. Ep. 45. [2] Europa. See B. ii. Ep. 14.
[3] Jason. [4] Charioteers.

morals, aye, and all ye proprieties opposed to the joys of darkness, flee hence! Hark! my verses exclaim, "Hail, Saturnalia!" we are at liberty, and, under thy rule, Nerva, rejoice. Fastidious readers may con over the rugged verses of Santra.[1] We have nothing in common; the book before you is mine.

Sad looks, and rigid Cato's stricter brow,
And coarse Fabricius' daughter from the plough,
Disguised pride, manners by rule put on,
And what we are not in the dark, begone.
My verses Io Saturnalia cry,
And, Nerva, under thee 'tis liberty. *Fletcher.*

III. ON HIS OWN WRITINGS.

It is not the idle people of the city only that delight in my Muse, nor is it alone to listless ears that these verses are addressed, but my book is thumbed amid Getic frosts, near martial standards, by the stern centurion; and even Britain is said to sing my verses. Yet of what advantage is it to me? My purse benefits nought by my reputation. What immortal pages could I not have written and what wars could I not have sung to the Pierian trumpet, if, when the kind deities gave a second Augustus[2] to the earth, they had likewise given to thee, O Rome, a second Mæcenas.

'Tis not the city only doth approve
My muse, or idle eares my verses love.
The rough centurion, where cold frosts orespread
The Scythian fields, in war my bookes doth read.
My lines are sung in Brittaine far remote;
But yet my empty purse perceives it not.
What deathless numbers from my pen would flow?
What wars would my Pierian Trumpet blow?
If, as Augustus now againe doth live,
So Rome to me would a Mecænas give. *May.*

IV. INVOCATION TO THE GODS IN FAVOUR OF TRAJAN.

Ye sacred altars, and Phrygian Lares, whom the Trojan hero preferred to snatch from the flames, rather than possess the wealth of Laomedon; thou, O Jupiter, now first represented in imperishable gold; thou, his sister, and thou,

[1] A Roman grammarian of whom nothing remains.
[2] The emperor Nerva.

his daughter, the offspring solely of the supreme Father; thou, too, Janus, who now repeatest the name of Nerva for the third time in the purple Fasti, I offer to you this prayer with pious lips: "Preserve, all of you, this our emperor; preserve the senate; and may the senators exhibit in their lives the morals of their prince, the prince his own."

The Phrygian gods and sacred rites to save,
Up to the flames the Trojan hero gave
Troy's wealth; Jove, Juno, whom we now behold,
With Pallas, first engraved in purest gold,
And Janus, who records the happy day
Of Numa's reign. To all I pious pray,
The senate may be safe, the prince's throne,
By his example all may live, he by his own. *Anon.* 1695.

V. TO TRAJAN.

You have as much reverence for justice and equity, Cæsar, as Numa had; but Numa was poor. It is an arduous task to preserve morality from the corruption of riches, and to be a Numa after surpassing so many Crœsuses. If the great names of old, our ancient progenitors, were to return to life, and liberty were granted them to leave the Elysian groves, unconquered Camillus would worship you as Liberty herself; Fabricius would consent to receive money if you were to offer it; Brutus would rejoice in having you for his emperor; to you the blood-thirsty Sylla would offer his power when about to resign it; Pompey, in concord with Cæsar, as a private citizen, would love you; Crassus would bestow upon you all his wealth; and even Cato himself, were he recalled from the infernal shades of Pluto, and restored to the earth, would join the party of Cæsar.

Thy love of right and justice, Cæsar, 's more
Than Numa's was, and Numa yet was poor.
'Tis rare, when riches cannot taint the mind,
In Crœsus' wealth, a Numa's soul to find.
If our old Romans of renowned name
(Dispensed with in Elisium) hither came,
Camillus, thee t' obey, would think it free;
Fabricius would take gold, if giv'n by thee;
In such a king Brutus would take delight;
Sylla, to thee resign th' imperial right;
Cæsar and Pompey private men would live;
And Crassus his loved treasure to thee give;

Cato himself, if Fates would set him free,
Return'd to earth, would a Cæsarean be. *Anon.* 1695.

VI. TO ROME, ON THE SATURNALIA.

In these festive days of the scythe-bearing old man, when the dice-box rules supreme, you will permit me, I feel assured, cap-clad Rome,[1] to sport in unlaboured verse. You smile: I may do so then, and am not forbidden. Depart, pale cares, far away from hence; let us say whatever comes uppermost without disagreeable reflection. Mix cup after cup, my attendants, such as Pythagoras[2] used to give to Nero; mix, Dindymus, mix still faster. I can do nothing without wine; but, while I am drinking, the power of fifteen poets will show itself in me. Now give me kisses, such as Catullus would have loved; and if I receive as many as he describes, I will give you the 'Sparrow'[3] of Catullus.

In scythe-crown'd Saturn's feasts, wherein
The box of dice doth reign as king,
All-cover'd Rome, thou dost permit
Me now to sport my fluent wit,
So I suppose, for thou did'st smile,
Thence we are not forbid the while.
Ye pallid cares, far hence begone,
I'll speak whate'er I think upon,
Sans any studied delay;
So fill me out three cups, my boy,
Such as Pithagoras did give
To Nero when he here did live;
But, Dindymus, fill faster too,
For sober I can nothing do.
When I am drunk up to the height
Full fifteen poets seize me straight.
Now give me kisses, such as were
Catullus his, and if they are
So numerous as his are said to be,
I will Catullus' sparrow give to thee. *Fletcher.*

VII. TO PAULA.

You will certainly, Paula, no longer say to your stupid husband, whenever you wish to run after some distant gallant, "Cæsar has ordered me to come in the morning

[1] The slaves wore caps at the Saturnalia; at other times their heads were bare.

[2] A favourite of Nero.

[3] His most famous poem.

to his Alban villa; Cæsar has sent for me to Circeii.' Such stratagems are now stale. With Nerva as emperor, you ought to be a Penelope; but your licentiousness and force of habit prevent it. Unhappy woman! what will you do? will you pretend that one of your female friends is ill? Your husband will attach himself as escort to his lady. He will go with you to your brother, and your mother, and your father. What tricks will your ingenuity then devise? Another adultress might say, perhaps, that she is hysterical, and wishes to take a sitting-bath in the Sinuessan lake. How much better will it be, Paula, whenever you wish to go and take your pleasure, to tell your husband the truth.

VIII. ON THE KISSES OF HIS FAVOURITE.

The fragrance of balsam extracted from aromatic trees; the ripe odour yielded by the teeming saffron; the perfume of fruits mellowing in their winter repository; or of the flowery meadows in the vernal season; or of silken robes of the Empress from her Palatine wardrobes; of amber warmed by the hand of a maiden; of a jar of dark Falernian wine, broken and scented from a distance;[1] of a garden that attracts the Sicilian bees; of the alabaster jars of Cosmus, and the altars of the gods; of the chaplet just fallen from the brow of the luxurious;—but why should I mention all these things singly? not one of them is enough by itself; mix all together, and you have the perfume of the morning kisses of my favourite. Do you want to know the name? I will only tell you of the kisses. You swear to be secret. You want to know too much, Sabinus.

Like balsams chaf'd by some exotick fayre:
Or from a saffron field fresh gliding ayre:
In winter chests like apples ripening,
Or grounds o'erspread with budding trees in spring:
Like silken robes in royal presses: and
Gumms suppled by a virgin's soft white hand:
As broken jars of Falerne wines do smell
Far off: or flow'ry gardens where bees dwell:
Perfumers potts, burnt incense tost in the ayre:
Chaplets new fall'n from rich perfumed hayre:

[1] Such fragrance being more grateful from a distance.

What more? All's not enough: mix all t' express
My dear girl's morning kisses sweetnesses.
You'ld know her name? I'll nought but kisses tell:
I doubt, I swear, you'ld know her fain too well.
Old MS. 16th Century.

IX. ON A PORTRAIT OF MEMOR, A TRAGIC POET.

Memor, distinguished by the chaplet of Jove's oak, the glory of the Roman stage, breathes here, restored by the pencil of Apelles.

X. ON TURNUS.

Turnus has consecrated his vast genius to satire. Why did he not devote it in the manner of Memor? He was his brother.[1]

XI. TO HIS SLAVE.

Away, boy, with these goblets, and these embossed vases of the tepid Nile, and give me, with steady hand, cups familiar to the lips of our sires, and pure from the touch of a virtuous attendant. Restore to our table its pristine honour. It becomes you, Sardanapalus, to drink out of jewelled cups, you who would convert a master-piece of Mentor into a convenience for your mistress.

XII. ON ZOILUS.

Though the rights of a father of even seven children be given you, Zoilus, no one can give you a mother, or a father.

XIII. EPITAPH ON PARIS THE ACTOR.

Whoever thou art, traveller, that treadest the Flaminian way, pass not unheeded this noble tomb. The delight of the city, the wit of the Nile,[2] the art and grace, the sportiveness and joy, the glory and grief of the Roman theatre, and all its Venuses and Cupids, lie buried in this tomb, with Paris.

Thou that beatest the Flaminian Way,
Pass not this noble tomb, but stay:
Here Rome's delight, and Nile's salt treasure,
Art, graces, sport, and sweetest pleasure,
The grief and glory of the stage,
And all the Cupids of the age,

[1] He did not wish to rival Memor. Turnus is mentioned in B. vii. Ep. 95.
[2] Paris was born in Egypt.

And all the Venuses, lie here,
Interr'd in Paris' sepulchre. *Fletcher.*

XIV. ON A HUSBANDMAN, A DWARF.

O ye heirs, bury not the dwarf husbandman, for the least quantity of earth will lie heavy on him.

XV. ON HIS BOOK.

There are some of my writings which may be read by the wife of a Cato, and the most austere of Sabine women. But I wish the present little book to laugh from one end to the other, and to be more free in its language than any of my books; to be redolent of wine, and not ashamed of being greased with the rich unguents of Cosmus; a book to make sport for boys, and to make love to girls; and to speak, without disguise, of that by respecting which men are generated, the parent indeed of all; which the pious Numa used to call by its simple name. Remember, however, Apollinaris, that these verses are for the Saturnalia, and not to be taken as a picture of my morals.

I have such papers that grim Cato's wife
May read, and strictest Sabines in their life.
I will this book should laugh throughout and jest,
And be more wicked than are all the rest,
And sweat with wine, and with rich unguents flow,
And sport with boys, and with the wenches too;
Nor by periphrasis describe that thing,
That common parent whence we all do spring;
Which sacred Numa once by 't's name did call.
Yet still suppose these verses saturnal.
O my Apollinaris, this my book
Has no dissembled manners, no feign'd look. *Fletcher.*

XVI. TO HIS READERS.

Reader, if you are exceedingly staid, you may shut up my book whenever you please; I write now for the idlers of the city; my verses are devoted to the god of Lampsacus, and my hand shakes the castanet, as briskly as a dancing-girl of Cadiz. Oh! how often will you feel your desires aroused, even though you were more frigid than Curius and Fabricius. Thou too, young damsel, wilt read the gay and sportive sallies of my book not without emotion, even though thou shouldst be a native of Patavium. Lucretia blushes, and lays

my book aside; but Brutus is present. Let Brutus retire, and she will read.

XVII. TO SABINUS.

It is not every page in my book that is intended to be read at night; you will find something also, Sabinus, to read in the morning.

Not all my verse for Night's loose hours are writ,
Many you'll find the sober morning fit. *Anon.* 1695.

XVIII. TO LUPUS.

You have given me, Lupus, an estate in the suburbs, but I have a larger estate on my window-sill. Can you say that this is an estate,—can you call this, I say, an estate, where a sprig of rue makes a grove for Diana; which the wing of the chirping grasshopper is sufficient to cover; which an ant could lay waste in a single day; for which the leaf of a rose-bud would serve as a canopy; in which herbage is not more easily found than Cosmus's perfumes,[1] or green pepper: in which a cucumber cannot lie straight, or a snake uncoil itself. As a garden, it would scarcely feed a single caterpillar; a gnat would eat up its willow bed and starve; a mole would serve for digger and ploughman. The mushroom cannot expand in it, the fig cannot bloom, the violet cannot open. A mouse would destroy the whole territory, and is as much an object of terror as the Calydonian boar. My crop is carried off by the claws of a flying Progne, and deposited in a swallow's nest; and there is not room even for the half of a Priapus, though he be without his scythe and sceptre. The harvest, when gathered in, scarcely fills a snail-shell; and the wine may be stored up in a nut-shell stopped with resin. You have made a mistake, Lupus, though only in one letter; instead of giving me a *praedium*, I would rather you had given me a *prandium*.[2]

Lupus, a farm near town you gave to me;
A larger plot I in my window see;
Such scrap of earth a *farm* 'twere hard to prove,
When one small rue-plant makes Diana's grove.

[1] *Cosmi folium.* Some editors read *costi folium*, "leaf of spikenard." Spikenard does not grow in Italy.

[2] *Praedium*, "a farm" or "estate;" *prandium*, "a dinner."

This, which a locust's wing might overlay!
Whose crops would feed an ant one single day!
This, which a folded rose-leaf might have crown'd,
Where not a herb can any more be found
Than eastern scents or fragrant spices rare,
To please the palate or perfume the hair;
Where e'en a cucumber must crooked lie;
A snake to coil its tail would vainly try.
Such garden scarce one caterpillar feeds;
The willow-bed no second insect breeds;
The mole alone my farm does plough and dig;
No mushroom here can gape; no early fig,
Nor smiling violet, here has room to grow;
The devastated land a mouse lays low,
More dreaded by the owner than of yore
Was that huge beast the Calydonian boar.
Aloft my crops are carried in the straw,
Caught by the flying swallow's slender claw.
Priapus here can scarce find room to stand,
Though half his size, and reft of wooden brand.
One snail-shell holds our yearly grain, and more;
In one pitch'd nut-shell all the wine we store.
Lupus, your kindness by one letter err'd;
To call such gift a *favour* was absurd:
Take back your farm; more grateful far to me
The *savour* that your kitchen yields, would be.

English Journal of Education, Jan. 1856.

XIX. TO GALLA.

Do you ask, Galla, why I am unwilling to marry you? You are a prude; and my passions frequently commit solecisms.

Galla, dost ask why I'll not marry thee?
Galla, thou are too learned far for me.
A consort so correct I cannot take:
For I, as husband, oft shall solecisms make.

Old Version. Anon.

XX. TO HIS STRICTER READERS.

O captious reader, who perusest with stern countenance certain Latin verses of mine, read six amorous lines of Augustus Cæsar:—"Because Antonius kisses Glaphyra, Fulvia wishes me in revenge to kiss her. I kiss Fulvia! What if Manius were to make a similar request!! Should I grant it? I should think not, if I were in my senses. Either kiss me,

says she, or fight me. Nay, my purity is dearer to me than life, therefore let the trumpet sound for battle!" — Truly, Augustus, you acquit my sportive sallies of licentiousness, when you give such examples of Roman simplicity.

'Cause Anthony is fir'd with Glaphire's charms,
Fain would his Fulvia tempt me to her arms:
If Anthony be false, what then? must I
Be slave to Fulvia's lustful tyranny?
Then would a thousand wanton, waspish wives
Swarm to my bed like bees into their hives.
Declare for Love or War, she said, and frown'd.
No love I'll grant: to arms bid trumpets sound.
Montaigne (by Cotton), B. ii. ch. 12.

XXI. ON LYDIA

Lydia tam laxa est, equitis quam culus aeni;
Quam celer arguto qui sonat ære trochus;
Quam rota transmisso toties intacta petauro,
Quam vetus a crassa calceus udus aqua;
Quam quæ rara vagos expectant retia turdos,
Quam Pompeiano vela negata Noto;
Quam quæ de phthisico lapsa est armilla cinædo,
Culcita Leuconico quam viduata suo;
Quam veteres brachæ Britonis pauperis, et quam
Turpe Ravennatis guttur onocrotali.
Hanc in piscina dicor futuisse marina.
Nescio: piscinam me futuisse puto.

Lidia non è meno sfasciata che il culo d' una statua equestre di bronzo, che la veloce trottola che rombeggia per il sottil rame, che la ruota tante volte rattenuta per il petauro mandato in aria, che una vecchia scarpa imbrattata d' acqua fangosa; che le aperte reti, le quali aspettano i vaganti tordi, che le vele non più esposte al Noto Pompejano, che un braccialetto che è cascato da un' etico cinedo, che il materazzo spogliato del suo Leuconico, che i vecchi calzoni d' un misero Bretanno, e che la turpe giugaja del Ravennate Onocrotale. Sono apostrofato d' aver immembrato costei nella piscina marina. Nol saprei: parmi aver immembrato la piscina stessa. *Graglia.*

XXII. ON AN ABANDONED DEBAUCHEE.

Mollia quod nivei duro teris ore Galesi
Busia, quod nudo cum Ganymede jaces;

Quis negat hoc nimium? sed sit satis: inguina saltem
Parce fututrici sollicitare manu.
Levibus in pueris plus hæc, quam mentula, peccat:
Et faciunt digiti, præcipitantque virum.
Inde tragus, celeresque pili, mirandaque matri
Barba, nec in clara balnea luce placent.
Divisit natura mares; pars una puellis,
Una viris genita est: utere parte tua.

Di ciò che tu distruggi colla ruida tua faccia i molli bacci de' niveo Galese, di ciò che tu giaci con Ganimede ignudo, chi nega questo esser molto? Ma ciò ti basti: almeno rattienti sollicitare inguina manu fututrici. Hæc plus peccat in levibus pueris quam mentula, et digiti faciunt et præcipitant virum. Indi il tanfo, ed i subiti peli, e la barba dalla madre osservata, ne i bagni piacciono in chiara luce. La natura distinse i maschi; una parte fù fatta per le zitelle, ed una per gli uomini: fa uso della tua parte. *Graglia.*

XXIII. AGAINST SILA.

Sila is ready to become my wife at any price; but I am unwilling at any price to make Sila my wife. As she insisted, however, I said, "You shall bring me a million of sesterces in gold as a dowry"—What less could I take? "Nor, although I become your husband, will I associate with you even on the first night, or at any time share a couch with you. I will also embrace my mistress without restraint; and you shall send me, if I require her, your own maid. Any favourite, whether my own or yours, shall be at liberty to give me amorous salutes even while you are looking on. You shall come to my table, but our seats shall be so far apart, that my garments be not touched by yours. You shall salute me but rarely, never without invitation; and then not in the manner of a wife, but in that of a grandmother. If you can submit to this, and if there is nothing that you refuse to endure, you will find in me a gentleman, Sila, ready to take you to wife.

Sila on any termes would me faine wed;
But I on all conditions fly her bed.
When still she press'd, "Ten thousand pounds I crave,"
Sayd I, "for portion; how can I less have?
Nor will I, no not the first night, board thee;
Nor shall one bed e'er common to us bee.
My wench I'll have too, ne'er by you gainsayed;
Nay, when I bid, you shall send your own mayd.

In wanton kisses with the boy I'll twine;
You looking on, too, bee hee yours or mine.
You shall eate with mee, but at distance, such
As our loose roabes may not each other touch:
Seldome shall kiss me, nor unbid; so cold,
Too, that, not like a wife, but matron old.
If all this you can beare; if nought refuse,
Here you can find one you for wife may choose.
Old MS. 16th Cent.

XXIV. TO LABULLUS.

While I am attending you about, and escorting you home, while lending my ear to your chattering, and praising whatever you say and do, how many verses of mine, Labullus, might have seen the light! Does it seem nothing to you, that what Rome reads, what the foreigner seeks, what the knight willingly accepts, what the senator stores up, what the barrister praises, and rival poets abuse, are lost through your fault? Is this right, Labullus? Can any one endure, that while you thus augment the number of your wretched clients, you proportionately diminish the number of my books? In the last thirty days, or thereabouts, I have scarcely finished one page. See what befalls a poet who does not dine at home.

While I attend thy steps early and late,
Afford an ear unto thy idle prate,
Applaud whate'er by thee is done or said,
How many excellent verses might be made!
This thou account'st no loss, although that Rome
Reads them with joy, far nations bear them home;
Knights and patricians make them their delight,
Lawyers admire, and poets also spight.
And can I this digest? That for thy sake,
Only thy train more numerous to make,
My books should fewer be? So to engage,
That scarce in thirty days I write one page?
But thus it is, for cheer when poets rome,
And will not be content to sup at home. *Anon.* 1695.

XXV. ON LINUS.

Illa salax nimium, nec paucis nota puellis
Stare Lino desit mentula: lingua cave.

Quella troppo salace mentola, ne nota a poche ragazze, cessa stare a Lino: bada, o lingua. *Graglia.*

XXVI. TO TELESPHORUS.

Charm of my life, Telesphorus, sweet object of my cares, whose like never before lay in my arms, give me, fair one, kisses redolent of the fragrance of old Falernian, give me goblets of which thy lips have first partaken. If, in addition to this, you grant me the pleasure of true affection, I shall say that Jove is not more happy at the side of Ganymede.

XXVII. TO FLACCUS.

You must have an iron resolution, Flaccus, if you can bestow your affection on a woman, who values herself at no more than half a dozen jars of pickle, or a couple of slices of tunny fish, or a paltry sea-lizard; who does not think herself worth a bunch of raisins; who makes only one mouthful of a red herring, which a servant maid fetches in an earthenware dish; or who, with a brazen face and lost to shame, lowers her demand to five skins for a cloak. Why! my mistress asks of me a pound of the most precious perfume, or a pair of green emeralds, or sardonyxes; and will have no dress except of the very best silks from the Tuscan street; nay, she would ask me for a hundred gold pieces with as little concern as if they were brass. Do you think that I wish to make such presents to a mistress? No, I do not: but I wish my mistress to be worthy of such presents.

Thou'rt iron, Flaccus, if to such a dame,
Who begs vile gifts, thou can'st keep up a flame;
Cow-heels does ask, tripes, sprats, and scraps of fish,
And a whole pompion holds too much to wish:
To whom her maid, joyful t' have got, does pour
Cheap pulse, which greedily she does devour:
And when she's bold, and will all shame depose,
Begs yarn enough to knit a pair of hose.
My wench perfumes exacts, both rich and rare,
Rubies and pearls, and those must also pair;
Choice Naples silk, with her, will only pass,
An hundred crowns in gold she begs like brass.
Give I such gifts, dost say, a miss to please?
No: but I'd have her merit such as these. *Anon.* 1695.

XXVIII. ON NASICA.

Invasit medicum Nasica phreneticus, Aucte:
Et percidit Hylan. Hic, puto, sanus erat.

Un medico frenetico, o Aucto, assalì con la spada ed infilzò Ila. Ivi, credo, era sano. *Graglia.*

XXIX. TO PHYLLIS.

Languida cum vetula tractare virilia dextra
Cœpisti, jugulor pollice, Phylli, tuo.
Nam cum me vitam, cum me tua lumina dicis:
Horis me reflci vix puto posse decem.
Blanditias nescis: dabo, dic, tibi millia centum,
Et dabo Setini jugera culta soli:
Accipe vina, domum, pueros, chrysendeta, mensas:
Nil opus est digitis; sic mihi, Phylli, frica.

Quando tu incominci colla vecchia tua destra a palpare le languide mie pudenda, io sono, o Fillide, assassinato dalle tue dita. Imperocchè, quando tu mi chiami tua vita, tue luci: ho pena a credere di poter in dieci ore esser d'umore: non t'intendi di carezze: dì, ti darò cento milla sesterzj, e ti darò dei coltivati jugeri del suolo Setino: prendi vini, casa, servi, argenterie, mense: non occorre dita: solleticami, o Fillide, in questo modo. *Graglia.*

When with caresses thou would'st me excite,
All amorous pow'r thou dost extinguish quite:
For when thou call'st me love, thy life, and dear,
The surfeit I digest not in a year.
These were due arts when thou wert young and fair;
Thou dost not know what aged toyings are.
I give thee, Martial, say, ten thousand pound,
My manor house, with all the fertile ground;
I give thee jewels, plate, whole caves of wine.
These, without love tricks, will to love incline. *Anon.*

XXX. TO ZOILUS.

Os malè causidicis et dicis olere poetis:
Sed fellatori, Zoile, pejus olet.

Tu dici che la bocca sente cattivo ai causidici ed ai poeti; ma al fellatore, o Zoilo, sente peggio. *Graglia.*

XXXI. ON CÆCILIUS.

Cæcilius, a very Atreus of gourds, tears and cuts them into a thousand pieces, just as if they were the children of Thyestes. Some of these pieces will be placed before you to begin with as a relish; they will appear again as a second course; then again as a third course. From some he will contrive a dessert; from others the baker will make mawkish patties, cakes of every form, and dates such as are sold

at the theatres. By the art of the cook they are metamorphosed into all sorts of mincemeat, so that you would fancy you saw lentils and beans on the table; they are also made to imitate mushrooms and sausages, tails of tunnies and anchovies. This dextrous cook exhausts the powers of art to disguise them in every way, sometimes by means of Capellian rue.[1] Thus he fills his dishes, and side dishes, and polished plates, and tureens, and congratulates himself upon his skill in furnishing so many dishes at the cost of a penny.

Thou Atreus of a cucumber,
Which, like Thyestes' sons, you tear,
And in ten thousand pieces slice;
And in ten thousand ways disguise.
This in your soup at first you use:
And this in every course produce.
Hence your confectioner still takes
His jellies, sweetmeats, and his cakes;
Decking his dishes in a row
Of high-raised pyramids for show.
Your cook from this hath found the means
To furnish us with pease and beans;
And by his magic art create
A mushroom, sausage, cod, or scate.
Your house-keeper, as far as can go
Her seasoning art, turns this to mango.
Thus you, who fill by this device
Your dishes of all sorts and size,
Would modest and polite be thought
By serving up one single groat. *Hay.*

XXXII. TO NESTOR.

You have neither a toga, nor a hearth, nor a bed infested with vermin, nor a patched rug of marsh reeds, nor a slave young or old, nor a maid, nor a child, nor a lock, nor a key, nor a house-dog, nor a wine-cup. Yet, Nestor, you desire to be thought and called a poor man, and wish to be counted as such among the people. You are a deceiver, and do yourself too much idle honour. To have nothing is not poverty.[2]

[1] So called from Capellius, who cultivated or sold it. The common reading, *rutæ Capellianæ*, is followed; Schneidewin, without any apparent reason, has *Capelliana*. Rue was used for garnishing dishes; see Ep. 52.

[2] It is worse; it is mere beggary.

When thou hast neither coat, nor fire, nor bed
That's eat with worms, nor mat with sedge patch'd up,
Nor boy, nor man, nor maid, nor infant head,
Nor lock with thee, nor key, nor dog, nor cup.
Yet thou affectest to be call'd and seem
Poor, and to have a popular esteem.
Thou liest: thou soothest thyself with vanity;
Nestor, this is not want, but beggery. *Fletcher.*

XXXIII. ON THE CHARIOTEER OF THE "GREEN" FACTION.

Since the death of Nero the charioteer of the Green Faction has often won the palm, and carried off many prizes. Go now, malicious envy, and say that you were influenced by Nero; for now assuredly the charioteer of the Green Faction, not Nero, has won these victories.

XXXIV. ON APER.

Aper has bought a house; but such a house, as not even an owl would inhabit; so dark and old is the little dwelling. But near it the elegant Maro has his country seat, and Aper will dine well, though he will not be well lodged.[1]

Aper a cottage bought, which not an owl
Would deign to own, it was so old and fowle.
But Muro's sumptuous house and walkes excell.
Aper will richly fare, not richly dwell. *May.*

Jack buys an ancient cottage, dismal, foul,
And scarce a decent harbour for an owl,
Near to an hospitable neighbour's seat.
Jack will not lodge so well as he will eat. *Hay.*

XXXV. TO FABULLUS.

You invite some three hundred guests all unknown to me, and then wonder that I do not accept your invitation, and complain, and are ready to quarrel with me. Fabullus, I do not like to dine alone.

That I your invitation should decline,
Why do you wonder? why do you repine?
When hundreds you invite to me unknown:
I do not choose, dear friend, to dine alone. *Hay.*

With a room full, to me all unknown,
You bid me make one at your feast;
I decline it, you grumble and groan,
And call me unsociable beast,—

[1] Aper expects his rich neighbour to invite him frequently to dinner.

Why since I must dine quite alone,
I'll dine by myself, sir, at least. *N. B. Halhed.*

You ask a hundred guests unknown to me,
And wonder, Richard, I refuse to come:
Richard, I go abroad for company,
For solitude I like to stay at home. *Hodgson.*

XXXVI. ON CAIUS JULIUS PROCULUS.

O mark this day for me with a white stone, Caius Julius having been restored (how delightful!) to my prayers. I rejoice to have despaired as though the threads of the sisters had already been snapped asunder; that joy is but little where there has been no fear. Hypnus, why do you loiter? Pour out the immortal Falernian; such fulfilment of my prayers demands an old cask. Let us drink five, six, and eight cups, answering to the letters in the names Caius, Julius, and Proculus.[1]

Hail, happy day! my Julius, hail, restored!
Hail, gracious heav'n, who heard'st when I implored!
Despair proves hope, the fatal scissors near:
The less they know of joy who knew no fear.
Hypnus, why loiter'st? pour Falernian wine:
Such blessings pour'd demand a cask divine.
Five, six, and eight fair brimmers shall be crown'd,
And Caius Julius Proculus go round. *Elphinston.*

XXXVII. TO ZOILUS.

Zoilus, why do you delight in using a whole pound weight of gold for the setting of a stone, and thus burying your poor sardonyx? Such rings are more suited to your legs;[2] the weight is too great for fingers.

Why, Zoilus, dost thou bury, not enfold,
A diamond spark in a whole pound of gold?
When late a slave, this ring thy leg might wear,
But such a weight thy finger cannot bear. *Anon.*

XXXVIII. TO AULUS.

A muleteer was lately sold for twenty thousand sesterces Aulus. Are you astonished at so large a price? He was deaf.

[1] See B. i. Ep. 72. [2] See B. iii. Ep. 29.
[3] He could not therefore overhear the conversation of those whom he drove.

XXXIX. TO CHARIDEMUS, HIS FREEDMAN.

You, Charidemus, rocked my cradle; you were the guardian and constant companion of my childhood. Now my beard, when shaved, blackens the barber's napkins, and my mistress complains of being pricked by my bristly lips. But in your eyes I am no older; you are my bailiff's dread; my steward and all the household fear you. You neither allow me to play nor to make love; nothing is permitted to me, yet everything to yourself. You rebuke me, you watch me, you complain of me, and sigh at my conduct, and your ire is with difficulty restrained from using the cane. If I put on a Tyrian robe, or anoint my hair, you exclaim, "Your father never did such things." You count my cups of wine with contracted brow, as if they came from a cask in your own cellar. Cease this conduct: I cannot abide a Cato in a freedman. My mistress will tell you that I am now a man.

You were for ever by my infant side;
My guardian, my companion, and my guide.
The razor now grows blunt against my beard;
And every girl complains that it is hard.
With you I am but little master still:
And all my servants tremble at your will.
To game or to intrigue I must not dare:
All things to you, to me none, lawful are.
You check, remark, complain, and cry "Good God!"
And in your passion scarce forbear the rod.
If my toupee or velvet I put on;
You say, Oh! how unlike your father gone!
You count each bumper with a serious look;
As if from your own vault the wine I took.
Such censure I no longer suffer can:
Pray, ask my maid if I am not a man. *Hay.*

You rock'd my cradle, were my guide
In youth, still tending at my side;
But now, dear Sir, my beard is grown,
Still I'm a child to thee alone.
Our steward, butler, cook, and all
You fright, nay e'en the very wall;
You pry, and frown, and growl, and chide,
And scarce will lay the rod aside. *F. Lewis.*

XL. ON LUPERCUS.

Lupercus loves the fair Glycera; he possesses her all to himself, and is her sole commander. Once, when he was complaining to Ælianus, in a sad tone, that he had not caressed her for a whole month, and wished to give the reason to his auditor, who asked for it, he told him that Glycera had the tooth-ache.

XLI. ON AMYNTAS, A SWINEHERD, KILLED BY A FALL FROM AN OAK.

While the swineherd Amyntas was over-anxiously feeding his flock, proud of its renown for high condition, his weight proved too much for the yielding branch of an oak which he had ascended, and he was precipitated to the ground in the midst of a shower of acorns, which he had shaken down. His father would not allow the fatal tree to survive the cruel death of his son, and condemned it to the flames. Lygdus,[1] let your neighbour Iolas fatten his pigs as he pleases; and be content to preserve your full number.

XLII. TO CÆCILIANUS.

You ask for lively epigrams, and propose lifeless subjects. What can I do, Cæcilianus? You expect Hyblæan or Hymethian honey to be produced, and yet offer the Attic bee nothing but Corsican thyme?

> You lively epigrams require still, when
> You give flat themes; how can you have them then?
> Think you that e'en Cecropian bees can breed
> Hyblæan honey, that in Corsic feed? *Old MS. 16th Cent.*
>
> When living epigrams thou crav'st of me,
> Thou giv'st dead arguments. How can that be?
> How canst thou have Hymittian honey flow,
> And Corsick thyme t' Athenian bees allow? *May.*
>
> Alas! dear sir, you try in vain
> Impossibilities to gain;
> No bee from Corsica's rank juice
> Hyblæan honey can produce.
> *F. Lewis. Motto to the 101st No. of the Rambler*

[1] Martial's swine-herd.

XLIII. TO HIS WIFE.

Deprensum in puero tetricis me vocibus uxor
  Corripis, et culum te quoque habere refers.
Dixit idem quoties lascivo Juno tonanti?
  Ille tamen gracili cum Ganymede jacet.
Incurvabat Hylam posito Tirynthius arcu.
  Tu Megaram credis non habuisse nates?
Torquebat Phœbum Daphne fugitiva: sed illas
  Oebalius flammas jussit abire puer.
Bryseis multum quamvis aversa jaceret,
  Æacidæ propior levis amicus erat.
Parce tuis igitur dare mascula nomina rebus
  Teque puta cunnos, uxor, habere duos!

Tu, moglie, con arrabbiate parole rimbrotti me sorpreso nel ragazzo, ed adduci che anche tu hai il c-lo. Quante volte Giunone non disse lo stesso a Giove Tonante? Con tutto ciò esso giace col delicato Ganimede. Tirinzio, deposto l'arco incurvava Ila; credi tu che Megara non avesse natiche? Dafne fuggitiva tormentava Febo: ma il ragazzo Oebalio fece partire quelli amori. Briseide quantunque giacesse molto aversa, il delicato amico era confaciente ad Eacide. Risparmia dunque dar nomi mascolini alle cose tue, ed immaginati, o moglie, d'aver due c-ni! *Graglia.*

Fletcher has given a complete translation of these lines, and so have several of the French editors, but we think them better omitted here.

XLIV. TO A CHILDLESS OLD MAN.

You are childless and rich, and were born in the consulship of Brutus; do you imagine that you have any real friends? You have true friends, but they are those which you made when young and poor. Your new friends desire only your death.

Now thou are childless, rich, 'bove measure old,
The love profess'd to thee, sincere dost hold?
True love I have found. Yes, when young and poor;
Who loved thee now, do love thy death much more.
Anon. 1695.

What! old, and rich, and childless too,
And yet believe your friends are true?
Truth might perhaps of old belong
To those who loved you poor and young;
But, trust me, for the friends you have,
They'll love you dearly—in your grave.
F. Lewis. Motto to the 162nd Rambler

Childless, and rich, and born in Charles's reign,
Can you expect that cordial friends remain?
If such; they are, whom young and poor you found:
The new will love you only under ground. *Hay.*

Childless, and rich, and old, and hope to find
A real friend? Disorder'd is thy mind.
That heav'n-born light, which never long endures
In youth, in poverty, perchance, was yours.
But all your present friends, whate'er they say,
Love but your death, and curse its slow delay. *Hodgson.*

XLV. TO CANTHARUS.

Intrasti quoties inscriptæ limina cellæ,
Seu puer arrisit, sive puella tibi:
Contentus non es foribus, veloque, seraque,
Secretumque jubes grandius esse tibi.
Oblinitur minimæ si qua est suspicio rimæ,
Punctaque lasciva quæ terebrantur acu.
Nemo est tam teneri, tam solicitique pudoris,
Qui vel pædicat, Canthare, vel futuit.

Sempre che entrasti i limini d'un' inscritta cella, o un ragazzo, o sia una putella t'arrise; tu non sei contento degli usci chiusi, e della cortina, e della serratura: ma vuoi avere un cabinetto più recondito. Se v' è qualche sospetto d'una menoma fessura, si copre: così pure i buchi che sono vergolati con un lascivo calamistro. Nessuno è d'un così delicato e sollecito pudore, sia chi pedica, o Cantaro, o chi immembra. *Graglia.*

XLVI. TO MÆVIUS.

Jam nisi per somnum non arrigis, et tibi, Mævi,
Incipit in medios meiere verpa pedes,
Truditur et digitis pannucea mentula lassis,
Nec levat extinctum sollicitata caput.
Quid miseros frustrà cunnos, culosque lacessis?
Summa petas: illîc mentula vivit anus

Di già non arrigi più che in sogno, ed il tuo pene, o Mevio, incommincia pisciarti fra i piedi e la languida mentola è provocata dalle stanche dita, ne sollecitata rizza l'estinto capo. A che inutilmente importuni i poveri c-ni, e c-li? Va in alto: colà una vecchia mentola vive. *Graglia.*

XLVII. ON LATTARA.

Why does Lattara avoid all the baths which are frequented by women? That he may not be exposed to temptation. Why does he neither promenade in the shade of Pompey's portico, nor seek the temple of the daughter of Inachus? That he may not be exposed to temptation. Why does he bathe in the cold Virgin water, and anoint himself with Spartan wrestler's oil? That he may not be exposed to temptation. Seeing that Lattara thus avoids all temptation of the female sex, what can be his meaning?

XLVIII. ON SILIUS ITALICUS.

Silius, who possesses the lands that once belonged to the eloquent Cicero, celebrates funeral obsequies at the tomb of the great Virgil. There is no one that either Virgil or Cicero would have preferred for his heir, or as guardian of his tomb and lands.

XLIX. ON THE SAME.

There remained but one man, and he a poor one,[1] to honour the nearly deserted ashes, and revered name, of Virgil. Silius determined to succour the cherished shade; Silius, a poet, not inferior[2] to Virgil himself, consecrated the glory of the bard.

To honour Maro's dust, and sacred shade,
One swain remained, deserted, poor, alone.
Till Silius came his pious toils to aid,
In homage to a name scarce greater than his own. *Amos.*

L. TO PHYLLIS.

Not an hour of the day, Phyllis, passes that you do not plunder me, such is the infatuation of my love for you, so great your cunning in the art of robbery. Sometimes

[1] It appears that there was a cenotaph in honour of Virgil, which some poor man was paid to keep up, and that Silius Italicus purchased the ground on which it stood. The site of it is uncertain.

[2] We read *non minor*, with the common editions, not *minus*, with Schneidewin.

your artful maid bewails the loss of your mirror, or a ring drops off your finger, or a precious stone from your ear. Sometimes contraband silk dresses are to be had cheap: sometimes a scent casket is brought to me empty. At one time I am asked for an amphora of old Falernian, to reward the chattering wise-woman who explains your dreams; at another, your rich friend has invited herself to sup with you, and I must buy you a great pike or a mullet of two pounds' weight. Have some sense of decency, I entreat you, and some respect for right and justice. I deny you nothing, Phyllis: deny me, Phyllis, nothing.

There's not an hour, my Phyllis, in the day,
But you contrive to make my fondness pay.
Your maid, an artful slut, now cries, "Alas!
What shall I do? I've broke my lady's glass!"
Then Phyllis comes herself, in tears, poor thing!
And tells me she has lost her favourite ring,
Or dropp'd perchance, a diamond from her locket:—
Then, a new piece of silk must pick my pocket.
Behold her next her essence-box produce,
Which wants some rich perfume, or eau-de-luce,
Now an old hag, pretending to divine,
And solve her dreams, must have some old tent-wine
I then for fish the market must explore,
Some demirep will dine with us at four.
But, prythee, Phyllis, pay some small regard
To justice, and my generous flame reward:
Since I *refuse* you nothing, how can you
Thus pick my pocket, and *refuse* me too?

Rev. R. Graves.

LI. ON TITIUS.

Tanta est quæ Titio columna pendet,
Quantum Lampsaciæ colunt puellæ.
Hic nullo comitante, nec molesto,
Thermis grandibus, et suis lavatur:
Angustè Titius tamen lavatur.

Si grande è la colonna che pende a Tizio, quanto quella che le zitelle Lampsiache venerano. Costui senza compagno ne molestato si lava nelle sue ampie terme: contutto ciò Tizio si lava angustamente. *Graglia.*

LII. INVITATION TO JULIUS CERIALIS.

You may have a good dinner, Julius Cerealis, with me; if you have no better engagement, come. You may keep your

own hour, the eighth;[1] we will go to the bath together; you know how near the baths of Stephanus are to my house. Lettuce will first be set before you, a plant useful as a laxative, and leeks cut into shreds; next tunny-fish, full grown, and larger than the slender eel, which will be garnished with egg and leaves of rue. Nor will there be wanting eggs lightly poached, and cheese hardened on a Velabrian hearth;[2] nor olives which have experienced the cold of a Picenian winter. These ought to be sufficient to whet the appetite. Do you want to know what is to follow? I will play the braggart, to tempt you to come: There will be Fish, oysters, sow's teats, well-fattened tame and wild-fowl; dainties which not even Stella,[3] except on rare occasions, is used to place before his guests. I promise you still more: I will recite no verses to you; while you shall be at liberty to read to me again your "War of the Giants," or your Georgics, second only to those of the immortal Virgil.

Trimly to sup, Julius, I thee invite:
If better be not offer'd, come to-night.
We'll bathe together; at six o'clock be here,
Nero's baths, to my house, you know, are near.
Melons and figs, for ante-past, I'll serve,
Other ragalios which are deem'd to have
The grateful properties health to preserve,
And quicken appetite. If you ask, what more?
I'll lie, to make you come. Oysters, wild boar,
Choice fatted fowl ta'en from the coop or pens;
Those nobler yet, that range the woods and fens:
Such as ev'n Stella rarely does afford,
Though altogether princely is his board.
I'll promise more, no verses I'll recite:
To hear yours read I'll dedicate the night,
Your giant's war, your art of tilling fields,
Which not in worth t' immortal Virgil's yields.

Anon. 1695.

LIII. ON CLAUDIA RUFINA.

Although born among the blue-eyed Britons, how fully has Claudia Rufina the intelligence of the Roman people! What beauty is hers! The matrons of Italy might take her for a Roman; those of Attica for an Athenian. The gods

[1] Two o'clock in the afternoon.
[2] On dried cheese; see B. xii. Ep. 32.
[3] The poet; see B. viii. Ep. 78

have kindly ordered that she proves fruitful to her revered husband, and that, while yet young, she may hope for sons-in-law and daughters-in-law! May heaven grant her ever to rejoice in one single husband, and to exult in being the mother of three children.

Though British skies first beam'd on Claudia's face,
Her beauty far outvies the Latin race:
E'en Grecian nymphs her form cannot excel,
Or Roman matrons play the queen so well.
Ye powers, how bless'd must her possessor be!
What progeny will climb the mother's knee!
Kind heaven, grant her constant love to share,
And may three boys reward her tender care.
Westminster Review, April, 1853.

LIV. TO ZOILUS.

Empty your pockets, rascally Zoilus, of those perfumes, and that lavender, and myrrh redolent of funerals, and half-burned frankincense, snatched from the midst of pyres, and cinnamon stolen from Stygian biers. It is from your feet, I suppose, that your hands have learned to be knavish. I do not wonder at a fellow being a thief, who was a runaway slave.[1]

LV. TO URBICUS, ON LUPUS, A KNAVISH FLATTERER.

When Lupus exhorts you, Urbicus, to become a father, do not believe that he means what he says; there is nothing that he desires less. It is part of the art of flattery to seem to wish what you do not wish. He earnestly desires that you may not do what he begs you to do. Were your Cosconia but to say that she is pregnant, Lupus would grow paler than a woman when her hour is come. But, that you may seem to have adopted the advice of your friend, die in such a way that he may imagine you have really become a father.

Ned prays, that heaven may you with issue bless:
Believe him not: nothing he wishes less.
To wish what he dislikes is fawning art:
And when he speaks, his tongue belies his heart.
Let but your lady feel a breeding throe,
Ned will look pale, as he were breeding too.
Yet with a friend's desire so far comply;
That he may think you did not childless die. *Hay.*

[1] See B. iii. Ep. 29.

LVI. TO CHÆREMON.

When you extol death in such extravagant terms, Stoic Chæremon, you wish me to admire and respect your spirit. Such magnanimity arises from your possession of only a pitcher with a broken handle, a cheerless hearth, warmed with no fire, a mat, plenty of fleas, a bare bedstead, and a short toga that serves you both night and day. How great a man you are, that can think of abandoning dregs of red vinegar, and straw, and black bread. But let your cushions swell with Leuconian wool, and soft purple covers adorn your couches; and let a favourite share your couch, who, when mixing the Cæcuban wine for your guests, tortures them with the ruddiest of lips, how earnestly then will you desire to live thrice as long as Nestor; and study to lose no part of a single day! In adversity it is easy to despise life; the truly brave man is he who can endure to be miserable.

That thou, Cheræmon, death dost oft desire
Thou would'st have us thy stoic mind admire.
This high resolve comes from an earelesse pot,
A chimney without fire to keep it hot,
A bedsted eat with wormes, rugs coarse and light,
One short bare gown to weare both day and night.
How brave a man art thou canst leave such geere
As straw, coarse bread, and lees of vinegar!
But if a woven purple coverled,
And fine french lawne adorn'd thy downy bed,
Hadst thou a girl, whose rosie lips would fire,
As wine she fills the lustfull guests desire:
Then thou to live thrice Nestor's years would'st pray,
And would'st not lose an houre of any day.
In poore estate 'tis easie scorning death;
Valiant is he dares draw a wretched breath. *May.*

LVII. TO SEVERUS.

Do you wonder, learned Severus, that I send you verses when I ask you to dine with me? Jupiter lives luxuriously on ambrosia and nectar; and yet we propitiate him with raw entrails and plain wine. Seeing that by the favour of heaven every blessing is yours, what can be offered you, if you are unwilling to receive what you already have?

LVIII. TO TELESPHORUS.

Cum me velle vides, tentumque, Telesphore, sentis;
Magna rogas: puto me velle negare nihil?

Et nisi juratus dixi, *dabo*, subtrahis illas,
Permittunt in me quæ tibi multa, nates.
Quid si me tonsor, cum stricta novacula supra est,
Tunc libertatem, divitiasque roget?
Promittam: nec enim rogat illo tempore tonsor,
Latro rogat: res est imperiosa timor.
Sed fuerit curva cum tuta novacula theca,
Frangam tonsori crura manusque simul.
At tibi nil faciam: sed lota mentula læva
Λειχάζαν cupidæ dicet avaritiæ.

O Telesforo, quando tu vedi ch' io voglio, e mi senti teso; dimandi cose eccessive: m'immagino io potertele negare? Tu, se io non ho con giuramento detto, darò, sottrai quelle natiche, che ti permettono molto contro di me. Che sarebbe se il mio barbiere, quando, impugnato il rasojo, sta sopra di me, mi dimandasse allora la libertà, e ricchezze? Prometterei: imperocchè, in detto tempo non dimanda come barbiere, ma dimanda come ladro; il timore è una cosa imperiosa. Ma quando il rasojo sarebbe sicuro nel curvo stucchio, romperei le gambe, ed anche le braccia al barbiere. A te però farò niente: ma la mentola, lavata la sinistra dirà, chiuderò la bocca dell' anziosa tua avarizia. *Graglia.*

When with desire you see me rack'd,
The beggar's part you always act;
And if I grant not on the spot
Whate'er you ask, you 'll kiss me not.
Suppose my barber, steel in hand,
Should liberty and wealth demand,
I yield of course, for he is then
No barber, but a highwayman.
But, when his razor 's in its case,
I 'd have him flogg'd till black in the face.
And you, though you may think it odd,
When I 've kissed you, shall kiss my rod. *W. S. B.*

LIX. ON CLEARINUS.

Clearinus wears six rings on each of his fingers, and never takes them off, even at night, or when he bathes. Do you ask the reason? He has no ring-case.[1]

Six rings on every finger Vainlove keeps:
In them he goes to stool; in them he sleeps.
If you are curious, and the cause would trace,
It is because he did not hire the case. *Hay.*

[1] He has his rings on hire.

LX. ON CHIONE AND PHLOGIS.

Sit Phlogis, an Chione veneri magis apta requiris.
Pulchrior est Chione; sed Phlogis ulcus habet?
Ulcus habet, Priami quod tendere possit alutam,
Quodque senem Pylium non sinat esse senem.
Ulcus habet, quod habere suam vult quisque puellam:
Quod sanare Criton, non quod Hygeia potest.
At Chione non sentit opus, nec vocibus illis
Adjuvat: absentem, marmoreamque putes.
Exorare, Dei, si vos tam magna liceret,
Et bona velletis tam pretiosa dare:
Hoc quod habet Chione corpus, faceretis haberet
Ut Phlogis; et Chione, quod Phlogis ulcus habet.

Dimandi tu se Flogide o Chione sia più atta a Venere? Chione è più bella; ma Flogide ha un' ulcera. Un ulcera, che potrebbe tendere il nervo a Priamo, e che non permetterebbe che il vecchio Pilio fosse vecchio. Ha un' ulcera, che ogn' uno vorebbe che la sua innamorata l'avesse: che Critone puo sanare, che Igeia non puo. Ma chione non sente stimolo, ne con veruna parola lo nudrisce: la crederesti astratta e di marmo. O Dei, se fosse permesso supplicarvi per cose sì grandi, e voleste darci beni tanto preziosi: fareste che Flogide avesse quel corpo che ha Chione: o Chione l'ulcera che ha Flogide. *Graglia.*

LXI. ON MANNEIUS.

Linguâ maritus, mœchus ore, Manneius,
Summœnianis inquinatior buccis:
Quem cum fenestra vidit a Suburana
Obscœna nudum lena, fornicem claudit.
Mediumque mavult basiare, quam summum:
Modo qui per omnes viscerum tubos ibat,
Et voce certa, consciaque dicebat,
Puer, an puella matris esset in ventre;
(Gaudete cunni, vestra namque res acta est)
Arrigere linguam non potest fututricem.
Nam, dum tumenti mersus hæret in vulva,
Et vagientes intus audit infantes,
Partem gulosam solvit indecens morbus,
Nec purus esse nunc potest, nec impurus.

Mannejo è marito colla lingua, adultero colla bocca, più sporco delle bocche Summeniane: il quale quando l'oscena meretrice lo vede dalla Suburana finestra chiude lo scamiciato lupanario. Ama

meglio bacciare al mezzo che all' alto: che poco fà entrava per tutti i tubi delle viscere, e con certa e consapevole asserzione diceva, se era un maschio o una femina nel ventre della madre; (Rallegratevi c-ni, attesochè le vostre facende sono rassettate) l'immembratrice lingua non può arrigere. Imperocchè, mentre sta immerso nella tumente vulva, e dentro sente i vagienti bambini, un' indecente morbo strugge la parte golosa: nè ora può esser puro, ne impuro.

Graglia.

LXII. ON LESBIA.

Lesbia protests that no one has ever obtained her favours without payment. That is true; when she wants a lover, she herself pays.

Lesbia ne'er gratis sports, she says:
'Tis true; for when she sports, she pays.

Old Version.

LXIII. TO PHILOMUSUS.

Spectas nos, Philomuse, cum lavamur,
Et quare mihi tam mutoniati
Sint leves pueri, subinde quæris.
Dicam simpliciter tibi roganti:
Pædicant, Philomuse, curiosos.

O Filomuso, tu ci osservi quando ci laviamo; ed indi dimandi perche io abbia dei teneri ragazzi tanto mentolati. Te lo dirò candidamente poiche 'l cerchi; o Filomuso, essi pedicano i curiosi.

Graglia.

LXIV. TO FAUSTUS.

I do not know, Faustus, what it is that you write to so many girls. But this I know, that no girl writes anything to you.

We know not why you for the fair
So many billet-doux prepare;
But this we know: A billet-doux
No fair one ever penn'd for you. *Anon.*

LXV. TO JUSTINUS.

Six hundred people are invited to dine with you, Justinus, to celebrate the day on which you first saw the light; and amongst these, I remember, I used once not to be the last; nor was my position attended with envy. But your intention now is to offer me the honours of your festive board to-morrow; to-day you have a birth-day for the hundreds, to-morrow you will have one for me.

Justin, upon thy solemn birth-day feast,
No fewer than six hundred were thy guest:
Among the which, times past, I had the grace
To hold, unenvy'd, no inferior place;
But now, to th' relics of the second day,
If so I like, to be thy guest I may.
Unto six hundred born, to-day, then be,
To-morrow first thou shalt be born to me. *Anon.*

LXVI. TO VACERRA.

You are an informer, a calumniator, a forger, a secret agent, a slave to the unclean, and a trainer of gladiators. I wonder, Vacerra, why you have no money.

Thou art a slanderer and delator,
False dealer, pimp, and fornicator:
Where such rare parts and trades are found,
I wonder much, thy purse does not abound. *Anon.*

You an informer are, and a back-biter;
A common sharper, and a hackney writer;
A whore-master, and master of defence;
Jack of all trades; strange! that you want the pence!
Hay.

LXVII. TO MARO.

You give me nothing while you are living; you say that you will give me something at your death. If you are not a fool, Maro, you know what I desire.

Maro, you'll give me nothing while you live,
But after death you cry then, then you'll give:
If thou art not indeed turn'd arrant ass,
Thou know'st what I desire to come to pass.
Fletcher.

Alive you give me nought, you say you will
At death: you know my wish, if you have skill. *May.*

You nothing give me now: when you expire
You promise all.—You know what I desire. *Hay.*

LXVIII. TO MATHO.

You ask but small favours of your great friends; yet your great friends refuse you even small favours. That you may feel less ashamed, Matho, ask great favours.

An ensign's post you ask; and that's denied:
Ask for a colonel's; less 'twill hurt your pride. *Hay.*

LXIX. EPITAPH ON A HOUND NAMED LYDIA.

Nurtured among the trainers of the amphitheatre, bred up for the chace, fierce in the forest, gentle in the house, I was called Lydia, a most faithful attendant upon my master Dexter, who would not have preferred to me the hound of Erigone, or the dog which followed Cephalus from the land of Crete, and was translated with him to the stars of the light-bringing goddess. I died, not of length of years, nor of useless old age, as was the fate of the hound of Ulysses; I was killed by the fiery tooth of a foaming boar, as huge as that of Calydon or that of Erymanthus. Nor do I complain, though thus prematurely hurried to the shades below; I could not have died a nobler death.

I trained was, by masters of the game,
I' the field no hound more fierce, i' the house more tame;
Lydia my name, my owner's right hand held,
Erigone's dog not me in faith excell'd,
Nor Lelaps yet, for whose great truth 'tis told,
By Jove among the stars he was enroll'd.
Like Argus a long life I did not spend
In sloth, by useless age brought to my end:
But the fierce tusks of an enragèd boar,
Like that of Calydon, my entrails tore.
Nor of my early death do I complain,
A nobler fate I could no way sustain. *Anon.*

LXX. TO TUCCA.

Can you, Tucca, sell these slaves whom you bought for a hundred thousand sesterces a-piece? Can you sell the weeping despots of your affections, Tucca? Do neither their caresses nor their words and untutored lamentations move you?[1] If a quantity of hard cash is your object, sell your plate, your tables, your myrrhine vases, your estate, your house. Sell your old slaves, sell too your hereditary lands; sell everything, wretched man, to avoid selling your young favourites. It was extravagance to buy them; who denies or doubts it?—but it is far greater extravagance to sell them.[2]

[1] Ah facinus! tunicâ patet inguen utrinque levatâ,
Inspiciturque tuâ mentula facta manu.

[2] Comp. B. ii. Ep. 63.

LXXI. ON LEDA.

Hystericam vetulo se dixerat esse marito,
Et queritur futui Leda necesse sibi:
Sed flens, atque gemens tanti negat esse salutem,
Seque refert potius proposuisse mori.
Vir rogat ut vivat, virides nec deserat annos,
Et fieri, quod jam non facit ipse, sinit.
Protinus accedunt medici, medicæque recedunt,
Tollunturque pedes: O medicina gravis!

Leda disse al suo vecchio marito che era isterica, e si lagnava aver necessità d'esser immembrata: ma piangendo, e gemendo non vuole che la sua salute gli costi tanto, e disse che s'era piutosto determinata a morire. Il marito la prega che viva, nè perda i giovenili suoi anni; e permette che si faccia ciò ch' esso più non puo. Incontanente i medici s'accostano, e le mediche s'allontanano, i piedi sono alzati in alto; oh la dispiacevol medicina! *Graglia.*

Læda complain'd to her old man that she
Was chok'd up in her womb, and cured must be,
But weeps and whines her health's not so much worth,
And rather choose to die than thus hold forth.
The poor man begs her live, her youth run on,
And what he could not suffers to be done.
Hence male physicians come, and female fly
A clyster then: O mighty remedy! *Fletcher.*

LXXII. ON NATA.

Drauci Natta sui vocat pipinnam,
Collatus cui Gallus est Priapus.

Nata chiama pipinna quella del suo dranco, alla quale Priapo confrontato è un Gallo. *Graglia.*

LXXIII. TO LYGDUS.

Venturum juras semper mihi, Lygde, roganti,
Constituisque horam, constituisque locum.
Cum frustra jacui longa prurigine tentus,
Succurrit pro te sæpe sinistra mihi.
Quid precer, o fallax, meritis, et moribus istis?
Umbellam luscæ, Lygde, feras dominæ.

O Ligdo, sempre prometti a me richiedente di venire, e fissi l'ora e 'l luogo. Quando teso da una lunga prurigine ho inutilmente giaciuto, sovvente in vece tua la destra mia suplisce. Che t'au-

gurerò, o traditore, per questi tuoi meriti e costumi? Che tu, o Ligdo, porti l'ombrella della lusca signora. *Graglia.*

LXXIV. ON BACCARA.

Curandum penem commisit Baccara graecus
Rivali medico; Baccara Gallus erit.

Baccara Greco confidè al medico suo rivale il pene acciò 'l curasse: Baccara diverrà Gallo. *Graglia*

LXXV. TO CÆLIA.

Theca tectus aënea lavatur
Tecum, Cælia, fervus. Ut quid, oro,
Non sit cum citharœdus, aut choraules?
Non vis, ut puto, mentulam videre.
Quare cum populo lavaris ergo?
Omnes an tibi nos sumus spadones?
Ergo, ne videaris invidere,
Servo, Cælia, fibulam remitte.

Il tuo servo, o Celia, si lava teco, coperto con uno stucchio di rame. A che questo, ti prego, non essendo nè chitaredo, o suonator di piffaro? Non vuoi, come penso, vedergli la mentola. Perchè dunque ti lavi tu col popolo? Ti siamo noi forse tutti spadoni? Dunque, affinchè tu non paja che t'invidiamo, togli via, o Celia, la fibula al servo. *Graglia.*

LXXVI. TO PACTUS.

You oblige me to pay you eighty pounds, Pactus, because Bucco has occasioned you the loss of sixteen hundred. Let me not, I pray you, suffer for faults not my own. It is rather for you, who can support the loss of sixteen hundred, to submit to that of eighty.

Ten pounds, I owe, you call for in a pet,
Because Tom broke two hundred in your debt.
Hard! I should bear the faults of other men;
You, who could lose two hundred, pray lose ten. *Hay.*

LXXVII. ON VACERRA.

Vacerra, while passing his hours in everybody's dining-room, and sitting there all day long, desires not to empty his belly, but to fill it.[1]

[1] Compescendæ alvi gratia sedere, et remanere, se fingebat: ut invitaretur cum cœna esset instructa.

LXXVIII. TO VICTOR.

Utere fœmineis complexibus, utere Victor,
Ignotumque sibi mentula discat opus.
Flammea texuntur sponsæ, jam virgo parata est:
Tondebit pueros jam nova nupta tuos.
Pædicare semel cupido dabit illa marito,
Dum metuit teli vulnera prima novi.
Sæpius hoc fieri nutrix, materque vetabunt,
Et dicent, *uxor, non puer, ista tibi est.*
Heu quantos æstus, quantos patiere labores,
Si fuerit cunnus res peregrina tibi!
Ergo Suburanæ tironem trade magistræ.
Illa virum faciet: non bene virgo docet.

Fa uso, o Vittore, fa uso dei feminei amplessi, e la mentola impari l'opra ad essa ignota. Le spose sono coperte con veli, di già la vergine è preparata: subbito la nuova maritata toserà i tuoi ragazzi. Essa darà una volta da pedicare all' avido marito, mentre teme le prime ferite del nuovo strale. La nutrice e la madre vieteranno che ciò si facia troppo sovvente, e diranno questa ti è moglie, non ragazzo. Oh quanti furori e quanti stenti se il c-no sarà a te cosa nuova! Dunque consegnati qual novizo ad una Suburana maestra. Quella ti farà esperto: una vergine insegna ciò malamente.

Graglia.

LXXIX. TO PAETUS, ON THE SLOWNESS OF HIS MULES.

For arriving only at the first milestone after nine hours' travelling, I am charged with idleness and inactivity. The fault is not mine, I assure you, but your own, in sending me such mules, Paetus.

From Kew to town four hours I spent: you rail,
As if I travell'd slower than a snail.
The road was good: not I, but you, to blame,
Who sent the equipage in which I came. *Hay.*

LXXX. TO FLACCUS, AT BAIÆ.

Though, Flaccus, I were to praise Baiæ, golden shore of the blessed Venus, Baiæ, kind gift of Nature who is proud of it, in a thousand verses, yet would not Baiæ be praised as it deserves. But, Flaccus, I prefer Martial[1] to Baiæ.

[1] That is, himself. He had rather mind his own business at home, than join Flaccus at Baiæ, to be enervated by its luxury.

To wish for both at once would be presumptuous. But if, by the kindness of the gods, that blessing were granted you, what happiness would it be to enjoy Martial's powers and the climate of Baiæ at the same time!

LXXXI. ON AN OLD MAN AND AN EUNUCH.

Cum sene communem vexat spado Dindymus Æglen,
Et jacet in medio sicca puella toro:
Viribus hic operi non est, hic inutilis annis.
Ergo sine effectu prurit uterque labor.
Supplex illa rogat pro se, miserisque duobus,
Hunc juvenem facias, hunc, Cytherea, virum.

L'eunuco Dindimo vessa Egle in comune con un vecchio, e la giovane giace assiuta in mezzo al letto: quello non ha vigore all' opra, questo inutile per gli anni. Di modo che gli sforzi dell' uno e dell' altro incitano senza effetto. Essa supplichevole prega per se, e per i due sfortunati, che Citerea renda questo giovane, e quello uomo. *Graglia.*

LXXXII. ON PHILOSTRATUS.

Philostratus, returning to his lodging late at night, from a feast at Sinuessa, famed for its waters, very nearly lost his life, imitating Elpenor[1] in his cruel fate, by rolling headlong down the whole length of a flight of stairs. He would not, ye nymphs of Sinuessa, have incurred so great a danger, had he in preference drunk of your waters.[2]

At Bristol, Tom from the mayor's feast was led:
And home return'd, was going up to bed:
From the stair-head he like Elpenor fell;
And, like Elpenor, almost dropp'd to hell.
My sober friend! reflect upon this matter!
How safe are you who drink but Bristol water! *Hay.*

LXXXIII. TO SOSIBIANUS.

Nobody lodges in your house gratis, unless he be rich and childless. No one, Sosibianus, lets lodgings to more profit.

Gratis your house old bachelors frequent:
Yet none can let a house at higher rent. *Hay.*

[1] Who was killed by falling from the roof of Circe's cave. Odyss. B. x. 550.

[2] Which were said to have such a sobering effect, that they cured even madness. Plin. H. N. xxxi. 2.

LXXXIV. ON ANTIOCHUS, AN UNSKILFUL BARBER.

Let him who does not wish yet to descend to the waters of Styx, avoid, if he be wise, the barber Antiochus. The knives with which, when the maddened troop of Cybele's priests rage to the sound of Phrygian measures, their white arms are lacerated, are less cruel than the razor of Antiochus. More gently does Alcon cut a strangulated hernia, and hew broken bones with his rude hand. Antiochus should deal with needy Cynics, and the beards of Stoics, and denude the necks of horses of their dusty manes. If he were to shave Prometheus under the Scythian rock, the Titan would again, with bared breast, demand his executioner the vulture. Pentheus would flee to his mother, Orpheus to the priestesses of Bacchus, were they to hear but a sound from the barbarous weapon of Antiochus. All these scars, that you count upon my chin, like those that sit upon the brow of an aged boxer, were not produced by the nails of an enraged wife, but by the steel and cursed hand of Antiochus. Of all animals the goat alone has any sense; he wears his beard, that he may not risk himself under the hands of Antiochus.

You, who wish not to die before your hour,
Trust not your face to barber Scrapeill's power.
A soldier's skin is less severely rent,
Who runs the gantlope through his regiment.
Hawkins by far cuts easier for the stone;
And any surgeon sets a broken bone.
A barber, fit for beggars in a lane;
To dock a horse's tail, or cut his mane.
A felon, martyr'd by such hands as these,
Would call upon the hangman's hand for ease.
Debtors for refuge would to bailiffs fly,
And tars to press-gangs, when his razor 's nigh.
Look on these scars! how movingly they speak!
And seem as I were burnt in either cheek!
Not of an angry wife they records stand;
But Scrapeill's razor, and his bungling hand.
A goat is wisest of the brutish herd;
Who, to avoid a Scrapeill, wears his beard. *Hay.*

LXXXV. TO ZOILUS.

Sidere percussa est subito tibi, Zoile, lingua,
Dum lingis certe, Zoile, nunc futues.

Improvisamente, o Zoilo, t' è da un contagio percossa la lingua, mentre lingi il c-so, o Zoilo, ora immembrerai. *Graglia.*

LXXXVI. TO PARTHENOPÆUS.

To relieve your throat, Parthenopæus, which is incessantly inflamed by a severe cough, your doctor prescribes honey, and nuts, and sweet cakes, and everything that is given to children to prevent them from being unruly. But you do not give over coughing all day long. A cough is not your malady, Parthenopæus; it is gluttony.

Your cough the doctor and your sharp Rhumis rage
Which your chopps dayly vexes to asswadge,
Prescribes you honey, pine-nutts, and sweete pastes,
And what e'er pleases children's liquorish tastes.
To cough all day for this you do not cease:
No cough, but gluttony, is your disease.
Old MS. 16th Cent.

That thy doctor may assuage
Thy jaws, whose cough doth seem to rage
Daily, Parthenopæus, he
Commands that they shall give to thee
Life-honny, kernels, and sweet cakes,
That every boy unbidden takes.
But day by day thy cough grows more on thee;
This is no cough; I fear 'tis gluttony. *Fletcher.*

LXXXVII. TO CHARIDEMUS.

Dives eras quondam: sed tunc pædico fuisti,
Et tibi nulla diu fœmina nota fuit.
Nunc sectaris anus. O quantum cogit egestas!
Illa fututorem te, Charideme, facit.

Altre volte eri ricco: ma allora eri un pedicone, e per lungo tempo veruna donna fu da te conosciuta. Ora insegui le vecchie. Oh quanto la miseria costringe! essa, o Caridemo, ti fa immembratore. *Graglia.*

LXXXVIII. ON CHARISIANUS.

Multis jam, Lupe, posse se diebus
Pædicare negat Charisianus
Caussam cum modo quærerent sodales:
Ventrem dixit habere se solutum.

O Lupo, Carisiano dice di non poter pedicare già da molti giorni. Dimandandogliene poco fà i compagni la cagione, disse che aveva la diarrea. *Graglia.*

LXXXIX. TO POLLA.

Why do you send me, Polla, wreaths of roses that are quite fresh? I would rather have roses that you have handled.

Fresh virgin chaplets why send you to me?
Roses roll'd in your hand would sweeter bee.
Old MS. 16th Cent.

XC. TO CHRESTILLUS, AN ABSURD ADMIRER OF THE OLD POETS.

You approve of no verses that run with a smooth cadence, but of those only that vault as it were over hills and crags; and a line such as this, *Luceilei columella heic situ' Metrophan' est*, "Lucilius's right hand, Metrophanes, lies here," is of more value in your eyes than a poem of Homer; and you read with ecstasy such words as *terrai frugiferai*, "the fruit-producing earth," as well as all that Attius and Pacuvius have sputtered forth. Do you wish me to imitate these old poets, Chrestillus, whom you so much admire? Confound me, if I think you know what vigour is.[1]

XCI. EPITAPH OF CANACE.

Canace, one of the daughters of Æolis, lies buried in this tomb, a little child whose seventh winter was her last. "O shame! O dire fate!" why are you in haste, traveller, to weep? We do not here complain of the shortness of life; sadder than death itself was the manner of it; a horrid disease destroyed her face, and seized upon her delicate mouth. The cruel foe devoured her very lips, nor was her body consigned entire to the funeral pile. If the fates intended to fall on her with such headlong violence, they should have come in some other form. But death hastened to close the passage of her sweet voice, lest her tongue should dissuade the stern goddesses from their purpose.

Within this tombe faire Canace is plac't,
To whom her seventh winter was her last.
O dire mischance! Reader, why weepest thou there?
'Tis not her short life that demands thy teare.
Deaths manner's worse than death; the dire disease
Beset her face, her tender mouth did seize.

[1] *Dispeream, ni scis mentula quid sapiat.*

The monster sickenesse striv'd a kisse to have.
Her faire lips went not wholly to the grave.
If fates so soone had meant to stop her breath,
They should have come some other way. But death
Made haste her tongues sweet musicke to prevent,
Lest that should make the flintie fates relent. *May.*

XCII. TO ZOILUS.

He speaks erroneously, Zoilus, who calls you vicious You are not vicious, Zoilus, but vice itself.

Zoilus he lied that call'd thee vicious elf,
Thou art not vicious, but art vice itself. *Fletcher.*

Who calls you vicious, lies. You, Zoilus, are
Not vicious, but pure vice itself, I swear. *Wright.*

He says not right, who says that you are evil:
You an ill man!—you are a very devil. *Hay.*

XCIII. ON THEODORUS, A BAD POET.

The flames have destroyed the Pierian dwelling of the bard Theodorus. Is this agreeable to you, ye muses, and thou, Phœbus? Oh shame, oh great wrong and scandal of the gods, that house and householder were not burned together!

Flames Theodore's Pierian roofs did seize.
Can this Apollo, this the Muses, please?
O oversight of gods! O dire disaster!
To burn the harmless house, and spare the master.
Anon.

Poor poet Dogrel's house consumed by fire!
Is the Muse pleased? or father of the lyre?
O cruel fate! what injury you do
To burn the house! and not the master too! *Hay.*

XCIV. ON A JEW, A RIVAL POET.

As for the fact that you are exceedingly envious and everywhere carping at my writings, I pardon you, circumcised poet; you have your reasons. Nor am I at all concerned that, while carping at my verses, you steal them; for this too, circumcised poet, you have your reasons. This however, circumcised poet, annoys me, that, though you were born in the heart of Jerusalem, you attempt to seduce the object of my affections You deny that such is the case, and swear by

the temples of Jupiter. I do not believe you; swear, circumcised poet, by Anchialus.[1]

XCV. TO FLACCUS.

Incideris quoties in basia fellatorum,
In solio puto te mergere, Flacce, caput.

Ogni volta che t' imbatti nei bacci dei fellatori, io m' immagino, Flacco, che immergi il capo in un tino. *Graglia.*

XCVI. TO A GERMAN, PREVENTING A ROMAN YOUTH FROM DRINKING OF THE MARTIAN WATER, WHILE HE DRUNK IT HIMSELF.

It is the Martian fountain,[2] and not the Rhine, that rises here, German. Why do you stand in the boy's way, and keep him back from the water of the rich well? Barbarian, a fountain belonging to the conquerors should not allay the thirst of a captive slave, to the exclusion of a citizen.

XCVII. TO TELESILLA.

Una nocte quater possum: sed quatuor annis
Si possum, peream, te Thelesilla semel.

Il posso quatro volte in una notte: ma possa io morire se in quatr' anni il posso teco una volta, o Telefilla. *Graglia.*

XCVIII. TO FLACCUS.

It is impossible, Flaccus, to avoid the kissers. They press upon you, they delay you, they pursue you, they run against you, on all sides, from every direction, and in every place. No malignant ulcer will protect you from them, no inflamed pimples, or diseased chin, or ugly tetter, or lips smeared with oily cerate, or drop at the cold nose. They kiss you when you are hot and when you are cold; they kiss you when you are reserving your kiss for your wife. To envelope your head in a hood will not avail you; nor to secure your litter with skins and curtains, nor will a chair closed again and again be any defence to you; the kisser

[1] Supposed to be a corruption of the Hebrew, חי יהוה "as the Lord liveth," the Romans supposing that the Jews, when they pronounced those words, uttered the name of some deity, which they wrote Anchialus.

[2] See B. vi. Ep. 42.

will find an entrance through every chink. Not the consulship itself, nor the tribunate, nor the six fasces,[1] nor the proud rod of the noisy l'ctor, will drive off the kisser. Though you be sitting on the lofty tribunal, and laying down the law to nations from the curule chair, the kisser will climb up to either place; he will kiss you in a fever or in tears; he will kiss you while you are yawning and swimming; he will kiss you when you are at stool. The sole remedy for the evil is, to make him, whom you would not wish to kiss, your friend.

There are no means the kissing tribe to shun,
They meet you, stop you, after you they run,
Press you before, behind, to each side cleave,
No place, no time, no men, exempted leave;
A dropping nose, salved lips, can none reprieve,
Gangrenes, foul running sores, no one relieve;
They kiss you in a sweat, or starv'd with cold,
Lovers their mistress' kisses cannot hold;
A chair is no defence, with curtains guarded,
With door and windows shut, and closely warded,
The kissers, through a chink will find a way,
Presume the tribune, consul's self, to stay;
Nor can the awful rods, or Lictor's mace,
His stounding voice away these kissers chace,
But they 'll ascend the Rostra, curule chair,
The judges kiss, while they give sentence there.
Those laugh they kiss, and those that sigh and weep;
'Tis all the same whether you laugh or weep;
Those who do bathe, or recreate in pool,
Who are withdrawn to ease themselves at stool.
Against this plague I know no fence, but this:
Make him thy friend whom thou abhorr'st to kiss. *Anon.*

XCIX. TO LESBIA.

De cathedra quoties surgis, jam sæpe notavi,
Pædicant miseram, Lesbia, te tunicæ.
Quas cum conata es dextra, conata sinistra
Vellere, cum lacrymis eximis, et gemitu.
Sic constringuntur gemina symplegade culi,
Et Minyas intrant, Cyaneasque nates.
Emendare cupis vitium deforme? docebo;
Lesbia, nec surgas censeo, nec sedeas.

[1] Carried before the prætor.

Ogni volta che ti alzi da sedere, come più volte notai, le tuniche, o Lesbia, te sciagurata pedicano: che tu or colla destra, or colla sinistra ti sei sforzata svellere con gran lagrime e lamenti. Così sono esse rinserrate dalle gemini simplegadi del tuo culo, ed entrano fra le natiche Minie e Cianee. Vuoi tu emendare il deforme vizio? te l'insegnerò; son di sentimento che tu, o Lesbia, ne stii in piedi, ne siedi. *Graglia.*

C. TO FLACCUS.

I have no fancy, Flaccus, for a mistress extraordinarily thin, who can make my rings serve her for bracelets; who scrapes me with her hips and pricks me with her knees; whose loins are rough as a saw, or sharp as a lance. Yet I have no taste for a mistress weighing a thousand pounds; I am a lover of flesh, but not of fat.

My mistress I'd not have so thin,
A ring her armes might compass in;
Whose haunch or knee my sides might weare,
Her back a saw, her rump a speare;
Yet her a cart-loade I'd not have;
'Tis solid flesh, not fatt, I crave. *Old MS. 16th Cent.*

CI. TO FLACCUS.

And have you been able, Flaccus, to see the slender Thais? Then, Flaccus, I suspect you can see what is invisible.

CII. TO LYDIA.

He told no untruth, Lydia, who informed me that you have a handsome face, but devoid of expression. It is so; your face would always look handsome, if you would but be silent, and st as mute as a waxen image, or a picture. But whenever you speak, Lydia, all your beauty flies, and no tongue does more damage to its owner than yours. Have a care lest the ædile see and hear you; it is portentous when a statue speaks.

He lied not, Lydia, who pronounced thee fair,
For flesh and blood none may with thee compare.
This is most true while thou dost silent stand,
Like some rare piece of a great master's hand.
But when thou speak'st, e'en such thy beauty's gone,
And their own tongue none ever so did wrong.
Let not the Ædile hear thee silence break:
It is a portent if an image speak. *Anon.* 1695.

CIII. TO SOPHRONIUS.

So great is the modesty of your mind and countenance, Sophronius, that I wonder you should ever have become a father.

Thou art so tame and simple, on my life,
I wonder how thou e'er could'st court a wife. *Anon.*

CIV. TO HIS WIFE.

Uxor vade soras, aut moribus utere nostris:
Non ego sum Curius, non Numa, non Tatius.
Me jucunda juvant tractæ per pocula noctes:
Tu properas pota surgere tristis aqua.
Tu tenebris gandes: me ludere teste lucerna,
Et juvat admissa rumpere luce latus.
Fascia te, tunicæque tegunt, obscuraque palla:
At mihi nuda satis nulla puella patet.
Basia me capiunt blandas imitata columbas:
Tu mihi das, aviæ qualia mane soles.
Nec motu dignaris opus, nec voce juvare,
Nec digitis: tanquam thura, merumque pares.
Masturbabantur Phrygii post ostia servi,
Hectoreo quoties sederat uxor equo.
Et quamvis Ithaco stertente, pudica solebat
Illic Penelope semper habere manum.
Pædicare negas: dabat hoc Cornelia Graccho,
Julia Pompeio, Portia, Brute, tibi.
Dulcia Dardanio nondum miscente ministro
Pocula, Juno fuit pro Ganymede Jovi.
Si te delectat gravitas, Lucretia toto
Sis licet usque die: Laida nocte volo.

Moglie mia va fuori, o pratica i nostri costumi: io non sono nè Curio, nè Numa, nè Tazio. A me piacciono le notti scorse fra i giocondi bicchieri: tu, bevuta dell acqua, t'affretti partire seriosa. Tu ti piaci nelle tenebre: a me scherzare che la lucerna mi veda, e mi piace, approssimato il chiaro, immembrare a più non posso. Una fascia e delle tuniche ti coprono, ed un' oscuro manto: ed a me nessuna zitella pare abbastanza ignuda: I baci simili a quelli delle lascive colombe m'alacciano: tu me li dai quali dar suoli all'avola sul mattino; ne ti degni dar piacere col moto, ne con parole, ne colle mani: e ti prepari come ad offrir incenzi e libazioni. I Frigii servi masturbavano dietro le porte, ogni volta che la moglie sedeva

su l'Etoreo cavallo. E Itaco quantunque russante, la pudica Penelope suoleva aver sempre colà la mano. Tu ricusi pedicare. Cornelia accordava ciò a Gracco, Giulia a Pompeo, e Porzia a te, Bruto. Il Dardanio ministro quando non versava i dolci bicchieri, Giunone era a Giove in vece di Ganimede. Se la gravità ti diletta, siati lecito esser Lucrezia tutto quanto 'l giorno: di notte ti voglio ana Laide. *Graglia.*

Prythee die and set me free,
Or else be
Kind and brisk, and gay like me;
I pretend not to the wise ones,
To the grave, to the grave,
Or the precise ones.

'Tis not cheeks, nor lips, nor eyes,
That I prize,
Quick conceits, or sharp replies,
If wise thou wilt appear and knowing,
Repartie, repartie
To what I'm doing. *Sir John Denham.*

CV. TO GARRICUS.

You used to send me a pound; now, Garricus, you send me only a quarter; at least, Garricus, let it be half a pound.[1]

CVI. TO VIBIUS MAXIMUS.

Vibius Maximus, if you can spare time, read this trifle; for you have little to do, and are not over laborious. What, do you pass over even these four lines? Well! you are right.

Vibius, hast an hour to spare?
On these lines bestow thy care,
But labour is not thy delight,
Thou'lt pass e'en these four lines? Thou 'rt right.
Anon.

CVII. TO SEPTICIANUS.

You send me back my book, Septicianus, as if it had been unrolled down to its very end, and read through. You have read everything; I believe it, I know it; in truth I am delighted. In the same manner I have read through your five books.

[1] An intimation that Garricus should have diminished his presents by degrees; compare B. viii. Ep. 71.

The leaves all foil'd, some turn'd, the corners worn,
Show you've perused my work, which you return.
I'm glad you've read it all; I see 'tis true;
So I have read five volumes writ by you. *Hay.*

CVIII. TO THE READER.

Although, reader, you may well be tired of so long a book, you still want a few more distichs from me. But Lupus[1] demands his interest; and my copyists their wages. Pay,[2] reader. You are silent; do you pretend not to hear? Then, good bye.

With my long book thou well may'st glutted be,
Yet thou more epigrams exact'st of me:
But Lupus calls for use, servants for pay,
Discharge them, reader. Now thou'st nought to say,
Dissembler, as my words thou could'st not spell.
No riddle thou'rt to me, reader, farewell. *Anon.* 1695.

BOOK XII.

MARTIAL TO HIS FRIEND PRISCUS.

I KNOW that I owe some apology for my obstinate three years' indolence; though, indeed, it could by no apology have been excused, even amid the engagements of the city, engagements in which we more easily succeed in making ourselves appear troublesome than serviceable to our friends, and much less is it defensible in this country solitude, where, unless a person studies even to excess, his retreat is at once without consolation and without excuse. Listen then to my reasons; among which the first and principal is this, that I miss the audience to which I had grown accustomed at Rome, and seem like an advocate pleading in a strange court; for if

[1] A usurer, of whom Martial intimates that he had borrowed money.
[2] *Solve.* Schneidewin reads *salve*, without regard to quantity. We think it necessary to follow the common reading.

there be anything pleasing in my books it is due to my auditors. That penetration of judgment, that fertility of invention, the libraries, the theatres, the social meetings, in which pleasure does not perceive that it is studying; everything, in a word, which we left behind us in satiety, we regret as though utterly deserted. Add to this the backbiting of the provincials, envy usurping the place of criticism, and one or two ill-disposed persons, who, in a small society, are a host; circumstances under which it is difficult to be always in the best of humours. Do not wonder then that I have abandoned in disgust occupations in which I used to employ myself with delight. Not to meet you, however, with a refusal on your arrival from town, and when you ask me for what I have done (you, towards whom I should not show a proper feeling of gratitude, if I did not exert myself for you to the utmost of my power), I have forced myself to do that which I was once in the habit of doing with pleasure, and have set apart a few days for study, in order to regale your friendly ears with the repast suited to them after their journey. Be pleased to weigh considerately the offering, which is intrusted without apprehension to you, and do not think it too much labour to examine it; and, what you may find most difficult, judge of my trifles without scrupulous regard to elegance, lest, if you are too exacting, I send you to Rome a book not merely written in Spain, but in Spanish. ?

I. TO PRISCUS.

While nets lie unemployed, and Melossian hounds are silent, and while the woods no longer reëcho to shouts in pursuit of the boar, you will be able, Priscus, to accord a portion of your leisure to a short book. The hour so bestowed will not be so long as that of a summer's day, and you will not find it entirely wasted.

II. TO HIS BOOK.

You, my verses, who but a short time since were taking

your way to the shores of Pyrge,[1] take your way along the *Via Sacra:* it is no longer dusty.[2]

III. TO HIS BOOK.

You, my book, who used lately to be sent from Rome to foreign lands, will now go as a foreigner to Rome; setting out from among the people of the gold-producing Tagus, and from the rude Salo,[3] a potent land that gave birth to my forefathers. But you will not be a foreigner, nor can you be justly called a stranger, now that the lofty city of Remus contains so many of your brethren. Seek, as of right, the venerable threshold of the new temple,[4] where their sacred abodes have been restored[5] to the Pierian choir. Or, if you prefer, enter by the Subura first; there are the lofty halls of my friend the consul. The eloquent Stella inhabits the laurel-crowned mansion; Stella, the illustrious quaffer of the spring dedicated to Ianthe.[6] There is a Castalian spring, proud of its glassy waters, which they say the nine sisters have oft-times sipped. He will circulate you amongst the people, and the senators, and the knights, and will read you himself with eyes not altogether dry.[7] Why do you ask for a title-page? Let but two or three verses be read, and all will exclaim, Book, you are mine.

IV. TO PRISCUS.

What Mæcenas, the knight sprung of royal lineage, was to Horace and to the sublime Virgil, many-tongued Fame, and a long-lived work, shall proclaim to people and nations that you, Priscus Torentius, have been to me. You give me my facility, and whatever power I am thought to have; you give me the means of enjoying a not ignoble indolence.

[1] A maritime town of Apulia. Martial used to send his writings from Rome into the country; he was now sending them from the country to Rome. See next epigram.

[2] It being the winter season.

[3] A river near Bilbilis in Spain, Martial's birth-place, whence he was writing. See B. i. Ep. 50.

[4] That of Apollo and the Muses, built by Augustus. [5] By Nerva.

[6] Stella's mistress. See B. vi. Ep. 21.

[7] Through concern at my absence.

What unto Flaccus, and to Maro thee
Mecenas was of royal pedigree·
Most noble Priscus, that thou art to me.
Which loudest fame, and my long-living verse,
Unto all times and nations shall rehearse.
For the name I have, and wit, I owe thee both,
Whose bounty does maintain my learned sloth. *Anon.*

V. TO NERVA, ON THE ABBREVIATION OF HIS BOOKS.

My tenth and eleventh books were too much extended; the present is in smaller compass. Let the larger books be read by those who have leisure, and to whom you have granted undisturbed tranquillity of existence: do thou, Cæsar, read this shorter one; perhaps thou wilt also read the others.

VI. EULOGY ON NERVA.

The palace of Rome has the honour of receiving Nerva, the mildest of princes; we may now enjoy Helicon to the full. Perfect equity, humane clemency, discreet power, now return; long-continued alarms have disappeared. For thee, O affectionate Rome, thy people, and the nations subject to thy empire, utter this prayer: May such a ruler be ever thine, and may this one especially long reign over thee! Blessings be upon thy spirit, which is such as few have, and upon thy character, which is such as Numa, or a cheerful Cato,[1] might have owned. Now thou mayst, and it is right that thou shouldst, make presents, display thy beneficence, enlarge the slender incomes of the poor, and grant blessings such as the indulgent gods could scarcely exceed. For even under a severe prince and in bad times, thou hadst the courage to be good.

Nerva, the gentlest prince, now rules our court;
We freely may to Helicon resort.
Just faith, and cheerfull mildness, now dwell here,
And well-weigh'd power, which banishes all feare.
Rome's provinces and people pray that hee
Long may their chief, and long their chiefs such bee.
Goe on, rare prince, whose manners Numa grave,
Or Cato (were he less severe) might have.

[1] As just as Cato the censor, but not so severe.

To bee just, bountyfull, enrich the poore,
And give so frankly, heav'n could give no more,
Is lawfull, now you reign; who boldly durst
Bee good when times were bad, and the prince curst.
Old MS. 16th Cent.

VII. ON LIGEIA.

If Ligeia's years are equal in number to the hairs of her head, she is only three years old.

If by thy hairs thy age be to be told,
Ligeia, by thy crown thou'rt three years old. *Fletcher.*

Her years, if number'd by her hairs, I ween,
That lady elderly is scarce nineteen. *Hay.*

VIII. TO ROME, IN PRAISE OF TRAJAN.

Rome, goddess of the earth and its people, to whom there is nothing equal, nothing second, when she was recently computing with joy the long series of years destined for the life of Trajan, and saw in our great leader so much bravery, youth, and martial ardour, Rome, I say, glorying in such a ruler, exclaimed: "Ye princes of the Parthians, ye leaders of the Scythians, ye Thracians, Sarmatians, Getæ, and Britons, approach, I can show you a Cæsar."

Queen of the nations, Rome, that has no peer
(Whom none does equal, none approaches near),
Lately with joy computing Trajan's years,
The ages she should pass, and know no fears;
As she so famed a captain did behold,
And yet a soldier stout, young, martial, bold,
Proud of her prince, thus vauntingly she spoke:
Parthians, Britains, submit unto my yoke;
Thracians, Scythians, I've a Cæsar now,
Come pay your tribute, to my eagles bow. *Anon.* 1695.

IX. TO TRAJAN, ON SPAIN BEING TRANQUILLISED.

Palma,[1] most benign Cæsar, rules my Iberian countrymen, and under his mild rule the provinces flourish in peace. Joyfully therefore do we offer you our thanks for so great a boon; you have sent your own character into our parts.

Now, gracious Cæsar, Palma rules our Spain,
Peace, long a stranger, has restored again:

[1] Aulus Cornelius Palma, a prefect much beloved by Trajan.

We thanks return thee for so great a grace,
That thine own virtues thou 'mongst us dost place.
Anon. 1695.

X. ON AFRICANUS.

Africanus possesses a hundred thousand sesterces, and yet covets more. Fortune gives too much to many, enough to none.

African has a thousand pounds in store,
Yet he desires, and hunts, and rakes for more:
Fortune hath overmuch bestow'd on some;
But plenary content doth give to none. *Fletcher.*

Fortune, some say, doth give too much to many;
And yet she never gave enough to any.
Sir John Harrington.

He fawns for more, though he his thousands touch:
Fortune gives none enough, but some too much. *Hay.*

XI. TO HIS MUSE.

Muse, salute Parthenius, your good friend and mine; for who drinks more largely from the Aonian fountain? Whose lyre comes forth more ennobled from the cave of the muses? Whom among all his Pierian followers does Phœbus love more? And if by chance (but for this we must scarcely hope) he shall have a moment to spare, beg him to present with his own hands our verses to the emperor; and to recommend this little book, so humble and so small, with merely four words: "This your Rome reads."

All health to my and thy Parthenius bring,
My muse; for who in the Aonian spring
E'er deeper drank? From the Pimplean cave,
Whose harp a sweeter, nobler sound e'er gave?
Who of the inspired and immortal choir,
Does Phœbus' self more love or more admire?
Request when he the prince does vacant know
(Which hardly can be hoped), my book to show,
With these few words my humble verse to speed:
This man, dread Cæsar, all thy Rome does read. *Anon.*

XII. TO POLLIO.

You promise everything after you have been drinking all night, next morning you perform nothing. Drink, Pollio, in the morning.

While in loose cups thou top'st the night away,
Then thou wilt promise anything to do,
But nothing wilt perform on the next day:
Pray, Posthumus, drink in the morning too. *Fletcher.*

In midnight cups you grant all we propose:
Next morn neglect: pray, take a morning dose. *Hay.*

You're full of promises, my friend,
When you are drunk all night,
And say that everything shall end
To all my wishes quite:
But in the morn you nothing do,
And therefore be advised,
Be drunk both night and morning too:
Your word will then be prized.
Rev. Mr. Scott, 1773.

Imitation.

Thraso picks quarrels when he's drunk at night;
When sober in the morning dares not fight:
Thraso, to shun those ills that may ensue,
Drink not at night, or drink at morning too. *Walsh.*

XIII. TO AUCTUS.

The rich, Auctus, make a species of gain out of anger. It is cheaper to get into a passion than to give.[1]

Anger's a kind of gain that rich men know:
It costs them less to hate than to bestow. *Fletcher.*

Rich men, my friend, by anger know to thrive.
'Tis cheaper much to quarrel than to give. *Hay.*

Ask you, last night, why Gripus ill behaved?
A well-timed quarrel is a dinner saved. *N. B. Halhed.*

XIV. TO PRISCUS, ON THE DANGERS OF HARE HUNTING.

Use more sparingly, I advise you, the galloping hunter, Priscus, and ride not so furiously after the hare. The sportsman has often made atonement to the prey, and fallen, never to rise again, from the spirited horse. The very plain, too, has its dangers; even though there be no ditch, no mound, no rocky places, yet the level ground is apt to deceive. There will not be wanting some rider to exhibit to you a spectacle such as this; but his fall would excite less

[1] Comp. B. iii. Ep. 37.

repining at Fate than yours. If the excitement of danger attract you, let us spread toils for the wild boars of Tuscany; courage in that pursuit is safer. Why do such break-neck steeds delight you? They much oftener succeed in killing the rider than the hare.

Dear squire, take my advice; your hunter spare:
Nor with such violence pursue a hare.
The sportsman often does the prey become;
And from his horse receive his final doom.
No ground is safe: if ditch nor bar remain,
Nor pit, your horse may stumble on a plain;
There are enough, at distance to divert,
And break their neck, who have not your desert.
If manly exercise such pleasure yields,
Safer and nobler seek in Belgic fields.
Why ride at all, and madly fate defy?
Roper at last before the fox did die. *Hay.*

XV. A COMPLIMENT TO TRAJAN, ON HIS MUNIFICENCE TO THE TEMPLE OF JUPITER.

Everything that glittered in the Parrhasian[1] palace has been given to our gods and to the eyes of all. Jupiter wonders at the Scythian radiance of the emeralds[2] set in gold, and is amazed at the objects of imperial magnificence,[3] and at luxuries so oppressive to the nation. Here are cups fit for the Thunderer; there for his Phrygian favourite.[4] We all now rejoice with Jupiter. But very lately (and with shame, yes, with shame I confess it) we were all poor as well as Jupiter.

Whatever shined in the Parrhasian hall
Is to our eyes and to our gods giv'n all;
Jupiter stands and wonders to behold
Himself in Scythian flames of sparkling gold;
Great Cæsar's pleasant pride, and vast expense.
These cups may suit with Jove's magnificence,
Such as may well become the Phrygian boy,
Now all with Jove are rich and clad with joy.
It shames, it shames me to confess of yore
How all of us with Jove were very poor. *Fletcher.*

[1] Palatine. See B. vii. Ep. 55.
[2] Radiance of the emeralds brought from Scythia.
[3] Domitian's.
[4] Ganymede.

XVI. TO LABIENUS.

You have made away, Labienus, with three of your farms; you have purchased, Labienus, three favourites: you are making three farms, Labienus, the object of your love.

XVII. TO LENTINUS.

You inquire, Lentinus, why your fever does not leave you for so many days, and you complain bitterly on the subject. It is carried about with you in your litter; it bathes with you; it feeds upon mushrooms, oysters, sow's paps, and wild boar, with you. It is often inebriated with Setine, and often with Falernian wine; nor does it quaff Cæcuban unless it be mixed with snow water. It reclines with you, decked with roses, and darkened with amomum; and sleeps with you on down, and on a purple bed. Seeing that your fever is so well treated, and lives so comfortably in your society, do you expect it to transfer itself in preference to Dama?

Your fever still attends you, though you grieve;
Though you complain, will not one moment leave.
With you it travels in a chariot; dines
With you, on truffles, oysters, sweetbreads, chines:
Drinks hock; in Burgundy is very nice;
Nor will taste claret, till 'tis cool'd in ice;
Reclines at ease; and smells to some perfume;
Lodges on down, in a well-furnish'd room.
Think you, a fever, which you treat so well,
Will with a porter or a cobler dwell? *Hay.*

XVIII. TO JUVENAL.

Whilst you, my Juvenal, are perhaps wandering restless in the noisy Suburra or pacing the hill of the goddess Diana; whilst your toga, in which you perspire at the thresholds of your influential friends, is fanning you as you go, and the greater and lesser Cælian hills fatigue you in your wanderings; my own Bilbilis, revisited after many winters, has received me, and made me a country gentleman; Bilbilis, proud of its gold and its iron! Here we indolently cultivate with agreeable labour Boterduna and Platea; these are the somewhat rude names of Celtiberian localities. I enjoy profound and extraordinary sleep, which is frequently unbroken, even

at nine in the morning; and I am now indemnifying myself fully for all the interruptions to sleep that I endured for thirty years. The toga here is unknown, but the nearest dress is given me, when I ask for it, from an old press. When I rise, a hearth, heaped up with faggots from a neighbouring oak grove, welcomes me; a hearth which the bailiff's wife crowns with many a pot. Then comes the housemaid, such a one as you would envy me. A close-shorn bailiff issues the orders to my boy attendants, and begs that they may be obliged to lay aside their long hair.[1] Thus I delight to live, and thus I hope to die.

While you perhaps now crowd thro' Temple-bar,
Stunn'd with the din of rattling coach and car;
Or towards Paul's are mounting Ludgate-street;
Or running to the levee of the great;
Or in your lawyer's gown, are driving hard;
Either through great or little Palace-yard;
My native Sussex, and her favourite shore,
Of golden harvests proud, and iron ore,
Me, her too long absenting renegade,
Again revives, and hath a farmer made.
Busy but pleas'd, and idly taking pains,
Here Lewes Downs I till, and Ringmer plains;
Names which to each South Saxon are well known,
Though they sound harsh to powder'd beaux in town.
None can enjoy a sounder sleep than mine;
I often do not wake till after nine;
And midnight hours with interest repay,
For years in town diversions thrown away.
Stranger to finery, myself I dress,
In the first coat from an old broken press.
My fire, as soon as I am up, I see
Bright with the ruins of some neighbouring tree;
And early by a country cook-wench crown'd
With boiling pots and skillets all around.
Next comes my dairy-maid; and such a one,
As Pan himself might wish to meet alone.
My boys, whose heads rough as a filly's grow
Are summon'd by my bailiff to the plough.
Such is my life, a life of liberty:
So would I wish to live, and so to die. *Hay*

[1] In order to be ranked among full-grown men, and do men's work.

XIX. ON AEMILIUS.

At the warm baths Aemilius takes lettuces, eggs, and anchovies,[1] and then says that he does not dine out.

XX. TO FABULLUS.

Do you ask, Fabullus, why Themison has not a wife? He has a sister.

You lately were inquiring, why Silvester
Has not yet got a wife?—He has a sister. *Hay.*

XXI. TO MARCELLA, HIS WIFE.

Who would imagine, Marcella, that you dwelt upon the banks of the iron-hardening Salo,[2] and were born in our regions? So rare, so sweet is your disposition! The court of Cæsar will say, should it but once hear your voice, that you belong to itself. Nor can any woman born in the midst of the Suburra, nor any native of the Capitoline Hill, vie with you. Nor will any glorious foreign offspring more fit to be a daughter of Rome soon smile upon its mother. You cause my longing for the Queen of Cities to be more supportable; you alone are a Rome to me.

That you were born, and ever since have lived,
In Derby Peak, is scarce to be conceived.
Wit so uncommon, and diverting too,
Courts might admire, and challenge as their due.
No Pall Mall lady can with you compare;
None who sees company in Grosvenor-square.
Nor soon again will shine in tracts unknown,
One, who would be an ornament to town.
You for the lost metropolis atone;
And London I enjoy in you alone. *Hay.*

XXII. ON PHILÆNIS.

Do you wish me, Fabullus, to tell you in few words how ugly Philænis is with her one eye? Philænis would be better looking with no eye at all.

[1] Slight refreshments were sometimes taken at the baths; Aemilius partook of them immoderately, so as to make a meal.

[2] See Ep. 3, and B. iv. Ep. 55.

XXIII. TO LÆLIA.

You wear bought teeth, and bought hair, Lælia, without a blush. What will you do for an eye? You cannot buy that.

Your hair and teeth you're not asham'd to buy.
What will you do, should'st lose the other eye? *Hay.*

Your teeth from Hemmett, and your hair from Bolney:
Was not an eye to be procured for money? *Dr. Hoadley.*

XXIV. TO JUVATUS, ON A CARRIAGE, THE GIFT OF ÆLIANUS.

O carriage, that affordest a sweet solitude!—Gift of my eloquent friend Ælianus, more pleasant than open curricle or chariot! Here, Juvatus, you may say to me whatever comes into your head. No black driver of a Libyan horse, no well-girt running footman in front of us, no muleteer alongside; and the horses will not babble. Would that Avitus were here with us; I should not fear his third pair of ears. Thus how charmingly would the whole day pass!

How pleasant is this one-horse chair!
In which alone I take the air:
'Tis Pleadwell's present: for my age,
There is no better equipage.
Now with thy master, Ball, be free;
And say whate'er you please to me.
No master of the horse have I,
Or groom or running footman by.
And though your curb and harness rattle,
The devil's in it, if they tattle.
Would that my honest friend Ned Hearty
Were here but with us of the party!
I should not fear, that he would tell:
We three might pass the day full well. *Hay.*

XXV. TO TELESINUS.

When I ask you for a loan without offering you security, you say, "I have no money." Yet, if my farm stands pledged for me, you have money. What you refuse, Telesinus, to lend me, your old friend, you are willing to lend to my acres and my trees. But see! Carus[1] has accused you before the magistrate; let my farm undertake your defence. Or if

[1] A common informer.

you look for a companion when you go into exile; let my farm attend you.

If I want money; you have none, you cry:
But lend it, if my field's security.
With what you would not trust your ancient friend,
That to my acres and my trees you lend.
Are you indicted for a breach of laws?
Go to my field, and let him plead your cause.
Want you a friend your banishment to ease?
Let my field travel with you, if he please. *Hay.*

XXVI. TO LÆTORIUS, AN AVARICIOUS FRIEND.

When you, a senator, go about knocking at sixty doors every morning, I appear in your estimation but a slothful knight, for not running all over the city from the first dawn of day, and bringing home, fatigued and worn out, some thousand kisses.[1] But you do all this, that you may add a new name to the Fasti, or that you may be sent as governor to the Numidians or Cappadocians; while, as to me, whom you persuade to break my slumbers unseasonably, and endure the morning mud, what have I to expect? When my foot bursts out from my torn shoe, when a pelting shower of rain has suddenly drenched me, and when, on taking off my outer-coat, no servant answers my call, your slave comes up to my chilly ear, and says, "Lætorius requests your company at dinner." What, at a dinner of which my share is worth twenty sesterces? Not I. I prefer my own scanty fare, rather than have a dinner for my reward, while yours is a province; rather than that while our labour is the same, our gains should be so different.

When in your borough you yourself bestir,
I do appear to you an idle cur;
That by day-break I run not up and down,
And kiss each voter's wife throughout the town
By this you may gain credit in the nation;
Or be made governor of some plantation.
But as for me, what end can I obtain?
Whom you compel to break my rest in vain,
And early march along a dirty street,
With scarce a shoe entire upon my feet:

[1] See B. vii. Ep. 94; B. xi. Ep. 98.

And if a sudden heavy shower descends,
Without a boy, who with a cloak attends.
Your servant whispers to me in this plight,
'His honour begs you'll sup with him to-night.'
Had I not rather by myself keep Lent?
Let not our pains and pay be different!
Is it not hard, that this should be the case?
I but a supper get, and you a place.

XXVII. ON SENIA.

You say, Senia, that you were violated by robbers, but the robbers deny it.

She ravish'd was by highwaymen, she cries:
Flatly the fact each highwayman denies. *Hay.*

XXVIII. TO CINNA.

The size of the cups, Cinna, from which I drink, and that of those from which you drink, are in the proportion of seven to eleven; and yet you complain that we do not drink the same sort of wine.

I drink a pint; a gallon you: for shame!
Can you complain, the wine is not the same? *Hay.*

XXIX. TO PONTICUS, ON HERMOGENES.

Hermogenes, it seems to me, Ponticus, is as great a thief of napkins as Massa was of money. Even though you watch his right hand, and hold his left, he will find means to abstract your napkin. With like subtilty does the breath of the stag draw out the cold snake;[1] and the rainbow exhale the waters from the clouds. Lately, while a respite was implored for Myrinus,[2] who had been wounded in a conflict, Hermogenes contrived to filch four napkins. Just as the prætor was going to drop his white napkin, to start the horses in the circus, Hermogenes stole it. When at last nobody brought a napkin with him, for fear of thefts, Hermogenes stole the cloth from the table. And should there be nothing of this kind to steal, Hermogenes does not hesitate to detach the ornaments from the couches,[3] or the feet from the tables.

[1] Stags were said to draw serpents from their hiding-places, kill them with their horns, and then devour them. See Plin. H. N. xi. 83; Ælian. Hist. An. ii. 9.

[2] A gladiator

[3] See B. viii. Ep. 33.

However immoderate may be the heat in the theatres, the awnings are withdrawn when Hermogenes makes his appearance. The sailors, in trembling haste, proceed to furl their sails whenever Hermogenes shows himself in the harbour. The bareheaded priests of Isis, clad in linen vestments, and the choristers who play the sistrum, betake themselves to flight when Hermogenes comes to worship. Hermogenes never took a napkin to dinner; Hermogenes never came away from a dinner without one.

XXX. ON APER.

Aper is abstemious and sober. What is that to me? For such a quality I praise my slave, not my friend.

Tom never drinks: that I should much commend
In Tom my coachman, but not Tom my friend. *Hay.*

XXX. ON MARCELLA'S GIFT TO MARTIAL.

This grove, these fountains, this interwoven shade of the spreading vine; this meandering stream of gurgling water; these meadows, and these rosaries which will not yield to the twice-bearing Pæstum; these vegetables which bloom in the month of January, and feel not the cold; these eels that swim domestic in the enclosed waters; this white tower which affords an asylum for doves like itself in colour; all these are the gift of my mistress; Marcella gave me this retreat, this little kingdom, on my return to my native home after thirty-five years of absence. Had Nausicaa offered me the gardens of her sire, I should have said to Alcinous, "I prefer my own."

This grove; these fountains; tonsile Linden's shade;
Refreshing streams, by ductile waters made;
These flowering meadows, still like Eden gay;
These pot-herbs green, that dare the coldest day;
This eel, which swims familiar to the sight;
This towering dove-house, cover'd with its flight;
I to my wife, after long absence, owe:
'Tis she this house, this kingdom, did bestow:
Could I with the first fair have paradise,
Blest as I am, the boon I would despise. *Hay.*

XXXII. TO VACERRA, IN DERISION OF HIS PRETENDED WEALTH.

Oh disgrace of the Calends of July, I saw, Vacerra, I saw your chattels, which, refused by the landlord in discharge of

two years' rent, were carried away by your wife, distinguishable by her seven carroty hairs, your hoary-headed mother, and your giantess of a sister. I thought at first they were Furies emerging from the shades of Pluto. They went before, while you, wasted with cold and hunger, and paler than a piece of old box-wood, the very Irus of your day, followed. People might have thought that the Aricine Hill was migrating. There went in procession a three-legged bed, a two footed table, a lamp, a horn cup, and a cracked chamber-pot, leaking through its side. Close to these was a rusty stove, the neck of a wine-vessel, and a jar, which its disgusting smell proved to have contained pilchards and decayed herrings, a smell like that wafted by the breeze from a pond of stagnant water. Nor was there wanting a slice of Toulouse cheese; a garland, four years old, of black pennyroyal; a rope of bald[1] garlic and onions; or a pot belonging to your mother, full of offensive resin, which the easy dames of the Suburra use at their toilette. Why are you looking about for a house and deluding agents,[2] when you may live for nothing, Vacerra? This pompous train of baggage just suits the bridge.[3]

O jest and shame of such as households move,
When July comes, and do new dwellings prove!
I saw thy stuff, Vacer, thy stuff I saw,
Which, for thy rent, not seized on by law,
Thy landlord rather glad such trash to spare,
Thy red-faced wife, with seven red hairs, did bear,
Helped by thy giant sister, and thy mother;
Men thought the furies there were got together;
For such their number was, and such their faces,
That Pluto seem'd to have lent thee his three graces.
The Irus of thy age, thou these didst follow,
Thy skin, like seasoned box, distain'd and yellow;
With cold and hunger, also dry'd and parched:
All beggars-bush, the people thought, had march'd.
A two-legg'd table, and a three-legg'd bed
There went; a pan with fire, on thine own head.
A sconce and goblet all of massy horn;
A jorden, itself pissing, as 'twas borne;
Stale sprats and pilchards could not be conceal'd,
Their obscene scent their presence there reveal'd.

[1] Having been over kept, and the outer skin peeled off.
[2] Whom you have not the means of paying.
[3] The Aricine Bridge, frequented by beggars. B. x. Ep. 5.

Nor did there want to go in state with these,
A cantle of unsav'ry Toulouse cheese;
A wisp of penyroyal, four years old;
A rope, which onions had, but pick'd, and bald;
A pot of turpentine, thy mother's care,
The brothel dames with such fetch off their hair.
Why mock'st thou landlords, and dost houses see,
When gratis, Vacer, may thy dwelling be?
Such pomp of goods, such household stuff pertains
To highways, hedges, bridges, and to lanes. *Anon.*

XXXIII. ON LABIENUS.

Ut pueros emeret Labienus, vendidit hortos:
Nil nisi ficetum nunc Labienus habet.

Labieno per comperar ragazzi, ha venduto gli orti: ora Labieno non ha altro che un ficajo. *Graglia.*

XXXIV. TO JULIUS MARTIALIS.

Four-and-thirty years, Julius, if I remember right, I passed in your society; have shared your friendship, the delights of which were not unmixed with pain, but the pleasures preponderated. And if all the stones of different colours, that mark the several days, were placed in juxtaposition, the white would far exceed the black. Would you avoid many griefs, and escape heart-rendings, make of no one too dear a friend. You will have less joy, but your sorrow will be less.

Julius, 'twas foure-and-thirty year
That thou and I together were.
Sweeter days were mix'd with soure,
But yet the pleasanter were more.
And if we should divide the time
With a diverse-colour'd line,
The white would over-vie the black.
If thou wouldst shun the bitter smack,
And stinging tortures of the mind,
No man to thee do too much bind,
Or too much in thy friend believe:
Thou shalt joy less, and less shalt grieve. *Fletcher.*

We two, in fair and in foul weather,
Thirty-four years have pass'd together.
Nor sweet nor sour our cup did want;
Yet sweet hath been predominant:
And, bring life's chequer'd board to light,
Fewer the spots of black than white.

Would you shun many things to curse,
And guard against the mind's remorse,
With none too intimately live;
Less you'll rejoice, and less will grieve. *Hay.*

XXXV. TO CALLISTRATUS.

Tamquam simpliciter mecum, Callistrate, vivas:
Dicere præcisum te mihi sæpe soles.
Non es tam simplex, quam vis, Callistrate, credi.
Nam quisquis narrat talia, plura tacet.

O Callistrato, giusto come se tu fossi meco sincerissimo, suoli sovvente dirmi che sei stato preciso. Non sei poi tanto sincero, quanto vuoi, o Callistrato, esser creduto; imperocchè, chiunque dice tali cose, ne tace le più. *Graglia.*

Open and frank you would to me appear,
And tell some little fault, to seem sincere;
But your sincerity's not deep I feel:
You tell a little, but you much conceal. *Anon.*

Free from reserve you would to me appear,
And tell me, you're diseased, to seem sincere.
But with a friend this is not dealing well;
For he must more conceal, who this could tell. *Hay.*

XXXVI. TO LABULLUS.

Because no one but yourself, Labullus, gives a friend two or three pounds, a thin toga, and a scanty cloak, sometimes a few gold pieces, which you chink in your hand, and which are to last for a couple of months, you are not for that reason, believe me, a good man. What then? To speak the truth, the best of bad ones. Give us back our Pisos, and our Senecas, our Memmi and our Crispi, I mean those of old time, and you will forthwith become the last of good men. Do you wish to boast of your running, and swiftness of foot? Outstrip Tigris and the fleet Passerinus.[1] There is no glory in outstripping asses.

Though you bestow upon a man of worth,
A jacket, joseph, dinner, or so forth;
A piece or two in hand, which soon must fail,
And save but two months longer from a jail;
And though scarce one besides yourself does thus;
Believe me, sir, you are not generous.

[1] Probably are names of horses.

What am I then? say you. Why truly, I, sir,
Think you at best a better sort of miser.
Recall to mind the Pisos, Senecas;
Bounty, which is not now, but such as was;
Compar'd with them, how much are you surpass'd!
Of all the generous men you are the last.
If for Newmarket plate you would contend;
'Tis strength, 'tis swiftness, that must recommend.
The glory is, from the best horse to gain;
Not to o'ertake an ass upon the plain. *Hay.*

XXXVII. TO A WIT ABOUT TOWN.

You wish to be regarded as having an extremely good nose. I like a man with a good nose, but object to one with a polypus.[1]

XXXVIII. TO CANDIDUS.

You have no reason to fear yon person, Candidus, who, strutting about night and day, is well known throughout the city to the litters of the ladies, whose hair shines so brightly, and is darkened with unguents; who is radiant in purple, of delicate feature, broad chest, and smooth limbs, and who constantly follows your wife with importunities. Fear him not, Candidus, he does not meddle in your department.

XXXIX. TO SABELLUS.

I hate you, Prettyman, because you are always acting the pretty fellow. A pretty fellow is a contemptible thing, and so is Prettyman. I prefer a manly man to Prettyman. May you wither away prettily, Prettyman.

I hate your prettiness, Sabellus:
'Tis little, so are you, Sabellus.
I like a manly mien, Sabellus:
But you live prettily, Sabellus,—
Mayst thou die prettily, Sabellus. *Anon.*

XL. TO PONTILIANUS.

You utter all sorts of falsehoods, Pontilianus; I assent to them. You recite bad verses; I praise them. You sing; I do the same. You drink, Pontilianus; I drink also. You are rude; I pretend not to perceive it. You wish to play at

[1] This epigram cannot be translated with exactness. What the Satirs says is, you wish to be thought *nasutus*, properly, "having a large nose," but used in the sense of "having a good or keen nose."

chess; I allow myself to be beaten. There is one thing only which you do without me, and I hold my tongue on the subject. Yet you never make me the slightest present. "When I die," say you, "I shall remember you handsomely." I do not look for anything; but die.

I praise your doggerel verse: believe your lye:
You sing, I sing: you drink, and so do I.
You bet, I lose: we play, you win the game:
One thing, you do without me, I don't name.
And yet you nothing give me: when you die,
You promise much:—but one more wish have I. *Hay.*

XLI. TO TUCCA.

You are not content, Tucca, to be a glutton. You long to be called and to appear a glutton.

'Tis not sufficient that thou drunk hast been,
But thou desir'st so to be call'd and seen. *Fletcher.*

XLII. ON CALLISTRATUS AND AFER.

The bearded Callistratus has been taken in marriage by the lusty Afer, in the same way as a virgin is usually taken in marriage by her husband. The torches shone forth, the flame-coloured veil concealed the bride's countenance, and the language heard at bridals was not wanting. Even the dowry was settled. Does not this seem yet enough to you, Rome? Do you expect that the bride should present the spouse with pledges of affection?

XLIII. TO SABELLUS.

Facundos, mihi de libidinosis
Legisti nimium, Sabelle, versus;
Quales nec Didymi sciunt puellæ,
Nec molles Elephantidos libelli,
Sunt illic Veneris novæ figuræ:
Quales perditus audeat fututor.
Præstent, et taceant quid exoleti;
Quo symplegmate quinque copulentur;
Qua plures teneantur a catena;
Exstinctam liceat quid ad lucernam.
Tanti non erat esse te disertum.

O Sabello, tu m'hai letto dei versi troppo facondi di cose libidinose. che nè le ragazze di Didimo sanno, nè gli effeminate Elefantidi libri.

Quivi sono nuove figure, che il più scatenato immembratore mai udì: che i vecchi libertini tacciono, e spiegano con quali attitudini cinque si copulino; con qual modo-parecchi si congiunghino assieme cosa non sia lecito estinta la lucerna. La materia non era si sublime per comparire eloquente. *Graglia.*

XLIV. TO UNICUS.

Unicus, name connected with me by ties of blood, and attached to me by similarity of pursuit; while the verses which you write yield the palm only to those of your brother, you are not inferior to him in ability, and are superior to him in affection. Lesbia would have shared her love for the tender Catullus with you, sweet Corinna would have followed you next to her Ovid. Nor would the Zephyrs have refused their assistance, had you been pleased to spread wide your sails, but you prefer the shore. This too is a peculiarity which you have from your brother.

We both in name and blood allyed are,
And to like studies like affection bear:
Thy brother's verse when thine thou set'st before,
Thy art's not less, but piety is more:
When thee Corinna, Lesbia would admire,
Equal to those they did themselves inspire:
When, if thou'dst spread thy wings, a brisker air,
And loftier numbers none e'er higher bear:
Thou flag'st thy plumes, restrain'st thy soaring vein,
And shew'st thyself a brother here again. *Anon.* 1695.

XLV. TO PHŒBUS.

It was not without wit, Phœbus, that a person said of you, when you covered your bald pate and temples with a kid's skin, that your head was well shod.

When to secure your bald pate from the weather,
You lately wore a cap of black neats' leather;
He was a very wag, who to you said,
'Why do you wear your slippers on your head?' *Hay.*

XLVI. TO CLASSICUS.

Gallus and Lupercus sell their poems; no longer deny, Classicus, common sense to poets.

When Scribbler makes us for his verse subscribe,
All are not mad of the poetic tribe. *Hay.*

XLVII. ON A FRIEND.

You are at once morose and agreeable, pleasing and repulsive. I can neither live with you, nor without you.

Thou'rt merry, sad; easy, and hard to please;
Nor with nor from thee can I live at ease. *Wright.*

In all thy humours, whether grave or mellow,
Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow;
Hast so much wit, and mirth, and spleen about thee,
There is no living with thee, or without thee.
Addison, Spectator, No. 68.

Our Garrick's a salad: for in him we see
Oil, vinegar, sugar, and saltness agree.
Goldsmith's Retaliation

XLVIII. TO A HOST.

If you put on table before me mushrooms and wild boar as common fare, and do not presume that such dishes are the object of my prayers, it is well; but if you imagine that by them I am made happy, and expect to get yourself inscribed in my will, as my heir, in return for some half-dozen Lucrine oysters, good-bye to you. Yet your dinner is a handsome one, I admit, most handsome, but to-morrow nothing of it will remain; nay, this very day, in fact this very moment, there is nothing of it but what a common sponge at the end of a mop-stick, or a famished dog, or any street convenience can take away. Of mullets and hares and sow's teats, the result is cadaverous complexion and gouty feet. In my estimation, no Alban revel,[1] no feasts in the Capitol, nor banquets of the chief priests, would be worth so much. Were Jupiter himself to give me nectar on such conditions, it would turn to vinegar, and the cheating trash of a Vatican cask. Seek other guests, Sir Host, who may be caught by the regal sumptuousness of your table; as for me, I prefer a friendly invitation to a hastily arranged little dinner: it is such a repast as I can return that pleases me.

As common fare, when sausages and chine
You place before me, I with pleasure dine.
But if you think to please me; or conceive
By soups to be my heir; I take my leave.

[1] In allusion to the banquets of Domitian on the Alban hill.

Your dinner's nice, extremely nice, I own;
Yet it is nought the moment it is down.
Perchance, it to a dirty mop may fall,
A hungry dog, close-stool, or urinal.
In what ends mullet, hare, and season'd meat?
In ashy countenance, and gouty feet.
Dear at that rate the most delicious cheer:
A coronation feast by much too dear!
Think you, when you your Burgundy do pour,
You honour me? the thought will turn it sour.
Proud entertainer, seek another guest
To praise the regal splendour of your feast.
Me let a friend to a chance scrap receive:
I like a dinner such as I can give. *Hay.*

XLIX. TO LINUS, A TUTOR.

O Linus, preceptor of the long-haired troop, whom the rich Postumilla calls the lord of her fortune, and to whom she intrusts gems, gold, plate, wines, favourites: so may your patroness prefer you to all others, having made proof of your lasting fidelity, as you grant to my prayer the indulgence of my wretched desires, and keep at times but a negligent watch over those objects which have taken possession of my heart, which in my longing I pray day and night to clasp as my own—beautiful, snow-white, equal in size, twins, large—not slaves, but pearls.

Thou master of Tête de Mouton,
Thou Calverly of high renown,
To whom my Lady Wealthy sent,
Her girl with every ornament.
Long be you famous for your care;
And mothers you to all prefer.
Pity on me, some pity, have,
To a strong passion quite a slave.
Nor guard so close what I admire,
And what hath set my heart on fire:
Which night and day I long to hold;
And eager on my breast infold:
Bright, sparkling, lively, lovely, fair.
—I speak of miss's solitaire. *Hay.*

L. TO THE POSSESSOR OF A BEAUTIFUL DOMAIN.

You are distinguished for possessing laurel-groves, avenues of plane-trees, towering cypresses, and most capacious baths

Your lofty portico stands on a hundred columns, and is paved with polished marble. The swift-footed horse makes your dusty hippodrome resound with his hoofs, and the murmur of fountains is heard on every side. Your halls are spacious and extensive; but there are no chambers either for dining or for sleep. How pleasantly you do not live!

None equal you in trees for ever green:
Your bath's the most majestic can be seen:
Your colonnade is lofty, spacious, fine:
And under-foot your marble pavements shine:
Round your wide park the fleeting courser bounds:
Many cascades salute us with their sounds:
Apartments grand: no place to eat or sleep!
What a most noble house you do *not* keep. *Hay.*

So thick your planes and laurels spread,
And cypress groves so near the head
High in the air; your baths so wide
Expand their stream on every side,
They'd shade and bathe full half the town;
Yet shades and baths are all your own.
Your porch an hundred columns soars;
You tread on alabaster floors;
The race-horse beats your dusty ring;
Fountains, with ever-wasting spring,
Fall on the ear with gliding sound,
And spacious courts are opening round.
'Tis all so grand and so complete,
There is no room to sleep or eat:
How excellently lodged, sir, here
In this no-lodging you appear! *Elton.*

LI. TO AULUS.

Are you astonished, Aulus, that our friend Fabullinus is so frequently deceived? A good man has always something to learn in regard to fraud.

Wonder you, Meanwell is so often bit?
An honest man's a child in worldly wit. *Hay.*

LII. TO SEMPRONIA, AN EPITAPH ON HER HUSBAND RUFUS.

Here, Sempronia, lies your late husband Rufus, whose brows were wreathed with Pierian chaplets, and whose eloquence in defence of dejected criminals was renowned; his very ashes burn with love for you. You are the theme of

admiration in the Elysian fields, and Helen herself marvels at the story of your abduction. You are superior to her, as you deserted him who overcame you, and returned, but she would not follow her husband, even when he sought to regain her. Menelaus smiles, and listens to these new Trojan-like amours; the violence done to you excuses the Phrygian Paris. When the joyful asylum of the pious shall one day receive you, there will be no shade in the Stygian abodes better known than yourself. Proserpina does not look with aversion upon fair ones that have been carried off, but loves them. Your amour will gain you the queen's favour.

He that his brows deck'd with the muses' crown,
Whose voice to guilty men no less was known,
Sempronia, here thy Rufus, here is laid,
Whose dust even with thy love still drives a trade.
'Mongst the blest shades thy story he doth bear,
And Helen's self thy rape admires to hear:
Thou better from thy spoiler didst return,
She, though redeem'd, did after Troy still burn.
Menelaus laughs and hears the Ilian loves,
Thy rape old Paris' guilt forgives, removes.
And when thee those bless'd mansions shall receive
No shade greater acquaintance there shall have.
Proserpina loves although she cannot see
Such rapes, that love shall make her kind to thee.

Fletcher.

LIII. TO PATERNUS.

Although you possess abundance of money and wealth, Paternus, such as but few other citizens possess, you never make any present, and brood over your hoard like the great dragon, which the poets sing of as the guardian of the Scythian grove. The cause, as you yourself allege and boast, is the dire rapacity of your son. Pray are you looking for fools and novices to beguile and delude? To this vice you have ever been a father.

When thou hast so much coin and wealth with thee
That seldom citizens or fathers see.
Yet are not liberal, but thy heaps hang'st o'er
Like the great dragon, whom the bards of yore
Feign'd to be keeper of the Scythian grove,
But the base cause of this thy muck-worm love,
Thou brag'st and dost pretend thy son to be:
Why dost delude us with this foolery,

As though we blocks or idiots had been?
Thou wast a father ever to this sin. *Fletcher.*

LIV. TO ZOILUS.

With red hair, a black face, a cloven foot, and blear eyes, you show the world a prodigy, Zoilus, if you are an honest man.

Red-hair'd, black-faced, club-footed, and blear-eyed,
Zoilus, 'tis much if thou art good beside. *Fletcher.*

Red-hair, black-mouth, badger-legs, blind, I see;
Be, Zoilus, good, and the world's wonder be. *Wright.*

Thy beard and head are of a different dye:
Short of one foot, distorted in an eye;
With all these tokens of a knave complete
Shouldst thou be honest thou'rt a dev'lish cheat.
Addison, Spectator, No. 86.

LV. TO THE FAIR SEX.

Gratis qui dare vos jubet puellæ,
Insulsissimus, improbissimusque est.
Gratis ne date, basiate gratis.
Hoc Ægle negat, hoc avara vendit.
Sed vendat bene, basiare quantum est.
Hoc vendit quoque nec levi rapina:
Aut libram petit illa cosmiani,
Aut binos quater à novâ moneta:
Ne sint basia muta, nec maligna,
Ne clusis aditum neget labellis.
Humane facit hoc tamen; sed unum est.
Gratis quæ dare basium recusat,
Gratis lingere nec recusat Ægle.

O Zitelle, colui che vi stimola a darvi per niente è un temerario ed un' indegno. Non datevi per niente, baciate per niente. Egle disaprova questo: avara lo vende. Ma ch' essa venda, quanto può il bacitara, sta bene. Essa vende anche quella cosa, ne con lieve rapina: o essa dimanda una libra d'unguento Cosmiano, ovvero flavii della nuova moneta: acciò i baci non sieno muti, ne dispiacenti, non ricuserà l'adito alle chiuse labra. Tuttavia questo lo fa per risguardi ma c'è una cosa: Egle che ricusa dare un bacio per niente, non ricusa lingere per niente. *Graglia.*

LVI. TO POLYCHARMUS.

You fall sick ten times or more in the course of a year; a practice which inconveniences, not yourself, Polycharmus,

but us; for every time you leave your bed, you exact the customary presents of congratulation from your friends. Have some consideration: fall sick at length, Polycharmus, once for all.

Thou ten times in a year art sick, or more;
This is not thine, my friend, but 'tis our sore.
No sooner well but for thy gifts dost call.
Blush: pry'thee once be sick for good and all. *Fletcher.*

LVII. TO SPARSUS.

You ask why I so often go to my small domain at arid Nomentum and the humble household at my farm? There is no place in town, Sparsus, where a poor man can either think or rest. One cannot live for schoolmasters in the morning, corn grinders at night, and braziers' hammers all day and night. Here the money-changer indolently rattles piles of Nero's rough coins on his dirty counter; there a beater of Spanish gold[1] belabours his worn stone with shining mallet. Nor does the fanatic rabble of Bellona cease from its clamour, nor the gabbling sailor with his piece of wreck hung over his shoulder; nor the Jew boy, brought up to begging by his mother, nor the blear-eyed huckster of matches. Who can enumerate the various interruptions to sleep at Rome? As well might you tell how many hands in the city strike the cymbals, when the moon under eclipse is assailed with the sound of the Colchian magic rhomb.[2] You, Sparsus, are ignorant of such things, living, as you do, in luxurious ease on your Petilian domain;[3] whose mansion, though on a level plane, overlooks the lofty hills which surround it; who enjoy the country in the city[4] (*rus in urbe*), with a Roman[5] vine-dresser, and a vintage not to be surpassed on the Falernian mount. Within your own premises is a retired carriage drive; in your deep recesses sleep and repose are unbroken by the noise of tongues: and no daylight penetrates unless purposely admitted. But I am awakened by the laughter of the passing crowd; and all Rome is at my bed-side. When-

[1] Some editors read *paludis*, "marsh-rushes," instead of *baluois*.
[2] See B. ix. Ep. 30.
[3] *In Petilianis regnis.* A magnificent villa on the Janiculum that formerly belonged to Lucius Petilius, a rich lawyer.
[4] This now common saying is supposed to have been first used by Martial.
[5] As living within the compass of the city.

ever, overcome with weariness, I long for repose, I repair to my country-house.

Why to a homely cottage I retire,
On a dry spot, not far from Harrow spire?
Because a man, so poor as I, may creep
Round town; nor find a hole to think of sleep.
Is it to live? to lodge as in a mill:
Disturb'd each morn by chimney-sweepers shrill:
With pewterers' hammers tinkling in one's ears:
With alley jobbers crying bulls and bears.
Here Irish bog-trotters, now paviors grown,
Ram with loud hems and thump the shining stone.
There soldiers marching to their duty come,
With trumpets sounding, and with beat of drum.
Dunn'd by a sailor with a wooden leg;
Or little Palatine brought up to beg.
Stunn'd by a train of ragged dirty wretches,
Hawking a Grub-street paper, or card matches.
The ways to lose one's sleep whoever tells,
Might count the changes on St. Martin's bells.
But you, my lord, know none of all this ill,
Whose palace looks o'er Constitution Hill.
Your *rus in urbe* delicately yields
A prospect fair o'er Chelsea's twice-mow'd fields.
Within your gate a yard to turn a coach:
Your chamber safe from noise and day's approach.
No passing mob with idle jokes to noise it;
Nor lodging-room with London for its closet.
Fatigued with all this hubbub, far we fly it,
To pass in country cot the night in quiet. *Hay.*

LVIII. TO ALAUDA.

Your wife, Alauda, calls you a courter of slaves, while she herself runs after litter-bearers. You are on an equal footing.

LIX. ON IMPORTUNATE FRIENDS.

Rome gives, on one's return after fifteen years' absence, such a number of kisses[1] as exceeds those given by Lesbia to Catullus. Every neighbour, every hairy-faced farmer, presses on you with a strongly-scented kiss. Here the weaver assails you, there the fuller and the cobbler, who has just been kissing leather; here the owner of a filthy beard, and a one-eyed

[1] See B. xi. Ep. 99.

gentleman; there one with bleared eyes, and fellows whose mouths are defiled with all manner of abominations. It was hardly worth while to return.

LX. TO HIS BIRTHDAY.

O day, nursling of Mars,[1] on which I first beheld the rosy light of Aurora, and the broad face of the sun, shouldst thou feel shame at being celebrated in the country, and at an altar of turf, who usedst to be celebrated by me in the city of Rome, be indulgent, if I am unwilling to be a slave upon my own birthday, and if I wish to *live*,[2] on the day on which I received life.

Hail, Taffi's day! on which my race begun:
On which I first beheld the glorious sun.
That day I now in rural ease will spend;
In banquet whilom pass'd with many a friend.
No longer slave to forms, I will contrive,
Upon that day, which gave me life, to live.
Is it to keep the day? in pain to sup,
About Sir Harry's hock, and Ned's spice-cup;
Anxious the punch well zested be, and bright:
The tables, dishes, company placed right.
Rising each moment during the whole feast;
And catching cold to compliment each guest.
Were this commanded, we should not comply:
Why therefore choose such formal slavery. *Hay.*

LX. B. ON THE SAME.

To grow pale with anxiety on one's birthday, lest Sabellus should not be supplied with hot water, and Alauda not have clear wine to drink;[3] to strain turbid Cæcuban anxiously through linen filters, and to run to and fro among one's tables; to receive this guest and that, and to be getting up all dinner-time from one's place, and treading upon marble pavement colder than ice; what is the reason that you should endure all these annoyances of your own choice, when, if a rich friend and patron were to impose them on you, you would refuse to submit to them?

[1] Martial was born on the first day of March, Mars's month. See B. ix. Ep. 52.

[2] To enjoy life free from the distractions of the city.

[3] Sabellus and Alauda are names of guests whom he would have had to entertain if he had stayed at Rome.

LXI. TO LIGURRA.

You are afraid, Ligurra, lest I should compose verses on you, some short and pungent epigram, and you wish to be thought a proper object of such fear. But vain is your fear, and vain your desire! Libyan lions rush upon bulls; they do not hurt butterflies. If you aim at getting your name into verse, seek, I advise you, some sot of a poet from some dark den, who writes, with coarse charcoal and crumbling chalk, verses which people read as they ease themselves. Your brow is not to be branded with my mark.

You dread my verse, and sting of wit,
Which put you in a shaking fit:
Would seem of rank to entertain
Such fears: your fears and hopes are vain.
'Tis at the bull that lions fly,
While rats run unregarded by.
Find other poets, if you long
To be the burden of a song:
Some drunken bard from Grub-street hole,
Who, with a piece of chalk or coal,
May draw a line or two of satire,
Which we may read in easing nature.
Your coxcomb may deserve the burden,
Not of my verse, but of my jorden. *Hay.*

Imitation, applied to Sir Inigo Jones.

Sir Inigo doth fear it, as I hear,
And labours to seem worthy of that fear,
That I should write upon him some sharp verse,
Able to eat into his bones, and pierce
Their marrow. Wretch! I quit thee of thy pain,
Thou 'rt too ambitious, and dost fear in vain:
The Libyan lion hunts no butterflies,
He makes the camel and dull ass his prize.
Seek out some hungry painter, that for bread
With rotten coal or chalk upon the wall
Will well design thee to be view'd of all;
Thy forehead is too narrow for my brand.
Ben Jonson.

LXII. TO SATURN, ON BEHALF OF PRISCUS TERENTIUS.

Great king of the ancient world, and of the primitive state of things, under whose rule quiet repose prevailed, and labour was unknown; nor was the thunder-bolt of Jove frequently

used, nor lived there those who were deserving of it; and the earth yielded its riches, without being cloven down to the infernal regions; come, propitious and gracious, to this solemn festival of Priscus; it befits thee to be present at thy own sacred rites. Thou restorest him to his country,[1] glorious father, in the sixth winter, from the Latian city[2] of the pacific Numa. Dost thou observe how like Roman luxury the festal array is spread, and how great splendour is shown in gay profusion? how unsparing the hand, and the coins on the rich table, the wealth, Saturn, which is counted for thee? And that thy beneficence and favour for these deserts may be greater, it is both a father and a careful man that thus magnificently celebrates thy festival. But mayst thou, venerable deity, be ever thus greeted with proofs of affection, in December; mayst thou bid this season frequently return to him.

LXIII. TO CORDOVA.

Cordova, spot more delightful than rich Venafrum, unsurpassed in fertility by the olive-bearing Istria,[3] richer in sheep than the pellucid Galæsus,[4] and that deceives not with purple or red dye, but hast thy flocks tinged by nature; command, I pray you, that poet of yours to have some sense of modesty, and not to recite my compositions without having paid me for them. I could have borne his proceedings, if he had been a good poet, on whom I could have made reprisal, but he is a bachelor who destroys my peace without giving me the opportunity of revenge. A blind man cannot be retaliated upon for the loss of sight of which he deprives another. Nobody is more reckless than a plunderer, who has nothing to lose; nobody more secure than a bad poet.

O Grub-street! fam'd for dying speech,
And many a scrap to wipe the breech:
With pamphlet and with journal vying
In downright, true blue, native lying:
Pray tell your shameless bard, who gratis
Repeats my works, that 'tis *plus fatis*.
From a good poet such behaviour
I'd bear, and might return the favour.

[1] Spain. [2] Rome.
[3] *Histrâ nec minùs absoluta testâ.* "Not less perfect than the (olive) jar of Histria." The best olives were produced at Venafrum in Campania; the next best in Istria. [4] See B. ii. Ep. 43.

When batchelors supply your place,
There's no retaliating the case.
If a blind man beats out your eye,
You can't return the injury.
As beggars are from suits insured;
So a bad poet is secured. *Hay.*

LXIV. ON CINNA.

Cinna made one of his rosy attendants, who surpassed all the others in beauty of feature and hair, his cook. Cinna is a luxurious personage.

LXV. ON PHYLLIS.

During a whole night of pleasure, the beauteous Phyllis had shown herself kind to me in every way; and, as I was thinking in the morning what present to make her, whether a pound of Cosmus' or Niceros' perfumes, or a piece of fine Spanish wool, or ten yellow coins of Domitian, she threw her arms round my neck, and caressing me with a long kiss, like those of amorous doves, proceeded to ask me for—a jar of wine.

To charming Cælia's arms I flew,
And there all night I feasted;
No god such transports ever knew,
No mortal ever tasted.

Lost in the sweet tumultuous joy,
And pleas'd beyond expressing,
How can your slave, my fair, said I,
Reward so great a blessing?

The whole creation's wealth survey;
Through both the Indies wander;
Ask what brib'd senates give away,
And fighting monarchs squander.

The richest spoils of earth and air;
The rifled ocean's treasure;
'Tis all too poor a bribe by far
To purchase so much pleasure.

She blushing cried, my life, my dear,
Since Cælia thus you fancy,
Give her, but 'tis too much, I fear,
A rundlet of right Nancy. *Tom Brown.*

With me fair Phyllis pass'd the night
And strove to please with new delight:

As at the dawn I musing lay
How all her favours to repay,
In china ware, or tea, or snuff,
Or in some gaudy piece of stuff;
She clasp'd my neck and chuck'd my chin,
And softly begg'd a quart of gin.

Gentleman's Magazine.

LXVI. TO AMŒNUS.

Though your house cost you a hundred thousand sesterces, you pretend to be willing to sell it for even a smaller sum. But you are seeking, Amœnus, to over-reach your purchaser by art and cunning, for your house is hidden amid the rich furniture with which it is gorgeously adorned. Couches gemmed with tortoise-shell, and valuable solid furniture of citron-wood from Africa, glitter at the entrance; silver and gold vases are supported upon a Delphic table of extraordinary beauty, and slaves stand by whom I would willingly pray to be my masters. Then you talk of two hundred thousand sesterces, and say that it cannot be had for less. You offer a house so exquisitely furnished, Amœnus, at a low price.[1]

LXVII. ON THE BIRTH-DAY OF VIRGIL.

Ye, Ides of May, gave birth to Mercury. Diana's birthday recurs on the Ides of August. Virgil has consecrated the Ides of October. Thou who celebratest the Ides of the great Maro, mayst thou often celebrate both the first and the second!

LXVIII. TO HIS CLIENTS.

O clients, that beset me in the morning, and who were the cause of my departure from Rome, frequent, if you are wise, the lordly mansions of the city. I am no lawyer, nor fitted for pleading troublesome causes, but inactive, somewhat advanced in years, and a votary of the Pierian sisters. I wish to enjoy repose and slumber, which great Rome denied; but I must return thither, if I am to be equally hunted here.

Thou morning client, this is my retreat;
Go to the town and palace of the great.

[1] Amœnus adorned his house, which he had bought too dear, with valuable furniture, merely to set it off, and to induce a purchaser to give him a higher price for it than he would have given had it been empty.

No lawyer I that can your cause defend;
But old, and idle, and the muse's friend.
Ease and repose I love; but if in vain
I seek them here; why not to town again? *Hay.*

LXIX. TO PAULLUS.

You have friends, Paullus, just like your pictures and vases, all antique originals.[1]

Thy friends, Paullus, just unto thee relate,
Like to some famous works in paint or plate:
Thy honour 'tis, such pieces to retain,
But in return they receive nought again. *Anon.* 1695.

LXX. ON APER, SOBER WHEN POOR, INEBRIATED WHEN RICH.

When recently a miserable bow-legged slave used to carry Aper's linen to the bath for him, and a one-eyed old woman sat on his paltry toga to guard it, while a herniose bathing man supplied him with his drop of oil, he used to be a severe and unsparing censor of drunkards. "Break your cups, and throw away your Falernian," he would exclaim to any knight who drank anything on leaving the bath. But since three hundred thousand sesterces came to him from his old uncle, he cannot go home from the warm baths sober. Oh what power jewelled cups and a retinue of five long-haired servants have! Aper, as long as he was a poor man, did not suffer from thirst.

Tom had a lad lame with a broken thigh;
And an old housekeeper with but one eye:
On greasy steaks from chop-house did regale;
And against drunkards most devoutly rail.
Did you for bottles after dinner call;
He damn'd the bottles, glasses, wine, and all.
Now an estate is from an uncle come;
He from the tavern ne'er goes sober home;
Such the effect of plate and lacqueys five!
When poor, Tom was the soberest man alive. *Hay.*

[1] The meaning is, either that Paullus regarded his friends as he regarded his antique treasures, bestowing nothing more on the one than on the other or that he sought to make friends only of old men, from whom he hoped shortly to obtain legacies. In either acceptation, it is a satire on Paullus's avarice.

LXXI. TO LYGDUS.

You refuse me, Lygdus, everything I ask; but there was a time, Lygdus, when you refused me nothing.[1]

LXXII. TO PANNICUS, WHO HAD QUITTED THE BAR TO BECOME FARMER.

Having purchased the acres of a little obscure farm near the Sepulchres,[2] and a badly constructed cabin with a propped-up roof, you leave the litigations of the town, Pannicus, which were your farm, and the scanty but certain profits of the worn toga. As a lawyer you used to sell wheat, millet, barley, and beans;[3] now, as a farmer, you buy them.

A little farm you purchase near the town,
With a poor timber house, just dropping down,
And business quit, a better farm by far;
I mean the certain profits of the bar.
Of wheat, oats, beans, and barley, large supplies
The lawyer got; which now the farmer buys. *Hay.*

LXXIII. TO CATULLUS.

You tell me, Catullus, that I am your heir. I shall not believe it, Catullus, till I read it.

I am thy heir, Catullus; thou hast said it;
But I will not believe it till I've read it. *Fletcher.*

LXXIV. TO FLACCUS, WITH A PRESENT OF GLASS CUPS, CALLED CALICES AUDACES, "AUDACIOUS CUPS."[4]

Although the Nile vessels bring you goblets of crystal, yet accept some cups from the Flaminian circus. Are these cups the more audacious, or those who send such presents? But there is a double advantage in the use of these common vessels; no thief is allured, Flaccus, by such specimens of art, and they are not cracked by over-heated water. Nay more, the guest drinks without disturbing the peace of the attendant, and trembling hands have no fear lest they should fall. This too is something, that if, after a toast, you must break your cup, Flaccus, you will propose it in one of these vessels.

[1] See B. xi. Ep. 73; B. iv. Ep. 12.
[2] The place where the Gauls were buried in the time of Camillus.
[3] From the presents made you by your clients. [4] See B. xiv. Ep. 94.

Though ships from China bring you cup and jar;
Accept this mug of homely Lambeth ware.
Bold is the man, who such a present sends;
Though a cheap pot may answer several ends.
A thief for this will hardly risk his neck:
Nor easily will scalding water break.
The servant brings it in no pain at all,
Nor have you any, lest you let it fall.
You pledge not him, you think has a disease,
But drop the cup, and break it, if you please. *Hay.*

LXXV. ON HIS FAVOURITES.

Festinat Polytimus ad puellas:
Invitus puerum fatetur Hymnus:
Pastas glande nates habet Secundus.
Mollis Dindymus est, sed esse non vult:
Amphion potuit puella nasci.
Horum delicias, superbiamque,
Et fastus querulos, amice, malo,
Quam dotis mihi quinquies ducena.

Politimo s'impazienta per le zitelle: Imno si confessa non ancor atto a suo dispetto: Secondo ha le natiche nudrite di ghiande. Dindimo è effeminato, ma non vuol esserlo: Anfione dice che poteva nascere una zitella. O amico, amo meglio le delizie e l'orgoglio di costoro, e la loro querule fierezza, che una dote di cinque volte ducento milla sesterzi. *Graglia.*

LXXVI. ON THE FARMERS.

The amphora of wine sells for twenty sesterces, a bushel of corn for four. The husbandman, intoxicated and over-fed, makes nothing.[1]

LXXVII. ON AETHON.

While Aethon was praying in the Capitol, with many a supplication, to Jupiter, and with up-turned eyes was bowing to his very feet, he let wind escape behind. The bystanders laughed, but the father of the gods was offended, and condemned his worshipper to dine at home for three successive days. After this accident, the unhappy Aethon, when he wishes to enter the Capitol, goes first to Patroclus' house of

[1] Is ruined. Such is the cheapness of provisions, that he eats and drinks the produce of his land rather than sell it.

convenience, and relieves himself by some ten or twenty discharges. But, notwithstanding this precaution, he is careful never to address Jove again without being tightly compressed in the rear.

While Spintext, in his sermon long and loud,
On tip-toe catechis'd the listening crowd;
He from the pulpit wind behind let fly.
The congregation lost their gravity.
Th' offended bishop did the thing resent:
A cruel penance Spintext underwent:
Doom'd to his lordship's board no more to come;
But on light diet live three months at home.
And 'tis with Spintext now a constant rule,
Before he mounts the desk, to go to stool.
And after all that caution, less does mind
His prayers at church, than to hold fast behind. *Hay.*

LXXVIII. TO BITHYNICUS.

I have written nothing against you, Bithynicus. Are you unwilling to believe me, and require me to swear? I prefer to give you another sort of satisfaction.[1]

LXXIX. TO ATTICILLA.

I have granted you much that you asked: I have granted you more than you asked: and yet you never cease to ask of me. He who refuses nothing, Atticilla, will soon have nothing to refuse.

LXXX. ON CALLISTRATUS.

Callistratus, making no distinction as to merit, praises everybody. To him, in whose eyes no one is bad, who can appear good?

Lest that Callistratus should not
Praise worthy men, he praises all:
He thinks that no one hath a blot;
Whom can he then a good man call? *Fletcher.*

Through servile flattery thou dost all commend:
Who cares to *please* whom no man can *offend*? *Anon.*

LXXXI. ON UMBER.

In winter-time, and at the festival of Saturn, Umber used

[1] I had rather write something against you, as I now do, than swear that I have written nothing.

to send me of his poverty a light dress; now he sends me a light mess of furmity, for he has become rich.

In winter-time and Saturn's holy days,
Umber, when poor, did me present always
With finest wheat: but now with coarser grain,
For he's grown rich, and made a man of gain. *Fletcher.*

LXXXII. ON MENOGENES, A SEEKER OF INVITATIONS TO DINNER.

To escape Menogenes at the baths, hot or cold, is quite impossible, although you try every art to do so. He will catch up your warm ball with eager hands, that he may lay you under obligation for having several times stopped it. He will pick up the foot-ball, when collapsed, out of the dirt, and bring it you, even though he may have just bathed and have his slippers on. If you bring linen with you,[1] he will declare it whiter than snow, even though it be dirtier than a child's bib. If you comb your scanty hair with the toothed ivory, he will say that you have arranged your tresses like those of Achilles. He will himself bring you the fetid dregs of the smoky wine jar,[2] and will even remove the perspiration from your forehead. He will praise everything, admire everything about you, until, after having patiently endured a thousand tortures, you utter the invitation, "Come and dine!"

To breakfast if to Ranelagh you stray,
And Supple meet, he's not shook off that day.
The boiling kettle with both hands he'll seize;
And hand the cakes; that you may sit at ease.
In the canal the wind your beaver blows;
To take it out, he ventures over shoes.
If you take snuff; your box he magnifies,
Although of iron, and of lowest price.
Then with his comb will set young master's hair:
And swear, no wig can with those locks compare.
Attends him to the necessary place;
And wipes a drop of sweat from off his face.
All he admires and praises; till in fine
Fatigued you cry, "To-day, pray, with us dine." *Hay.*

[1] To the bath. Comp. Ep. 70.

[2] Which they used in the bath, says Rader, either to promote perspiration, or to provoke vomiting before dinner.

LXXXIII. ON FABIANUS.

Fabianus, who used to make merry at the expense of hernias, and whom all dreaded when he derided swelling hydroceles with more pungency even than two Catulli together would have done, suddenly found himself, miserable wretch, in the warm baths of Nero, and then became silent.

LXXXIV. TO POLYTIMUS.

I was long unwilling, Polytimus, to violate your locks with the scissors;[1] but now I am glad that I yielded in this respect to your entreaties. Such was Pelops when, newly shorn, he shone forth with shortened tresses, that his betrothed might see the whole of his ivory shoulders.[2]

LXXXV. TO FABULLUS.

Pædiconibus os olere dicis.
Hoc si, sicut ais, Fabulle, verum est,
Quid tu credis olere cunnilingis?

Tu dì che la bocca sente cattivo ai sodomiti. Se questo, come tu dici, o Fabullo, è vero, che credi tu che senta ai cunnilingi?
Graglia.

LXXXVI. TO AN HOMME BLASÉ.

Triginta tibi sunt pueri, totidemque puellæ:
Una est, nec surgit mentula. Quid facies?

Tu hai trenta ragazzi, ed altre tante ragazze; tu hai una sol mentola, ne si rizza. Che farai? *Graglia.*

LXXXVII. TO COTTA.

Cotta, complaining that he had twice lost his slippers through the negligence of his servant, who attends him about, and is the poor creature's only valet and escort, hit upon a plan, like a shrewd and cunning fellow, by which he might avoid such a loss for the future. He began to go out to dinner without slippers.[3]

Twice to have lost thy shoes, thou dost complain,
While that a negligent slave thou didst retain,
And he thy whole retinue, and thy train.
Wise on thy loss, and crafty thou didst grow,
And to avoid being often choused so,
Thou after bare-foot didst to supper go. *Anon.* 1695.

[1] See B. v. Ep. 49; B. i. Ep. 32. [2] Made of ivory by Ceres.
[3] From poverty

LXXXVIII. ON TONGILIANUS.

Tongilianus has a nose, I know, and don't deny it. But Tongilianus has, I know that too, nothing else but a nose.[1]

LXXXIX. TO CHARINUS, GROWING BALD.

When you wrap your head in flannel, Charinus, it is not your ears that trouble you, but your hair.

Charinus, 'cause thou bind'st thy head with wool,
'Tis not thy ears that grieve; 'tis thy bald skull.
Fletcher.

XC. ON MARO.

Maro, on behalf of his old friend, whose semitertian fever was severe and at its height, made a vow, but in a loud voice, so as to be overheard, that, if he were not sent to the Stygian Shades, a grateful victim should fall before great Jove. The doctors began to promise certain recovery. Maro now makes new vows, that he may avoid paying the former.

Wealthy was of a fever like to die;
When a most solemn vow was made by Sly:
If his friend Wealthy gave not up the ghost,
A church he'd build at his own proper cost.
Wealthy gets well: thinks Sly, left in the lurch,
Since private prayer prevail'd, there need no church.
Hay.

XCI. TO MAGULLA.

Since, Magulla, you have couch and favourite, in common with your husband, tell me why you have not your cup-bearer in common. You sigh: the reason is, you fear the cup.[2]

XCII. TO PRISCUS.

You often ask me, Priscus, what sort of person I should be, if I were to become suddenly rich and powerful. Who can determine what would be his future conduct? Tell me, if you were to become a lion, what sort of a lion would you be?

Priscus, you've often ask'd me how I'd live,
Should Fate at once both wealth and honour give;
What soul his future conduct can foresee?
Tell me what sort of lion you would be.
F. Lewis, Motto to the 172nd Rambler.

[1] Either because he was too much given to sneering; see B. i. Ep. 3; or because he was always smelling out good dinners. Comp. Ep. 37.
[2] Lest it should be poisoned.

What would I do, the question you repeat,
If on a sudden I were rich and great?
Who can himself with future conduct charge?
What would you do, a lion, and at large? *Hay.*

XCIII. ON FABULLA.

Fabulla has found out a way to kiss her lover in the presence of her husband. She has a little fool whom she kisses over and over again, when the lover immediately seizes him while he is still wet with the multitude of kisses, and sends him back forthwith, charged with his own to his smiling mistress. How much greater a fool is the husband than the professed fool!

My lady Modish doth this way devise,
To kiss her spark before her husband's eyes.
She slavers o'er her little boy with kisses,
And the gallant receives the reeking blisses:
Then to the little cupid gives a smack;
And to his laughing mother sends him back.
But if the husband is this way beguil'd;
The husband is by much the greater child. *Hay.*

XCIV. TO TUCCA.

I was writing an epic poem; you began to write one; I desisted from mine, that my verses might not stand in rivalry with yours. My Thalia transferred herself to the tragic buskin; you immediately assumed the tragic robe. I struck the strings of the lyre studied by the Calabrian muses; with new ambition you snatched from me the plectrum.[1] I ventured on satire: you laboured to become a Lucilius. I sport in light elegy; you do the same. What humbler style was left me? I began to write epigrams; my fame in that department became also the object of your envy. Determine what you do *not* like; it is a shame for you to like everything; and if there be any species of writing that you do not affect, Tucca, leave that for me.

I cannot for the stage a drama lay,
Tragic or comic, but thou writ'st a play.
I learn thee there, and, giving way, intend
An epic poem; thou hast the same end.
I modestly quit that, and think to write
Next morn an ode; thou mak'st a song ere night.

[1] Quill to play on the strings of the lyre.

I pass to elegies; thou meet'st me there;
To satires, and thou dost pursue me. Where,
Where shall I scape thee? In an epigram?
Oh! thou cri'st out, that is my proper game.
Ben Jonson.

XCV. TO RUFUS.

Mussi pathicissimos libellos,
Qui certant Sybariticis libellis,
Et tinctas sale pruriente chartas
Instanti lege Rufe: sed puella
Sit tecum tua, ne Thalassionem
Indicas manibus libidinosis.
Et fias sine fœminâ maritus.

O Rufo, leggi i paticissimi libelli di Museo, che garreggiano coi Sibaritici libelli, e leggi le carte asperse di sale solleticante: ma la tua ragazza sia teco, affinchè con mani libidinose tu non ecciti Talassione, e diventi marito senza donna. *Graglia.*

XCVI. TO A JEALOUS WIFE.

Cum tibi nota tui sit vita, fidesque mariti,
Nec premat ulla tuos, sollicitetque toros:
Quid quasi pellicibus torqueris inepta ministris,
In quibus et brevis est, et fugitiva Venus?
Plus tibi quam domino pueros præstare probabo:
Hi faciunt, ut sis fœmina sola viro.
Hi dant, quod non vis uxor dare. Do tamen, inquis,
Ne vagus à thalamis conjugis erret amor.
Non eadem res est: Chiam volo, nolo mariscam.
Ne dubites quæ sit Chia, marisca tua est.
Scire suos fines matrona, et fœmina debet:
Cede suam pueris; utere parte tua.

Essendo la vita, e la fedeltà del tuo marito a te nota, veruna prema o solleciti il tuo talamo: a che, sciocca, ti tormenti tu dei servi come di concubine, coi quali il piacere di venere è breve e fuggitivo. Ti proverò che i ragazzi giovano più a te che al loro padrone: questi son la cagione, che tu sola sii moglie al tuo marito essi danno ciò che tu, come moglie, non vuoi dare. Peraltro il do, dì tu, affinchè l'amore non travii incostante dai talami conjugali. Non è la cosa: voglio una chia, non voglio una marisca. Affinchè non dubbiti cosa sia una chia, la tua è una marisca. Una matrona deve sapere i suoi limiti, ed una femina i suoi. Cedi ai ragazzi la loro parte: e tu fa uso della tua. *Graglia.*

XCVII. TO BASSUS.

Uxor cum tibi sit puella, qualem
Votis vix petat improbus maritus,
Dives, nobilis, erudita, casta:
Rumpis, Basse, latus, sed in comatis,
Uxoris tibi dote quos parasti.
Et sic ad dominam reversa languet
Multis mentula millibus redempta:
Sed nec vocibus excitata blandis,
Molli pollice nec rogata surgit.
Sit tandem pudor, aut eamus in jus.
Non est hæc tua, Basse: vendidisti.

Essendo tua moglie una pulcella, quale un' improbo marito appena dimanderebbe, ricca, nobile, erudita, casta, tu, o Basso, ti rompi i lati, ma in cincinnati, che ti procacciasti colla dote della tua moglie. E così la tua mentola comparata con molti milliaja languisce di ritorno alla padrona: ma, nè eccitata con dolci parole, nè pregata con tenera mano surge. Arrossisci finalmente, o andiamo in judicio. Questa mentola non è tua, o Basso: tu l'hai venduta. *Graglia.*

XCVIII. TO THE RIVER BETIS.

O Bætis, whose locks are bound with a chaplet of olive-leaves; who dyest the golden fleeces of the flocks with thy radiant waters; whom Bacchus and Pallas love; and for whom the ruler of the waves opens a ship-bearing course into his foaming seas. Grant that Instantius may enter thy regions with happy omens, and that this present year may be as propitious to the people as the last. He is not unaware, what a responsibility it is to succeed Macer. He who weighs his responsibilities can bear them.

Betis, with olive garlands deck thy hair,
Who makes the flocks all golden fleeces bear;
To Bacchus, Pallas, and to Neptune dear,
For wine, for Oyl, for Traffick without peer.
May Rufus, in his charge, successful be,
His year, like that is pass'd, be lov'd by thee.
That Macer he succeeds, he's well aware;
Who knows his burden, best the weight can bear.

Anon. 1695

BOOK XIII.

I. TO THE READER.

THAT the tunny fish may not want a toga, or the olives a cloak, and that the humble worm may not fear pinching famine, waste, ye Muses, this Egyptian papyrus, over which I lose so much time. Winter, the season for revelry, asks for a new collection of witticisms. My tessera does not vie with the magnanimous talus,[1] nor do the sice and ace rattle in my ivory box. This paper is my plaything, this paper my dice-box, this game, if it brings me no gain, occasions me no loss.

II. TO A DETRACTOR.

You may be as keen-nosed as you please; in a word, you may be all nose, and so extensive that Atlas himself, if asked, would be unwilling to carry it, and you may even excel Latinus[2] himself in scoffing, still you cannot say more against my trifles than I have said myself. What good can it do you to gnash one tooth against another? If you wish to indulge in biting, let flesh be your food. Do not lose your labour, but direct your venom against those who are enamoured of themselves. As for me, I know that my effusions are as nothing; not, however, that they are absolutely nothing, if you come to their perusal with candid judgment, and not with an empty stomach.[3]

Be nosed, be all nose, till thy nose appear
So great that Atlas it refuse to bear;
Though even against Latinus thou inveigh,
Against my trifles thou no more canst say
Than I have said myself. Then to what end
Should we to render tooth for tooth contend?
You must have flesh if you'll be full, my friend!
Lose not thy labour, but on those who do

[1] The *tessera*, "die," was smaller than the *talus*, "huckle-bone." See Smith's Dict. Antiq. under those words.

[2] An actor in pantomime. See B. i. Ep. 5.

[3] Grave, severe; not relaxed, as in the evening, when the labours and cares of the day are over.

Admire themselves thy utmost venom throw;
That these things *nothing* are, full well we know.
Montaigne (by *Cotton*), book ii. c. 17.

III. TO THE READER.

The whole multitude of presents[1] contained in this thin little book will cost you, if you purchase it, four small coins. If four is too much, perhaps you may get it for two, and the bookseller, Trypho, will even then make a profit. These distichs you may send to your entertainers instead of a present, if money is as scarce with you as it is with me. The names of all the articles are given as headings; so that you may pass by those which are not to your taste.

IV. FRANKINCENSE.

That Germanicus[2] may late begin to rule over the ethereal hall, and that he may long rule over the earth, offer pious incense to Jove.

Send perfumed prayers to Jove, that Cæsar may
Long rule on earth, ere he heaven's scepter sway. *Wright.*

V. PEPPER.

When there falls to your lot a wax-coloured beccafico, which shines with fat back, you will, if you are wise, add pepper to it.

VI. FURMITY.

I send you furmity: a rich man could send you honeyed wine. But if the rich man be unwilling to send it you, buy it.

VII. BEANS.

If the pale bean boils for you in the red earthenware pot, you may often decline the suppers of rich patrons.

VIII. PULSE.

Season common jars with Clusine pulse, that, when they are cleansed, you may drink sweet wine from them to your satisfaction.

[1] The Book bears, in most editions, the title Xenia, all the Epigrams contained in it being inscriptions for presents

[2] Domitian. See B. v. Ep. 2 and 39.

IX. LENTILS.

Receive these Egyptian lentils, a gift from Pelusium; if they are not so good as barley, they are better than beans.

X. WHEATEN FLOUR.

You would never be able to enumerate all the different qualities of wheaten flour, or its uses, seeing that both baker and cook apply it in many different ways.

XI. BARLEY.

Receive herewith, muleteer, what you so often abstract from your dumb mules. I give it as a present to the innkeeper,[1] not to you.

XII. CORN.

Accept three hundred pecks from the harvest of the Libyan husbandman, that your suburban farm may not be unproductive.

XIII. BEET.

That insipid beet, the food of artizans, may acquire some flavour, how often must the cook have recourse to wine and pepper!

Insipid beet may bid a tradesman dine;
But asks of thee abundant spice and wine. *Elphinston.*

XIV. LETTUCE.

Tell me why lettuce, which used to close the repasts of our forefathers, now commences our feasts?

Lettuce, which closed the suppers of our sires,
Tell me, why our commencing feast admires? *Elphinston.*

XV. DRY WOOD.

If you cultivate fields in the neighbourhood of Nomentum,[2] bring wood, I charge you, countrymen, to the farm-house.

XVI. RADISHES.

These radishes which I present to you, and which are suited to the cold season of winter, Romulus still eats in heaven.[3]

[1] Who is to see it given to the mules, when you stop at his inn.
[2] Where the land was marshy, and dry wood scarce.
[3] Martial intimates that Romulus lived on the same frugal fare in heaven

XVII. CABBAGE SPROUTS.

That young cabbages may not excite your disgust by their paleness, make them green by boiling them in nitrated water.

Lest paly shoots o'ercast thy soul with spleen,
Let nitrous water colour them with green. *Elphinston.*

XVIII. LEEKS.

Whenever you have eaten strong-smelling shreds of the Tarentine leek, give kisses with your mouth shut.

When you Tarentine leeks eat, shun offence,
With lips close seal'd a breathless kiss dispence. *Wright.*

For it is every cook's opinion,
No savoury dish without an onion.
And, lest your kissing should be spoil'd,
Your onions must be thoroughly boil'd:
Or else you may spare
Your mistress a share,
The secret will never be known;
She cannot discover
The breath of a lover,
But think it as sweet as her own. *Swift.*

XIX. LARGE-HEADED LEEKS.

Aricia, celebrated for its grove, sends us its best leeks: look at these green blades and snow-white stalks.

The prime of leeks Aricia's groves bestow:
See verdant tresses crown a stem of snow. *Elphinston.*

XX. TURNIPS.

The lands near Amiternum abound in productive gardens; you may now eat more sparingly of the turnips of Nursia.

XXI. ASPARAGUS.

The delicate stalks cultivated on the coast of Ravenna will not be more grateful to the palate than this wild asparagus.

XXII. RAISINS.

I am a grape not suited to the cup or to Bacchus; but, if you do not attempt to drink me, I shall taste like nectar

that he had enjoyed on earth; as Virgil says that the souls of the dead in Elysium had the same delight in horses and arms as they had had while in the body. Æn. vi. 653.

Fit nor for cup, nor Bacchus, I will be
Nectar although not potable, to thee. *Wright.*

XXIII. CHIAN FIGS.

The Chian fig, like old wine from Setia, contains within it both wine and salt.[1]

XXIV. QUINCES.

If quinces, well saturated with Attic honey, were placed before you, you would say, these honey-apples are delicious.

XXV. PINE CONES.

We are the apples of Cybele;[2] keep at a distance, passer-by, lest we fall and strike your unfortunate head.

Cybele's apples we: fly, friend, in dread;
Lest our ripe ruin crush thy guiltless head. *Elphinston.*

XXVI. SERVICE BERRIES.

We are service berries, good for astringing relaxed bowels; a fruit better suited to your little boy than yourself.

XXVII. A BUNCH OF DATES.

Gilded dates are offered on the Kalends of January;[3] and yet this is the expected gift of a poor man.

XXVIII. A JAR OF PLUMS.

These Syrian plums, which come to you enclosed in a wattled conical basket, had they been any larger, might have passed for figs.

XXIX. DAMASCENE PLUMS.

Accept these foreign plums, wrinkled with age: they are good for relaxing constipated bowels.

XXX. A CHEESE FROM LUNA.

This cheese, marked with the likeness of the Etruscan Luna,[4] will serve your slaves a thousand times for breakfast.

[1] Compare B. vii. Ep. 24.
[2] The pine was sacred to Cybele, because her favourite Atys was changed into that tree.
[3] There is no allusion to such a custom elsewhere.
[4] Luna is a town in Etruria. The mark on the cheese was probably some likeness or emblem of the moon, or Diana.

XXXI. A VESTINE CHEESE.

In case you desire to break your fast economically, without meat, this mass of cheese comes to you from the flocks of the Vestini.[1]

XXXII. SMOKED CHEESE.

It is not every hearth or every smoke that is suited to cheese; but the cheese that imbibes the smoke of the Velabrum[2] is excellent.

XXXIII. CHEESE FROM TREBULA.

Trebula gave us birth; a double merit recommends us, for whether toasted at a gentle fire or softened in water, we are equally good.

XXXIV. BULBS.

If your wife is old, and your members languid, bulbs can do no more for you than fill your belly.[3]

If envious age relax the nuptial knot;
Thy food be scallions, and thy feast shalot. *Elphinston.*

XXXV. SAUSAGE.

Daughter of a Picenian pig, I come from Lucania; by me a grateful garnish is given to snow-white pottage.

XXXVI. A JAR OF OLIVES.

This olive, which comes to us rescued[4] from the presses of Picenum, both begins and ends our repasts.

XXXVII. CITRONS.

These fruits are either from the boughs of the garden of Corcyra, or were guarded by the dragon of Massylia.[5]

XXXVIII. BEESTINGS.

We give you, from the first milk of the mothers, sucklings of which the shepherd has deprived the dams while yet unable to stand.

[1] A people of Italy, bordering on the Sabines.
[2] A place near Rome, abounding with shops.
[3] To what particular bulb provocative effects were attributed, is uncertain.
[4] Not having been put in the oil-press.
[5] The dragon that kept the garden of the Hesperides.

XXXIX. THE KID.

Let the wanton creature, noxious to the green vine, pay the penalty of its crime; though so young, it has already injured the god of wine.

You once did Bacchus wound; this death you have,
O wanton Goat, for the then wound you gave. *Wright.*

This wanton kid must bleed at Bacchus' shrine,
Already has he harmed the God of Wine. *W. S. B.*

XL. EGGS.

If white fluid surround the saffron-coloured yolk, let pickle from the Spanish mackerel season the egg.

XLI. A SUCKING PIG.

Let the rich man place before me the nursling of a sluggish mother, fattened upon milk alone, and he may feed off an Ætolian boar himself.

XLII. POMEGRANATES WITH SOFT AND HARD STONES.

We present to you pomegranates with soft and hard stones, not from Libyan, but Nomentan trees.

XLIII. THE SAME.

Pomegranates with soft stones, gathered from suburban trees, and early pomegranates with hard stones, are sent to you. What do you want with those from Libya?

XLIV. SOWS' TEATS.

You would hardly imagine that you were eating cooked sows' teats,[1] so abundantly do they flow and swell with living milk.

XLV. FOWLS.

If we possessed Libyan fowl[2] and pheasants, you should receive them; as it is, receive birds from the hen-coop.

XLVI. PERSIAN APRICOTS.

Though early ripe, we should, on our natural branches, have been little esteemed; but now, grafted on branches of Persian origin, we are highly valued.

[1] *Esse putes nondum sumen.* You would imagine that you were eating a *sumen* in its natural state. *Sumen* here means the *dish* made, with stuffing or otherwise, of sows' teats.

[2] Turkeys.

Crabbed and wild, we clung to parent arms;
But, by adoption, have matured our charms. *Elphinston.*

XLVII. PICENTINE LOAVES.

Picentine flour teems with white nectar,[1] just as the light sponge swells with the water it imbibes.

XLVIII. MUSHROOMS.

To send silver or gold, a cloak or a toga, is easy enough, but to send mushrooms is difficult.[2]

XLIX. THE FIG-PECKER, OR BECCAFICO.

Since I feed not only on figs, but on sweet grapes, why did not the grape rather give me a name?[3]

L. TRUFFLES.

We who with tender head burst through the earth that nourishes us, are truffles, second only to mushrooms.

LI. A CROWN OF THRUSHES.

A crown made of roses, perhaps, or rich spikenard,[4] may please you, but a crown of fieldfares[5] delights me.

Thy crown, of roses, or of spikenard, be:
A crown of thrushes is the crown for me. *Elphinston.*

LII. DUCKS.

Let a duck be brought to table whole: but only the breast and neck are worth eating; return the rest to the cook.

The duck decoys you. Pick the neck and breast,
And to the worthy cook return the rest. *Elphinston.*

LIII. TURTLE DOVES.

As long as I have fat turtle-doves, a fig for your lettuce, my

[1] Milk, or a mixture of milk and honey. Picentine bread and flour was greatly esteemed.

[2] Either because they were rare, or because the possessor of them was more inclined to eat them himself than to part with them.

[3] Why am I not called *uvedula*, rather than *ficedula*?

[4] Such crowns, or chaplets, were presented by the rich to their guests at banquets.

[5] *Turdus*: the Germans translate this *Fieldfare*, which, from some Apician recollections, we think most likely to be right; but, in more than one previous Epigram, the word has been translated *Thrush*. H. G. B.

friend, and you may keep your shell-fish to yourself. I have no wish to waste my appetite.

Lettuce farewell; fat Turtles give to me;
And poynant hunger the best sawce will be. *Wright.*

LIV. GAMMON OF BACON.

Let me have it from the territory of the Cerretans,[1] or it may be sent from the Menapians;[2] let epicures devour ham.

I, with Cerretan, or Menapian, cram:
Let gorgeous gluttons riot on their ham. *Elphinston.*

LV. HAM.

The ham is quite fresh; make haste, and delay not to invite your best friends; I will have nothing to do with a stale ham.

LVI. PIGS' CHITTERLINGS.

You perhaps will give the preference to the chitterlings of a virgin pig; I prefer them from a pregnant sow.

LVII. EGYPTIAN BEANS.

You will deride this Egyptian vegetable, with its wool that sticks so closely, when obliged to tear its obstinate filaments with teeth and hands.

LVIII. GOOSE'S LIVER.

See, how the liver is swollen larger than a fat goose: In amazement you will exclaim: where could this possibly grow?

On goose's liver wond'ring glance bestow:
Larger than largest goose, where could it grow? *Elphinston.*

LIX. DORMOUSE.

I sleep through the whole winter, and have become fatter during the time, with nothing but sleep to nourish me.

Sleeping all Winter I'm most fat; no food,
But a full meal of sleep doth work this good. *Wright.*

LX. RABBITS.

The rabbit delights to dwell in caves dug in the earth.

[1] A people of Spain, whose bacon is commended by Athenæus, B. xiv
[2] A people on the Rhine, near what is now Westphalia.

It was he who taught enemies the art of making secret ways.

You a small burrow-worker, do design
Captains great cities how to undermine. *Wright.*

LXI. HEATHCOCKS.

Among winged fowl, the best-flavoured is held to be the Ionian heathcock.

LXII. FATTENED FOWLS.

The hen fattens readily on sweet flour and darkness.[1] How ingenious is gluttony![2]

The hen grows fat, with darkness fed and dough;
The very gut doth now ingenious grow. *Wright.*

LXIII. CAPONS.

Lest the cock, by excess of conjugal enjoyment, should grow thin, it is put out of his power to do so. I shall call him a priest of Cybele.[3]

LXIV. THE SAME.

In vain does the hen caress her sterile mate; she ought to have been the bird of Cybele, the mother of the gods.

LXV. PARTRIDGES.

This bird is placed as a great rarity upon Roman tables. It is only at those of the rich that you taste it frequently.

LXVI. DOVES.

If you have been initiated in the sacred mysteries of the Cnidian goddess, violate not tender doves with sacrilegious tooth.[4]

Touch not, with impious tooth, the tender dove,
If thou'd'st adore the Cnidian queen of love. *Elphinston.*

LXVII. WOOD-PIGEONS.

Wood-pigeons make sluggish and blunt the manly powers He who wishes to be a lover should not eat of this bird.

[1] Light and motion being adverse to fat.
[2] Which discovered that fowls might be soonest fattened in darkness.
[3] Gallus (a cock) also signifies a priest of Cybele.
[4] If you have been initiated in the mysteries of Venus, do not destroy the birds sacred to her.

The wreathed pigeon damps the genial pow'rs,
The wife forbear him, in connubial hours. *Elphinston.*

The ring-dove's flesh obstructs the tide of life;
Eat it not, husband, if you love your wife! *W. S. B.*

LXVIII. WITWALS.

The witwal is trapped by reeds and nets, while the grape, yet immature, swells with green juice.

LXIX. MARTENS.

Umbria never gave us Pannonian Martens. Pudens prefers to send these as presents to our Sovereign Lord.[1]

LXX. THE PEACOCK.

You are lost in admiration whenever he spreads his feathers that glow as it were with jewels, and can you consign him, cruel man, to the unfeeling cook?

You who admire the peacock's gorgeous plumes,
Can you consign him to the kitchen fumes? *W. S. B.*

LXXI. THE FLAMINGO.

My red wing gives me my name; but it is my tongue that is considered savoury by epicures. What, if my tongue had been able to sing?[2]

LXXII. PHEASANTS.

I was first brought to these climes in the ship Argo; till then I knew only the river Phasis.

LXXIII. NUMIDIAN FOWLS.

However well Hannibal was fed with Roman geese, the barbarian himself never ate the birds of his own country.[3]

LXXIV. THE GOOSE.

This bird saved the temple of Tarpeian Jove. Do you wonder at this? A god had not then built that temple.[4]

[1] The martens were sent from Pannonia to Pudens, who was in Umbria, and who sent them thence as a present to the emperor.

[2] How much more valuable would it have been! An allusion, probably, to the dish of singing-birds' tongues produced at a feast by Æsopus the tragic actor. Plin. H. N. x. 51.

[3] Never ate them in Italy; because luxury had not yet introduced them into that country.

[4] Since Domitian has erected a temple there, he, being a god, is sufficiently able to protect it.

LXXV. CRANES.

You will disturb the lines, and the letter[1] will not fly entire, if you destroy one single bird of Palamedes.[2]

LXXVI. WOODCOCKS.

Whether woodcock or partridge, what does it signify, if the taste is the same? But the partridge is dearer, and therefore thought preferable.

I a wild Partridge am; what difference? nought,
But that the tame one is the dearer bought. *Wright.*

LXXVII. SWANS.

The swan murmurs sweet strains with a faltering tongue, itself the singer of its own dirge.

As how to swans, their truth's reward, belong
A joyful death, and sweet expiring song. *Geo. Lamb.*

LXXVIII. THE PORPHYRION.[3]

Has so small a bird the name of a great giant? It has also the name of the charioteer Porphyrion of the Green Faction.

LXXIX. LIVE MULLETS.

The mullet yet breathes in the sea-water which is brought in for him; but with difficulty. Is he not beginning to droop? Give him the natural sea, and he will recover his strength.

LXXX. LAMPREYS.

The large lamprey, which swims in the Sicilian deep, cannot again submerge its body, if once scorched by the sun.[4]

LXXXI. TURBOTS.

However great the dish that holds the turbot, the turbot is still greater than the dish.

[1] The letter V, or γ, which cranes form in their flight.

[2] Cranes were called the birds of Palamedes, because he is said to have adopted some forms of letters from their mode of flying.

[3] A bird so called, according to Ælian and Pliny, from its purple colour. What bird it was, is unknown.

[4] Such is its fatness, that if it rise to the surface of the water when the sun is shining, the heat relaxes it, and renders it powerless even to plunge again into the deep.

LXXXII. OYSTERS.

I am a shell-fish just come from being saturated with the waters of the Lucrine lake, near Baiæ; but now I luxuriously thirst for noble pickle.[1]

LXXXIII. PRAWNS.

The cerulean river Liris loves us, Liris sheltered by the wood of Marica,[2] thence we prawns come in large shoals.

LXXXIV. THE CHAR.

Of this char, which comes well fattened[3] from the billowy sea, the liver is good; but the other parts are ill-flavoured.

LXXXV. THE CORACINUS.

Coracinus,[4] glory of the Egyptian markets, where you are eagerly sought, no fish is more highly esteemed than you among the gourmands of Alexandria.

LXXXVI. SEA-HEDGEHOG.

That sea-hedgehog, though it pricks your fingers with its bristly armour, will be soft enough when its shell is laid aside.

Pinch thee he may, while pent within his walls;
But, once dislodged, a softling urchin sprawls. *Elphinston.*

LXXXVII. MURICES, THE PURPLE-FISH.

You wear, ungrateful man, cloaks dyed in our blood; and as if that were not enough, you also eat us.

O most ungrateful man, not only you
Do dye with me; but likewise eat me too. *Wright.*

LXXXVIII. GUDGEONS.

Whatever the magnificence of the feasts in the region of Venice, the gudgeon usually forms the beginning of the repast.

When the Venetians will with splendour eat,
With gudgeon gladly they commence the treat. *Elphinston.*

Though Venice prides herself on sumptuous fare,
The gudgeon always heads the banquet there. *Anon.*

[1] In which oysters were preserved. [2] In Campania.
[3] Some editions read *adesus*, but most have *obesus*.
[4] A fish from the Nile, of which nothing is known.

LXXXIX. THE PIKE.

The woolly[1] pike swims at the mouth of the Euganean Timavus, fattening on sweet water mixed with salt.

XC. THE JOHN DORY.

It is not every Dory that deserves praise and a high price, but only that which feeds on the shell-fish of the Lucrine lake.

XCI. THE STURGEON.

Send the sturgeon to the Palatine table;[2] such rarities should adorn divine feasts.

XCII. HARES.

If my opinion is of any worth, the fieldfare[3] is the greatest delicacy among birds, the hare among quadrupeds.

Of birds the thrush, if I my thoughts declare;
Of quadrupeds, the glory is the hare. *Elphinston.*

XCIII. WILD BOAR.

The bristly animal which fell by an Ætolian spear[4] on the lands of Diomede, a dire object of terror, was just such as this.

XCIV. DOES.

Wild boars are feared for their tusks; horns are the defence of stags; what are we, unwarlike does, but an easy prey to all?

The tusk, the Boar; Harts, horns defend, to all
We naked Does, prey undefended, fall. *Wright.*

XCV. THE OUNCE.

The savage ounce, not the best victim of the morning sports, costs me the lives of oh! how many dogs!

XCVI. THE STAG.

Was this the stag which was tamed by your halter, Cyparissus?[5] or was it rather yours, Silvia?[6]

[1] *Laneus lupus.* A species of pike, so called from the colour and softness of the flesh. Plin. H. N. ix. 17. The Timavus was a river not far from Venice, in the territory once occupied by the Euganei

[2] That of Domitian's palace on the Palatine Mount.

[3] *Turdus.* See note on Epig. li. p. 594. [4] That of Meleager.

[5] A son of Telephus, who, having accidentally killed his favourite stag, is said by Ovid to have been changed into a cypress.

[6] The daughter of Tyrrheus. Virgil, Æn. vii.

XCVII. THE LALISIO, OR SUCKING FOAL OF THE WILD ASS.

While the wild ass is young, and fed by its mother alone, the nursling has, but only for a short time, the name of lalisio.

XCVIII. THE GAZELLE.

Give your little son the gazelle for a plaything; which the crowd in the amphitheatre like to scare by waving their togas.

XCIX. THE MOUNTAIN GOAT.

See how the mountain goat hangs from the summit of the cliff; you would expect it to fall: it is merely showing its contempt for the dogs.

C. THE WILD ASS.

Behold this beautiful wild ass; away with the hunting of Indian elephants. Lay aside the hunting nets!

CI. VENAFRAN OIL.

This unguent has been exuded by the berry of Venafrum in Campania. Every time you use it, it emits fragrance.[1]

CII. SUPERIOR SAUCE FROM OUR ALLIES.

Accept this exquisite sauce made from the first blood of the expiring mackerel;[2] an expensive present.

CIII. INFERIOR SAUCE.

I am, I confess it, the offspring of the tunny-fish of Antipolis;[3] had I been that of a mackerel, I should not have been sent to you.

CIV. ATTIC HONEY.

The bee that thronga Thesean Hymettus has sent you this noble nectar from the forest of Minerva.

CV. SICILIAN HONEYCOMBS.

When you make a present of Sicilian honeycombs from amid the hills of Hybla, you may call them Attic.

CVI. RAISIN WINE.

The vineyard of Gnossus, in that Crete where Minos reigned,

[1] A fragrance owing, not to the oil, but to the spices mixed with it.
[2] From Greece, Africa, Spain, and various other parts
[3] In Gallia Narbonensis.

produced this for you; this is the honeyed wine of the poor man.

CVII. PITCH-FLAVOURED WINE.

Doubt not that this pitch-flavoured wine came from the wine-bearing Vienne: Romulus[1] himself sent it to me.

CVIII. HONEYED WINE.

Attic honey thickens the nectar-like Falernian. Such drink deserves to be mixed by Ganymede.

CIX. ALBAN WINE.

This wine is sent from the Cæsarean hills,[2] from the sweet vineyard that flourishes on Mount Iulus.

CX. SURRENTINE WINE.

Do you drink Surrentine? Choose for it neither painted myrrhine jars, nor vessels of gold; the wine will furnish you with cups from its own locality.

CXI. FALERNIAN WINE.

This Massic[3] wine comes from the presses of Sinuessa. Do you ask in whose Consulate it was bottled? It was before consuls existed.

CXII. SETINE WINE.

The little city of Setia, which, suspended on high, overlooks the Pontine marshes, has sent us these old tuns.

CXIII. FUNDI WINE.

This wine of Fundi[4] was produced in the splendid autumn of Opimius.[5] The consul who saw it made drank of it when matured.

CXIV. TRIFOLINE WINE.

I, Trifoline wine,[6] am not, I confess, of the first order but I hold, at least, the seventh place.

[1] The son of Æneas, who built Alba Longa.
[2] The hills were called Cæsarean, because the emperors had palaces on them.
[3] Mons Massicus and Mons Falernus were mountains near Sinuessa in Campania; both celebrated for their wines.
[4] A town of Campania.
[5] See B. . Ep. 27.
[6] Made at Cuma in Campania.

CXV. CÆCUBAN WINE.

Generous Cæcuban wine is matured at Amyclæ, near Fundi; the vine is born and flourishes in the midst of a morass.

CXVI. SIGNINE WINE.

You may drink Signine wine, which astringes the relaxed bowels; but, that it may not affect you too much, let your draughts be moderate.

CXVII. MAMERTINE WINE.

If a jar of Mamertine,[1] as old as Nestor, be given you, you may call it by what name you please.[2]

CXVIII. TARRAGONESE WINE.

Tarragon, which yields the palm to the vineyards of Campania alone, produced this wine, rivalling the Tuscan.

CXIX. NOMENTAN WINE.

My Nomentan vineyard[3] yields this wine. If Quintus[4] is your friend, you will drink better.

CXX. SPOLETINE WINE.[5]

Better drink old wine from Spoletine jars, than new Falernian.

CXXI. PELIGNIAN WINE.

The Pelignian vine-dressers send turbid Marsic wine. Touch it not yourself, but let your freed-man drink it.

CXXII. VINEGAR.

Disdain not this amphora of Egyptian vinegar. It was much worse when it was wine.

Egyptian vinegar despise not thou:
When it was wine, 'twas far more vile than now. *Wright.*

CXXIII. WINE OF MARSEILLES.

Since your sportula attracts to you hundreds of citizens, you may set before them the smoky wines of Marseilles.

[1] From the Mamertine region in Sicily.
[2] Such is its excellence, that it is equal to any wine whatever.
[3] Martial's vineyard at Nomentum.
[4] Quintus Ovidius. B. vi. Ep. 92.
[5] From Spoletum in Italy.

CXXIV. CÆRETAN.[1]

Let Nepos[2] place Cæretan wine on table, and you will deem it Setine. But he does not give it to all the world; he drinks it only with a trio of friends.

CXXV. TARENTINE.

Aulon[3] is renowned for its wool, and happy in its vines. You may take its precious fleeces, give me its wines.

Aulon is famous for its wool and wine;
The former shall be yours, the latter mine. *W. S. B.*

CXXVI. PERFUMES.

Never think of leaving perfumes or wine to your heir. Administer these yourself, and let him have your money.

CXXVII. A CROWN OF ROSES.

Winter, O Cæsar, offers thee a forced chaplet; formerly the rose was a flower of spring, now it comes at thy bidding.

Winter a rose presents unto thy throne;
Once 'twas the Spring's, but now 'tis Cæsar's grown. *Wright*

BOOK XIV.

THE PRESENTS MADE TO GUESTS AT FEASTS.

I. TO THE READER.

Now, while the knights and the lordly senators delight in the festive robe, and the cap[5] of liberty is assumed by our Jupiter;[6] and while the slave, as he rattles the dice-box, has no fear of the Ædile, seeing that the ponds are so nearly frozen,[7] learn alternately what is allotted to the rich and to the poor. Let each make suitable presents to his friends. That these contributions of mine are follies and trifles, and even worse, who does not know? or who denies what is so evident? But what can I do better, Saturn, on these

[1] From Cære in Etruria. [2] A friend of Martial. B. x. Ep. 48.
[3] A mountain in Calabria, near Tarentum. [4] See B. vi. Ep. 80.
[5] Caps were worn generally during the Saturnalia. See B. xi. Ep. 6.
[6] Domitian. [7] Seeing winter so near at hand.

days of pleasure, which thy son himself has consecrated to thee in compensation for the heaven *from which he ejected thee?* Would you have me write of Thebes, or of Troy, or of the crimes of Mycenæ? You reply, "Play with nuts." But I don't want to waste even nuts. Reader, you may finish this book wherever you please, every subject is completed in a couple of lines.

II. TO THE READER.

If you ask why headings are affixed, I will tell you; it is that, if you choose, you may read the headings only.

Inquire you why this table 's put before?
I'll tell; if it disgusts you, read no more. *Evelyn.*

III. TABLETS OF CITRON-WOOD.

Had not our wood been cut into thin tablets, we should have been the noble burden of Libyan ivory.[1]

IV. TABLETS (WAXEN) OF FIVE LEAVES.

The joyous court of the emperor is warm with the slaughter of bullocks, when the decree which confers fresh honours on Cæsar is conveyed by the five-leaved (waxen) tablet.[2]

V. TABLETS OF IVORY.

If the dull-coloured waxen-tablets are too indistinct for your failing sight, let black letters be depicted on snow-white ivory.

VI. TABLETS OF THREE LEAVES.

You will think our three leaves no ordinary gift, when your mistress writes to you on them that she will come.

These three-leaved tablets you'll be sure to bless,
When a fair lady sends them back with "yes." *W. S. B.*

VII. TABLETS OF PARCHMENT.

Although these tablets are called parchment, imagine them of wax; you will be able to erase and replace the writing at pleasure.[3]

[1] Had we not been tablets, we should have been tables, supported on ivory legs.

[2] When the honour of a consulate or triumph is inscribed by the emperor on tablets of this kind, which are sent to the person on whom it is bestowed.

[3] The parchment was covered with some chalky kind of composition, susceptible of erasure.

VIII. VITELLIAN TABLETS.

A maiden, though she may never have read Vitellian tablets, knows what they mean.

IX. THE SAME.

Because you see that we are very small, you imagine that we are love-letters. You are mistaken; we bear a demand for money.

X. LARGER TABLETS.

When a poet presents you with blank leaves, you should consider it no small present.

No vulgar boon the bard must mean,
When he presents the paper clean. *Elphinston.*

XI. LETTER-PAPER.

Whether sent to a casual acquaintance, or to a dear friend, this paper is in the habit of calling everybody "my dear Sir."

To one long-lov'd, and one she barely knows,
Hailing alike DEAR FRIEND, she shameless goes.
Elphinston.

XII. IVORY COFFERS.

It is improper to fill these coffers with any other coin than gold: let common wooden boxes hold silver.

These ivory tills should not contain but gold,
And more vile wood should baser silver hold. *Wright.*

XIII. WOODEN COFFERS.

If there be anything still remaining at the bottom of my coffer, it shall be yours. There is nothing: then the coffer itself shall be yours.

XIV. IVORY TALI, OR DICE.[1]

When you see that no two of these dice present themselves to you with the same face, you will say that I have made you a great present.

XV. TESSERÆ.

Although as a tessera I am unequal in number to the tali, yet the stake laid upon me is frequently greater.

[1] See B. ii. Ep. 6.

[2] On this and the following, see B. xiii. Ep. 1, and B. iv. Ep. 14.

XVI. A DICE BOX.

The fraudulent hand, skilled in disposing dice to fall in a certain manner, will, if it throws them from me, succeed only in wishing.

The cogging hand may slur a die with me;
No slight prevails, only your hopes are free. *Wright.*

When she's at cards, or rattling dice she throws,
Connive at cheats, and generously lose. *Garth.*

XVII. A GAMING TABLE.

Here dice, with their twice six spots, are counted; here the party-coloured man is captured by his double foe.[1]

XVIII. NUTS.

Nuts seem a small risk, and not likely to be attended with much loss; yet such risk has often robbed the young of honour.

XIX. A PEN-CASE.

As you have been lucky enough to gain a pen-case as your prize, remember to store it with pens. Having got the more expensive part for nothing, you can afford the less costly.

XX. THE GAME OF ROBBERS.[2]

If your game be the warfare of insidious robbers you have here in gems both your soldiers and your enemy.

XXI. STYLE-CASES.

These style-cases furnished with their own steel styles are for you. If you give one of them to your boy, it will be no trifling present.

XXII. A TOOTH-PICK.

A piece of Lentisc wood is best; but if that is unattainable, a quill may relieve your teeth.

[1] One compartment of the table was adapted for throwing dice, the other for moving men, resembling chess-men or draughts-men, according to the throws of the dice. A man was taken when he was hemmed in between two of the adversary's men. See Smith's Dict. of Antiq. art. CALCULUS and LATRUNCULI.

[2] The nature of this game is not exactly known; it is variously supposed to mean chess, draughts, or some kind of besieging game.

XXIII. AN EAR-PICK.

I offer you an instrument to allay the tickling of your ear, when it annoys you with troublesome irritation.

XXIV. A GOLDEN HAIR-PIN.

That your oiled tresses may not injure your splendid silk dress, let this pin fix your twisted hair, and keep it up.

XXV. COMBS.

Of what use will be this piece of box-wood, cut into so many teeth, and now presented to you, seeing that you have no hair?

XXVI. POMATUM.

My caustic influence reddens the hair of the Germans: by my aid you may surpass your slave's tresses.

XXVII. MATTIAC BALLS.[1]

If you desire, Octogenarian, to change the colour of your venerable hair, accept these Mattiac balls. But to what purpose, for you are bald?

XXVIII. A PARASOL.

Accept this protection against the excessive heat of the sun; and even against the wind it will serve you as a veil.

XXIX. A BROAD-BRIMMED HAT.

In Pompey's theatre I go as a spectator well hooded, the awning there being of little avail against the wind.

XXX. HUNTING-SPEARS.

They will receive rushing wild boars, and await lions; they will pierce bears, if the hand that directs them be sufficiently firm.

XXXI. A HUNTING-KNIFE.

If you mourn over your hunting-spear, struck down by the boar's long tusk, this short weapon will oppose the huge animal in close encounter.

[1] So called from Mattium, a town of Germany, supposed by some to be the same with Marpurg. They were some kind of composition for dyeing the hair.

XXXII. A SWORD AND BELT.

This is a military decoration, an honourable testimony; a weapon worthy to gird on the side of a tribune.

XXXIII. A DAGGER.

This dagger, marked with serpentine veins, Salo,[1] while it was hissing with heat, tempered with ice-cold water.

XXXIV. A SCYTHE.

The settled peace of our Emperor has bent me to unwarlike uses; now I belong to the husbandman, formerly I belonged to the soldier.

Me to a better trade calme peace doth change,
I, in the camp did serve, now in the Scange. *Wright.*

XXXV. A HATCHET.

When a sad sale was made for the payment of debts, this hatchet was purchased for four hundred thousand sesterces.[2]

XXXVI. BARBERS' INSTRUMENTS.

Some of these instruments are adapted for cutting the hair; one is useful for long nails, another for rough chins.

XXXVII. A BOOK-CASE.

If you do not give me well-bound books, they will admit the moth and devouring worms.

XXXVIII. BUNDLES OF REED-PENS.

The land of Egypt supplies you with reeds fit for writing on paper. With the reeds of other marshes you may thatch your roofs.

XXXIX. A NIGHT-LAMP.

I am a night-lamp, privy to the pleasures of the couch; do whatever you please, I shall be silent.

Privy to nocturnal glee,
Nought I say of all I see. *Elphinston.*

XL. A CANDLE.

Fortune has given you this servant of the lamp, which, by keeping awake, dispels darkness.

[1] A river in Spain. See B. i. Ep. 50.

[2] A vast sum; more than £3200 of our money. We are inclined to read *quadraginta* instead of *quadringentis*, a change which would reduce the price to £320

XLI. THE LAMP WITH SEVERAL BURNERS.

Although I illumine whole banquets with my light, and have so many necks, I am called but one lamp.

XLII. A TAPER.

This taper will provide you with light in the night, supposing your lamp should be stolen from your servant.

XLIII. A CORINTHIAN CANDELABRUM.

It was candles that gave us our old name; the lamp trimmed with oil was not known to our forefathers.

XLIV. A WOODEN CANDLESTICK.

You see that I am a piece of wood; unless you are careful of the flame, a great lamp will be made out of your candlestick.

Unless you mind, and mend the light, you 'll see
The candlestick itself will candle be. *Wright.*

XLV. A PAGANICA, OR BALL STUFFED WITH FEATHERS.

This ball, stuffed with feathers, difficult to manage, is not so soft as a bladder, nor so hard as an ordinary ball.

XLVI. THE BALL FOR PLAYING AT THE TRIGON, OR THREE-CORNERED GAME.

If you are skilful enough to strike me with rapid left-hand blows, I am yours. You are not sufficiently skilled, so, clown, return the ball.

XLVII. THE BLADDER FOOT-BALL.

Retire to a distance, young men; tender age suits me; with the bladder it befits only boys and old men to play.

XLVIII. THE HARPASTA, OR SMALL HAND-BALL.

This the agile youth catches amid the dust of Antæus,[1] (though often) stretching his neck with fruitless efforts.

XLIX. DUMB-BELLS.

Why do strong arms fatigue themselves with frivolous dumb-bells? To dig a vineyard is a worthier exercise for men.

[1] That is, the dust of the palæstra, or wrestling-ground, Antæus having been famed for wrestling. The words in brackets are supplied, being apparently required to complete the sense

L. A LEATHER CAP.

To prevent the wrestler's unclean oil from defiling your sleek locks, you may protect your perfumed hair with this leathern covering.

LI. STRIGILS, FOR SCRAPING THE SKIN IN THE BATH.

Pergamus sent these; scrape yourself with the curved iron, and the scourer will not so often have to cleanse your linen.

LII. A COMMON HORN OIL-FLASK.

A young bull lately bore me upon his forehead; you might think me a real rhinoceros' horn.

LIII. AN OIL-FLASK OF RHINOCEROS' HORN.

This horn, which was recently seen in the Ausonian arena of the Emperor, and to which a bull was but as a ball, is for you.[1]

LIV. A CHILD'S RATTLE.

If a little boy hangs crying upon your neck, let him shake, with his tender hand, this noisy rattle.

Should round thy neck the crying homeborn cling,
Its tuneful hand may bid this timbrel ring. *Elphinston.*

LV. A HORSE-WHIP.

If the horse which you are running is of the purple faction,[2] you will make nothing of him, however much you flog him with this whip.

LVI. TOOTH POWDER.

What have I to do with you? Let the fair and young use me. I am not accustomed to polish false teeth.

LVII. MYROBALANUM.

This, which is mentioned neither by Virgil nor by Homer, in all their verses, is made up of unguent and nut-balsam.

[1] See Spectac., Ep. 9.
[2] The same is said of those of the blue faction, B. vi. Ep. 46

LVIII. APHRONITRUM, OR SALT-PETRE.

Are you a Rustic? Then you do not know what I am called in Greek. I am called the scum of nitre. Are you a Greek? I am Aphronitron.

Thou, blockhead, canst not scan my Grecian name:
From scum of nitre, I, saltpetre, came. *Elphinston.*

LIX. BALMS.

Balm delights me; it is the perfume for men. Ye matrons, scent yourselves with the essences of Cosmus.

LX. BEAN-FLOUR.

This will be an acceptable present, and not without its use to a wrinkled body, when exposed in broad daylight at the baths of Stephanus.

LXI. A HORN-LANTERN.

I am a lantern, a guide for the way, and shine like gold when the flame is sheltered and the little lamp safe in my embrace.

LXII. A LANTERN MADE OF A BLADDER.

If I am not of horn, am I the less transparent? Will any one who meets me think me a bladder?

LXIII. A REED PIPE.

Why do you smile at my form, composed of wax and reeds? The first shepherd's pipe was such as I am.

Of wax and reed you laugh to see me made;
So was composed the primal pipe that play'd. *Elphinston.*

LXIV. PIPES.

The drunken female-piper bursts our ears with her inflated cheeks; she sometimes blows two pipes at once;[1] sometimes only one.

LXV. WOOLLEN SLIPPERS.

If your servant should happen to be absent, and you wish to get your sandals, these will enable your feet to serve themselves.

[1] Pipers often played on two pipes at once, called *tibiæ dextræ et sinistræ*, "right and left-handed pipes." See a full description of them in Colman's Preface to his Terence.

Boyless, wouldst on or off thy slippers put?
Thy most obsequious slave thou'lt find thy foot. *Elphinston.*

LXVI. A CORSET.

You might be able to confine your breast within a bull's hide; but what you use is too small for the purpose.

LXVII. A FLY-FLAP OF PEACOCK'S FEATHERS.

That which prevents disagreeable flies from feeding on your repast, was once the proud tail of a splendid bird.

What from thy food repels profaning flies,
Strutted, a gorgeous train, with gem-like eyes. *Elphinston.*

LXVIII. RHODIAN BISCUIT.

If your slave commits a fault, do not smash his teeth with your fist; give him some of the (hard) biscuit which famous Rhodes has sent you.

LXIX. A PRIAPUS MADE OF PASTRY.

If you wish to appease your hunger, you may eat this Priapus of ours; even though you consume every part of it, you will not be the less pure.

LXX. A PIG.

The pig fed on acorns among foaming wild boars, will afford you a merry saturnalia.

LXXI. A CLOTHES-BRUSH OF OX-TAIL.

If your dress has been soiled with yellow dust, brush it off with gentle strokes of this bushy tail.

LXXII. A SAUSAGE.

The sausage which comes to you in mid-winter, came to me before the seven days of the Saturnalia.

LXXIII. A PARROT.

I, a parrot, am taught by you the names of others; I have learned of myself to say, "Hail! Cæsar!"

To compliment my master teacheth me:
But I, by nature, am taught loyalty. *Wright.*

For other names your lessons may avail;
I taught myself to carol, "Cæsar! hail!" *Elphinston.*

LXXIV. A CROW.

Corve salutator, quare fellator haberis?
In caput intravit mentula nulla tuum.

O corvo salutatore, perchè sei tu tenuto un fellatore? veruna mentula entrò nella tua bocca.—*Graglia.*

LXXV. A NIGHTINGALE.

Philomela bewails the crime of the incestuous Tereus; and she who was dumb as a maiden, is celebrated for her song as a bird.

Hear Philomela Tereus' crime bewail;
Lo! the mute maid, a warbling nightingale. *Elphinston.*

Wrong'd Philomel, while woman, mute was she;
But, since a bird, sings her own elegy. *Wright.*

LXXVI. A MAGPIE.

I, a talking magpie, salute you as my master with distinct voice; if you did not see me, you would not believe me to be a bird.

Did you not see, such a true voice I feign,
Thinking me man, you would salute again. *Wright.*

LXXVII. AN IVORY CAGE.

If you ever possess such a bird as Lesbia, the beloved of Catullus, bewailed, it may dwell here.

E'en such a bird, so fond, so gay,
As Lesbia loved so well,
And mourn'd in sweet Catullus' lay,
In thee might happy dwell. *Geo. Lamb.*

LXXVIII. A MEDICINE-CHEST.

Here you have an ivory medicine-chest, filled with the appliances of the healing art; a present such as even Paccius[1] might have coveted.

LXXIX. WHIPS.

Play, sportive slaves; but only play.[2] These whips of mine shall be locked up for five days.[3]

Play on, but only play, ye servile fry;
No more than five dear days I dormant lie. *Elphinston.*

[1] Some physician, probably. [2] Do no mischief.
[3] In Ep. 72 the Saturnalia are said to last seven days; five was the prescribed number, but two were usually added.

LXXX. FERULÆ.

Hated exceedingly by children, and dear to schoolmasters, we are the wood ennobled by the gift of Prometheus.[1]

The master's sceptre, and the school-boy's smart;
Our awe springs sacred from Promethean art. *Elphinston.*

LXXXI. A WALLET.

This wallet entreats that it may not be obliged to carry the beggarly food of a long-bearded, half-clad philosopher, or serve as pillow to his mangy dog.

LXXXII. BROOMS.

Brooms were once held in esteem, as our palm trees testify;[2] but now the slaves have forsaken brooms, and pick up crumbs.

LXXXIII. A BACK-SCRATCHER, IN THE SHAPE OF A HAND.

This hand will protect your shoulders from the bite of the troublesome flea, or from other things more offensive than a flea.

LXXXIV. A WOODEN BOOK-COVERING.

These fir covers will long preserve your manuscripts, and protect them against the friction of your toga and cloak.[3]

LXXXV. A COUCH MADE OF CITRON-WOOD, CALLED "PEACOCK-TAILED."

This couch derives its name from the bird adorned with painted feathers; which is now the attendant of Juno, but was formerly Argus.[4]

LXXXVI. A SADDLE.

Huntsman, accept this saddle for your swift-footed steed, for a horse ridden bare-backed is apt to cause a painful disease.

LXXXVII. A DINNER COUCH.

Accept a semicircular couch decorated with crescents of

[1] Prometheus having stolen fire from heaven in a hollow cane or reed.
[2] Brooms were anciently made from the palm-tree.
[3] Compare B. i. Ep. 67.
[4] The hundred-eyed Argus was changed into a peacock.

tortoise-shell. It will hold eight. Whoever is a friend, let him take a seat on it.

LXXXVIII. A DINNER-TABLE ORNAMENTED WITH THE BEST TORTOISE-SHELL.

If you imagine that I am adorned with female land-tortoise shell, you are mistaken; I bear the male offspring of the sea.

LXXXIX. A CITRON-WOOD TABLE.

Accept a present of rich wood from the forests of Atlas. Whoever makes a present of gold (of equal weight), will give less.

Atlas this citron table sends to thee:
Should he give gold, the gift would smaller be. *Wright.*

XC. A MAPLE-WOOD TABLE.

I am not veined, it is true; nor am I the offspring of an African forest; yet even my wood is no stranger to sumptuous feasts.

XCI. IVORY TUSKS.

Do you question whether tusks which toss in air the vast bodies of bulls, can support tables of African wood?[1]

Ask you if tusks that toss a bull in air
Suffice a rosewood table's weight to bear? *W. S. B.*

XCII. A FIVE-FEET RULE.

This piece of oak, marked with spots, and tipped with a sharp point, frequently exposes the fraudulent dealings of the contractor.

XCIII. ANTIQUE VASES.

This is no recent masterpiece, nor the work of an artificer of our day; Mentor, who made these cups, was the first to drink out of them.

XCIV. COMMON CUPS.

Though we plebeian cups are not made of decorative glass, our stone ware is not cracked by boiling water.

XCV. A CHASED GOLD CUP.

Although I am formed of the most beautiful and ruddy Callaic gold,[2] I glory far more in my workmanship; for it is that of Mys.

[1] See Spectac. Ep. 17 and 19. [2] See B. v. Ep. 36.

XCVI. A VATINIAN CUP.[1]

Accept this humble cup, a memorial of the cobbler Vatinius; it is not so big as his nose.

XCVII. DISHES INLAID WITH GOLD.

Do not dishonour such large gold dishes with an insignificant mullet; it ought, at least, to weigh two pounds.

XCVIII. ARRETINE VASES.[2]

We warn you not to look with too much contempt on Arretine vases; Porsena's splendid service was of Etruscan pottery.

XCIX. A BASKET.[3]

I, a barbarian basket, came from the painted Britons; but now Rome claims me for her own.

From painted Britons, I bascauda came;
Whom now imperial Rome would native claim. *Elphin.*

I, foreign basket, first in Britain known,
Am now by Rome accounted for her own.
Fuller's Worthies.

C. PANACIAN VESSELS.

If you have visited the country of the learned Catullus, you have drunk Rhætian wine from my earthenware.

CI. BOLETARIA, A COOKING VESSEL.

Though mushrooms (boleti) have given me so noble a name, I am used, I am ashamed to say it, for cabbages.

CII. SURRENTINE CUPS.

Accept these cups formed of no common clay, but the polished work of a Surrentine potter's wheel.

CIII. A SNOW-STRAINER.

Temper your cups of Setine wine, I advise you, with snow put into me. You may use linen strainers for inferior wines.

[1] So called because the fashion of it was invented by Vatinius, a shoemaker of Beneventum; or because it was shaped like his nose.

[2] From Arretium, a town of Etruria, now Arezzo.

[3] The word "basket" is supposed to be derived from *Bascauda*. See Johnson's Dictionary.

CIV. A SNOW-BAG.

Our coarse linen, too, will clarify snow-water, which does not gush any colder from your fine strainer.

CV. WATER-JUGS FOR THE TABLE.

Let cold water not be wanting, and the warm will be at command; never trifle with craving thirst.

CVI. AN EARTHEN PITCHER.

Here is presented to you a red pitcher with twisted handle; the Stoic Fronto[1] used to fetch his water in this vessel.

CVII. WINE CUPS.

The Satyr loves us; Bacchus loves us; and so too the intoxicated tigress, whom we have taught to lick the feet of her master.

CVIII. SAGUNTINE CUPS.

Accept these cups, fashioned of Saguntine clay, which your servant may take and handle without anxiety.

CIX. JEWELLED CUPS.

See how the gold, begemmed with Scythian emeralds, glistens! How many fingers does this cup deprive of jewels![2]

CX. AN AMPULLA, OR DRINKING FLASK.

Here is a gemmed cup, which bears the name of Cosmus;[3] drink, luxurious man, if you thirst for perfumed wines.[4]

CXI. CRYSTAL CUPS.

You break crystal cups in your anxiety to avoid breaking them; hands too careless, and too anxious, are equally destructive.

> You chrystal break, for fear of breaking it:
> Careless and carefull hands like faults commit. *Wright.*

[1] Perhaps he who is mentioned B. i. Ep. 56.

[2] Ancient gold as well as crystal cups and vases, inlaid with jewels, especially emeralds and rubies, are still found in some cabinets.

[3] The perfumer often mentioned before.

[4] It was a practice of the luxurious, in the time of Martial, to mix spikenard, myrrh, and other perfumes, with their wine. See Plin. H. N. 13.

CXII. A NIMBUS OF GLASS.

The *nimbus* that comes from Jupiter will supply you with abundance of water to mix with your wine; this *nimbus* will give you wine itself.[1]

CXIII. MYRRHINE CUPS.

If you drink your wine warm, a Myrrhine cup is best for hot Falernian; and the flavour of the wine is improved by it.

CXIV. A CUMÆAN PLATE.

This plate of red Cumæan earth is sent you by the chaste Sibyl. It is a native of the same place with herself.

CXV. GLASS CUPS.

Behold the talent of the Nile. Alas! how often has the workman, while wishing to give additional ornament to his work, destroyed it!

This is Egyptian work. How oft does taste,
Aiming too high, its toilsome efforts waste *W. S. B.*

CXVI. A DECANTER FOR SNOW-WATER.

You drink Spoletine wine, or that which has been stored in Marsian cellars. Of what use to you is the noble luxury of iced water?

CXVII. SNOW.

To drink not snow, but water iced with snow, is the device of ingenious thirst.

CXVIII. THE SAME.

Do not, my slave, mix the smoky wine of Marseilles with iced water, lest the water cost you more than the wine.

Massilia's smoke forbear with snow to blend:
Nor more on water, than on wine, expend. *Elphinston.*

CXIX. AN EARTHEN UTENSIL.

When I have been called for by a snap of my master's fingers, and the attendant has loitered, oh how often has the cushion been my rival!

[1] *Nimbus* means a "storm," or "storm-cloud." The point lies in the word also meaning a wine-vessel, probably so called from its dark colour.

CXX. A SILVER LIGULE, OR SMALL LADLE.

Though knights and senators call me *ligula*, I am called *lingula* by ignorant grammarians.[1]

CXXI. A COCHLEARE[2] (SPOON).

I am suitable for shell-fish, but not less so for eggs. Pray can you tell why the one has given me a name rather than the other?

CXXII. RINGS.

In old times we were frequently, but now we are rarely, presented to a friend. Happy the man who has for a friend a knight whose fortune he has made![3]

CXXIII. A RING-CASE.

Often does the heavy ring slip off the anointed fingers; but if you confide your jewel to me, it will be safe.

CXXIV. A TOGA.

He who gave the skies to his illustrious sire,[4] made the toga-clad Romans lords of the world.

CXXV. THE SAME.

If you can reconcile yourself to give up your morning sleep, you may, by wearing out this toga, obtain a sportula.

CXXVI. A WARM CLOAK.

This is a poor man's gift, but not often a poor man's wear. We send you this cloak in place of a mantle.

CXXVII. A BROWN CLOAK OF CANUSIAN WOOL.[5]

This Canusian cloak, in colour extremely like must, shall be our gift to thee. Rejoice! it will not soon wear out.

[1] The word is a diminutive from *lingua*, "a tongue;" but *ligula* became the prevalent form of it.

[2] *Cochleare*, from *cochlea*, a shell, on account of its shape. Our old tea-caddy spoons were often shaped like a cockle-shell.

[3] In ancient times patrons often presented their clients with a sum of money to enable them to purchase the equestrian dignity, and wear the ring of the order.

[4] Domitian, who deified Vespasian, and built a temple to the Flavian family.

[5] From Canusia in Apulia.

CXXVIII. A GALLIC HOOD.

Gaul clothes you with its Santonic[1] hood: it was but recently that it clothed a monkey.[2]

CXXIX. RED CLOAKS OF CANUSIAN WOOL.

Rome more willingly wears brown cloaks; Gaul prefers red, a colour which pleases children and soldiers.

CXXX. A LEATHERN CLOAK.

Although you begin your journey on the finest of days let this leathern cloak be always at hand against sudden showers.

CXXXI. A SCARLET COAT.

If you belong to the blue or the green faction, why put on scarlet? Be careful, lest by that proceeding you be reckoned a deserter.

CXXXII. A CAP.

If I could, I should have been glad to send you a whole suit; as it is I send you only a covering for your head.

CXXXIII. BAETIC CLOAKS.

My wool is not deceitful, nor do I change my colour in the dying vat. Tyrian wool may please by such means; my colour is that of the sheep I clothed.

My wool has never known the arts of Tyre,
The sheep that bore it was its only dyer. *W. S. B.*

I'm what I seem; not any dyer gave,
But nature dyed this colour that I have. *Wright.*

CXXXIV. A BREAST-BAND.

Breast-band! confine the swelling bosom of my mistress, that I may be able to cover and press it with my hand.

CXXXV. A DINNER DRESS.

No law courts or bail cases are known to me. My duty is to recline on embroidered couches.

CXXXVI. A WOOLLEN CLOAK.

Fine smooth garments are of little use in winter. My shaggy covering will impart warmth to your under-dress.

[1] From the Santones, a people of Gaul.
[2] It resembled the short coat sometimes put on monkeys.

CXXXVII. WHITE WOOLLEN CLOAKS.

We recommend ourselves for service in the amphitheatre, when our white covering encompasses the chilly toga.

CXXXVIII. A TABLE-COVER.

Let this woollen cloth protect your splendid citron table. On mine a dish may be placed without doing any harm.

CXXXIX. A LIBURNIAN HOOD.

You did not know, simpleton, how to suit your cloak to me. You put on a white cloak; you have to take off a green one.[1]

CXL. CILICIAN SOCKS.

These are not formed of wool, but of the beard of the fetid goat.[2] You may bury your foot in this hairy covering.

CXLI. A SYNTHESIS, OR FESTAL ROBE.

While your toga enjoys a rest of five days,[3] you may, if you please, make use of this vestment.

CXLII. A MUFFLER

If, with the intention of reciting, I happen to present to you a little book, let this muffler defend your ears.

CXLIII. PATAVIAN WOOLLEN SHIRTS.

The Patavian triple tissue is composed of many fleeces; it is only a saw that can cut these thick shirts.

CXLIV. A SPONGE.

Chance has given you this sponge, useful for wiping tables, when it is slightly distended with the water which it imbibes.

CXLV. A CLOAK OF LONG HAIR.

Such is my whiteness, such the beauty of my long hair, that you would like to wear me even in the midst of harvest.

CXLVI. A PILLOW.

Rub your hair with the nard of Cosmus, and your pillow

[1] A portion of the wool of the hood, which fell down over the upper part of the white cloak, adhered to it, and gave it something of a green hue

[2] From Cinyps, a river in Africa, on the banks of which goats abounded.

[3] The five days of the Saturnalia, during which the synthesis was worn instead of the toga. See Ep. 72, 79, etc.

will smell of it. When your hair has lost the perfume, the pillow retains it.

CXLVII. LONG-HAIRED COVERLETS.

Your woolly coverlet is radiant with purple trimmings; but what avails that, if an old wife freezes you?

Warm purple rugs without, what profit these,
If an old wife within doth make thee freeze? *Wright.*

CXLVIII. A PAIR OF BLANKETS.

Lest the mattress should be too plainly seen on your scantily-covered couch, we two sisters come to your aid.

CXLIX. A TUCKER.

I fear those whose development is large: give me to some tender maiden, that the linen of which I am formed may delight in her snow-white charms.

CL. AN ORNAMENTED COVERLET.

The land of Memphis makes you this present. The Babylonian needle is now surpassed by the loom of the Nile.

CLI. A WOMAN'S GIRDLE.

At present I am long enough; but if you should swell with an agreeable burden, I should then prove too short for you.

CLII. A SQUARE RUG.

The land of the learned Catullus[1] will supply you with blankets. We are from the region of Helicaon.[2]

CLIII. AN APRON.

Let the rich man give you a tunic; I can only give you an apron. If I were a rich man, I would give you both.

CLIV. AMETHYST-COLOURED WOOLS.

Since I am drunk with the blood of the Sidonian shell-fish, I do not see why I should be called a sober wool.[3]

[1] Verona.

[2] From Patavium, founded by Helicaon, the son of Antenor. B. x. Ep. 93.

[3] An allusion to the derivation of amethystus, from α and $\mu\epsilon\theta\acute{\upsilon}\omega$, because it was supposed to have the power of preventing intoxication.

CLV. WHITE WOOL.

Apulia is noted for fleeces of the first quality; Parma for those of the second. The sheep whose wool is of the third quality distinguishes Altinum.

CLVI. TYRIAN WOOL.

I was the present of the shepherd-prince to his Spartan mistress. Her mother Leda's purple robe was inferior to me.

CLVII. POLLENTINE WOOL.

The territory of Pollentia is accustomed to give us, not only wool of a dark colour, but also cups.

CLVIII. THE SAME.

I am, it is true, a sad-coloured wool; but suitable[1] for shorn attendants,[2] such as are not required for the higher offices of the table.

CLIX. MATTRESS-STUFFINGS OF LEUCONIUM.

Is the sacking[3] uncomfortably close to your pillow? Take this wool plucked from Leuconian[4] blankets.

CLX. CIRCUS STUFFING.

The marsh-reed, when cut up, is called circus-stuffing, and is what the poor man buys instead of Leuconian stuffing.

CLXI. FEATHERS.

When fatigued, you may recline upon Amyclæan feathers, which the swan's inner coat provides for you.

CLXII. HAY.

Let your fragile bed be stuffed with hay filched from the mules. Pale care does not visit hard couches.

Stuff thy cheap tick with hay, pale care will fly:
She never doth upon a hard bed lie. *Wright.*

[1] Schneidewin reads *neta*; we follow the old reading, *apta*.
[2] The better class of slaves wore their hair long; the inferior sort had it cut close. Comp. B. viii. Ep. 51.
[3] *Fascia*. Some strap by which the pillow was buckled to the couch.
[4] From the Leuci, or Leucones, a people of Gaul.

CLXIII. A BATH BELL.

Give up (playing with) the ball: the bell of the warm baths rings. Do you continue your game? You wish, then, for a cold bath before you return home.[1]

CLXIV. A QUOIT.

When the shining Spartan quoit is flying through the air, keep at a distance, children. Let it not be fatal more than it once was.[2]

CLXV. A LYRE.

The lyre restored Eurydice to her bard (Orpheus); but he lost her again by his want of self-control and his too impatient love.

CLXVI. THE SAME.

The lyre, which attracted woods and detained wild beasts, has often been ejected from the theatre of Pompey.[3]

The tale of Orpheus is, I 've no doubt, true,
For stocks and stones the harpist still pursue. *W. S. B.*

CLXVII. A QUILL FOR THE LYRE.

That an inflamed blister may not rise upon your chafed thumb, let this white quill elicit the sound of the gentle lyre.

CLXVIII. A HOOP.

A wheel must be protected (with a tire). You make me a useful present. It will be a hoop to children, but to me a tire for my wheel.

CLXIX. THE SAME.

Why do these jingling rings[4] move about upon the rolling wheel? In order that the passers-by may get out of the way of the hoop.

CLXX. A GOLDEN STATUE OF VICTORY.

Victory is here presented, without the intervention of

[1] The warm baths, in which it was usual to bathe after playing at ball, were closed at a certain time; those who did not go to them before they were closed might bathe in cold water. See B. v. Ep. 21; B. vi. Ep. 42.

[2] Alluding to the case of Hyacinthus, killed accidentally by Phœbus.

[3] By the populace, who sometimes drove the musicians off the stage. See Spectac. Ep. 21.

[4] Small rings were attached to boys' hoops to make a jingling noise.

hazard, to him to whom the Rhine gave a true name.[1] Slave, pour out ten cups of Falernian.[2]

CLXXI. A SMALL STATUE OF BRUTUS'S FAVOURITE.

Little as is this statuette, its glory is by no means inconsiderable. Brutus set his affection on this boy.

CLXXII. THE CORINTHIAN LIZARD-SLAYER.

Spare, treacherous child, the lizard which is crawling towards you. It is eager to perish by your hands.

CLXXIII. A PICTURE OF HYACINTHUS.

The young grandson of Oebalus, at once the shame and the regret of Phœbus, turns his dying eyes from the cruel disc.[3]

CLXXIV. A MARBLE HERMAPHRODITE.

He entered the water a male;[4] he left it both male and female. In one feature only does he resemble his father;[5] in every other his mother.[6]

CLXXV. A PICTURE OF DANAE.

Why, O ruler of Olympus, did Danaë receive pay from thee, if Leda granted thee her favours for nothing?

CLXXVI. A GERMAN MASK.

I am the fancy of the potter, the mask of a red-haired Batavian. This countenance, at which you smile, is an object of terror to children.

Work'd in red clay, a Dutchman's phiz am I;
I move your laughter, but make children cry. *W. S. B.*

CLXXVII. THE CORINTHIAN HERCULES.

The infant crushes the two snakes without turning his eyes from them. Already might the hydra have dreaded the tender hands.

See how the child doth the two serpents tear,
And squeeze out life! Hydra e'en now may fear. *Wright.*

[1] To Domitian, surnamed Germanicus.
[2] Answering to the ten letters in the name of Germanicus. B. i. Ep. 72.
[3] See Ep. 164.
[4] The fountain of Salmacis. See Ovid's Metam. B. iv.
[5] Mercury. [6] Venus.

CLXXVIII. A TERRA-COTTA HERCULES.

I am fragile; but do not, I warn you, despise my statuette. Alcides blushes not to bear my name.

CLXXIX. MINERVA IN SILVER.

Tell me, fierce maiden-goddess, why, since you have a helmet and a spear, you have not also an Ægis? "Cæsar has it."

Say, gallant maid, of helm and spear possest,
Where is thine Ægis? 'Tis on Cæsar's breast. *Elphinston.*

CLXXX. EUROPA.

The time, excellent father of the gods, when you might best have changed yourself into a bull, was when your Io was a cow.

Then, rather, Jove, should'st thou have chose to bee
A bull, when Io was a cow for thee. *May.*

CLXXXI. THE MARBLE LEANDER.

The daring Leander exclaimed amid the swelling waters: "Drown me, ye waves, when I am on my return."

Thus bold Leander cry'd i'th' swelling maine,
Then drown me waves, when I returne againe. *May*

Thus bold Leander spake to the swell'd wave;
Spare me till I return, be then my grave. *Wright.*

CLXXXII. A TERRA-COTTA FIGURE OF A HUNCHBACK.

Prometheus, I should think, was drunk when he gave such a monster to earth. Even he amused himself with Saturnalian clay.[1]

CLXXXIII. HOMER'S "BATTLE OF THE FROGS AND MICE."

Read of the frogs, sung by the bard of Mæonia, and learn to relax your brow with such pleasantries as mine

Read Homer's Frogs and Mice, and when you've done,
Perhaps you'll know how to enjoy my fun. *W. & B.*

CLXXXIV. A PARCHMENT COPY OF HOMER.

The Iliad, and the story of Ulysses, hostile to the kingdom of Priam, lie deposited in these many folds of skin.

[1] He had his Saturnalia as well as we.

CLXXXV. VIRGIL'S "GNAT."

Receive, studious reader, the "Gnat" of the eloquent Virgil, and do not entirely reject drolleries to read "Arma virumque cano."

CLXXXVI. VIRGIL ON PARCHMENT, WITH PORTRAIT.

How small a quantity of parchment holds the great Maro! His portrait ornaments the first page.

CLXXXVII. MENANDER'S "THAIS."

In this character did he first satirize the free loves of young men. It was not Glycere, but Thais, that was his mistress in youth.

CLXXXVIII. CICERO ON PARCHMENT.

If this parchment be your companion on a long journey, you may imagine that you are travelling with Cicero.

CLXXXIX. A COPY OF PROPERTIUS.

Cynthia, theme of the youthful muse of the eloquent Propertius, has not received more fame from him than she has given in return.

CXC. LIVY IN A SINGLE VOLUME.

The voluminous Livy, of whom my bookcase would once scarcely have contained the whole, is now comprised in this small parchment volume.

In a small parchment see great Livy roll'd;
Whom all my study was too small to hold. *Wright.*

CXCI. SALLUST.

Sallust, according to the judgment of the learned, will rank as the prince of Roman historiographers.

CXCII. OVID'S METAMORPHOSES ON PARCHMENT.

This mass, which, as you see, consists of a great number of leaves, contains fifteen books of the verses of Naso.

CXCIII. TIBULLUS.

The playful Nemesis consumed with love the amorous Tibullus, whom it delighted to be a cipher in his own house.[1]

[1] Illa regat cunctos, illi sint omnia curæ,
Et juvet in totâ me nihil esse domo.—*Tibull.* i. 5.

CXCIV. LUCAN.

There are some who say that I am not a poet; but the bookseller, who sells me, thinks that I am.

People there are who say I'm not a poet,
Not so the booksellers,—and they should know it. *W. S. B.*

CXCV. CATULLUS.

Great Verona owes as much to her Catullus, as little Mantua owes to her Virgil.

CXCVI. CALVUS' POEM ON WARM AND COLD SPRINGS.

This paper, which tells you of the virtues and names of water, deserves to be set afloat on the waters it describes.

The verse, that dares the various streams to limn,
Had better down her fav'rite waters swim. *Elphinston.*

CXCVII. DWARF MULES.

From these mules you need not fear a fall; you often sit higher on the ground.

You need not fear a fall from my low mule;
You almost higher sit when earth's your stool. *Wright.*

CXCVIII. A GALLIC PUPPY.

If you wish to hear all the pretty tricks of the little puppy, a whole page would not suffice for me to enumerate them.

CXCIX. A JENNET.

This small horse, who picks up his swift hoofs in such regular time, is an Asturian, and comes from the gold-producing regions.

CC. THE GREYHOUND.[1]

The active greyhound hunts not for himself, but for his master, and will bring you the hare unhurt in his teeth.

[1] All the Latin Dictionaries interpret *Vertagus* as a *greyhound*, but Mr. Amos translates *vertagus acer* as a keen tumbler, and refers for his authority to Dr. Nash's commentary on the following lines in Butler's Hudibras:—

"Like a *tumbler* that does play
His game and looks another way."

We give the note as it stands in Bohn's edition of Hudibras, page 98, and leave the reader to determine. "A dog, called by the Latins *Vertagus*, that rolls himself in a heap, and tumbles over, disguising his shape and

CCI. THE WRESTLER.

I do not like him for conquering, but for knowing how to succumb, and still more for having learned the art of retrieving himself.

CCII. THE APE.

I am an ape, cunning in avoiding the darts hurled at me. Had I a tail, I should be a *cercopithecus*.[1]

CCIII. A FEMALE DANCER OF CADIZ.

Tam tremulum crissat, tam blandum prurit, ut ipsum
Masturbatorem fecerit Hippolytum.

Salteggia con sì minuto tremito, ed eccita con tanta lusinga, che Ippolito stesso si masturberebbe. *Graglia.*

CCIV. CYMBALS.

The brazen instruments, which lament the love of the Phrygian mother,[2] are often sold by her hungry priest.

CCV. THE FAVOURITE.

Mine be a favourite whose delicate skin is due to tender youth, and not to art; for whose sake no maiden may be pleasing in my eyes.

CCVI. THE CESTUS.

Bind upon thy neck, child, this cestus, which is love itself, warm from the bosom of Venus.

CCVII. THE SAME.

Take this cestus, steeped in the nectar of Cytherea; a cincture which kindled love in Jupiter.

CCVIII. A SHORT-HAND WRITER.

Though your words run swiftly, the hand is swifter still. The hand has recorded before the tongue has uttered.

The swifter hand doth the swift words out-run:
Before the tongue hath spoke the hand hath done. *Wright.*

notion, till he is near enough to his object to seize it by a sudden spring The tumbler was generally used in hunting rabbits. See Caius de Canibus Britannicis (Kay, on Englishe Dogges, sm. 4to, Lond. 1576), and Martial. lib. xiv. Epig. 200.

[1] A tailed monkey. [2] Cybele.

Swift though the words, the pen still swifter sped;
The pen has finish'd e'er the tongue has said. *Melmoth.*

CCIX. A SHELL.

Let the Egyptian papyrus be made smooth by the marine shell; and the pen will then speed along without interruption.

CCX. THE BUFFOON.

His folly is not feigned, or assumed by cunning art. Whoever is not more than wise enough, is wise.

A modest folly may for wisdome go;
And he's less wise that would seem more than so. *Wright.*

CCXI. A SHEEP'S HEAD.

You have cut the soft neck of the Phrixean husband of the flock.[1] Did he, who gave you your clothing, cruel man, deserve this?

You the Phryxean beast do kill; yet he
Disrob'd himself to dress ungrateful thee. *Wright.*

CCXII. A DWARF.

If you look only at the head of the man, you might fancy him to be Hector; if you see him on his legs, you would think him Astyanax.

Whom for his head you Hector think, you 'll call
Hector's young son, when you perceive how tall. *Wright.*

CCXIII. A SMALL SHIELD.

This, which is wont often to be beaten,[2] but rarely to beat, will be a small shield to you, but would be a large one for a dwarf.

CCXIV. YOUNG COMEDIANS.

No one of that troop will be the Μισούμενος (hated one); but every one is ready to be Δὶς ἑξαπατῶν (the double deceiver).[3]

CCXV. A CLASP.

Tell me, clasp, frankly, of what advantage are you to actresses and lute-players? To enhance their favours.

[1] A ram such as that which carried Phrixus.
[2] Because the gladiators, called *parmularii*, or shield-bearers, were discouraged by Domitian. [3] The names of two of Menander's comedies.

CCXVI. A HAWK.

He used to prey upon birds; now he is the servant of the bird-catcher, and deceives birds, repining that they are not caught for himself.

Whilom his own, and now the fowler's thief:
To swoop, not for himself, is all his grief. *Elphinston.*

CCXVII. A CATERER.

Tell me how many there are of you, and at what price you wish to dine. Not a word more; dinner is ready for you.

Your ordinary and number name; what is 't?
Not a word more; your supper 's drest and disht. *Wright.*

CCXVIII. RODS FOR BIRD-CATCHING.

The bird is deceived, not by the rods only, but also by the song, while the reed[1] is stealthily stretched out by the concealed hand.

CCXIX. A BULLOCK'S HEART.

As you, a poor lawyer, write verses that bring you no profit, accept a heart similar to your own.

CCXX. THE COOK.

Art alone is not enough for a cook. I do not like my palate to be his slave; the cook should have the taste of his master.

A cook should double one sense have: for he
Should taster for himself and master be. *Wright.*

CCXXI. A GRIDIRON AND SPIT.

Let your slim gridiron be greased with the crescent-shaped steak. Let the foaming boar smoke upon the long spit.

CCXXII. THE CONFECTIONER.

That hand will construct for you a thousand sweet figures of art; for it the frugal bee principally labours.

CCXXIII. RICH BREAKFASTS.

Rise; the baker is already selling breakfasts to the children; and the crested birds of dawn are crowing on all sides.

[1] A reed covered with bird-lime.

SUPPOSITITIOUS EPIGRAMS.

I.

WHEN asked what are my employments while living in the country, I answer briefly thus: At dawn I address my prayer to the gods; I visit my slaves and my fields, and allot to my people each his due portion of work. Then I read, and invoke Phœbus, and solicit the Muses. Next I anoint myself with olive oil, and take gentle exercise in the palæstra; at peace in mind, and free from interest-bearing debts. Then I dine, drink, sing, play, bathe, sup, and go to bed; while my little lamp consumes its modicum of oil, and furnishes these trifles elaborated by the aid of the muses at night.

When to my farm retired, how I do live
If any ask, this short account I give:
The gods at the first light I do adore;
And place this care, all other cares before.
My grounds I visit then, and servants call,
And their just tasks I do impose on all.
I study next, rouse my poetic vein,
My body then anoint, and gently strain
With some meet exercise; exult in mind
At every turn, myself both free to find
From crimes and debts: last, I bathe, sup, laugh, drink
Jest, sing, rest, and on all that passes, think.
A little lamp the while sends forth a ray,
Which to my nightly studies makes a day. *Anon.* 1695.

II.

Varus happened lately to ask me to supper; the appointments were splendid, the supper itself was paltry. The table was laden with golden dishes, not with meats; the servants placed before us plenty to delight the eye, but very little to satisfy the appetite. I then observed: "I came to feed, not my eyes, but my stomach; either place food before me, Varus, or take away your rich service."

Varus did lately me to supper call,
The table sumptuous was, the supper small;
Loaden it was with weight of gold, not meat;
Much to be seen was served, little to eat;
Varus, our mouths, not eyes, to feast we're here;
Take hence thy plate, or fill 't with better cheer.
Anon. 1695

With lace bedizen'd comes her man,
And I must dine with Lady Anne;
A silver service loads the board;
Of eatables a slender hoard.
"Your pride, and not your victuals, spare:
I came to dine, and not to stare." *Dr. Hoadly.*

III.

You run about, Ponticus, incessantly, from one great man's house to another, and leave no spot untrodden: the objects at which you aim, Ponticus, are great; you are a great man. Whatever you do, Ponticus, you do without witness, without noise; you admit few persons, Ponticus, into your confidence; you are a cautious man. Nature made you, Ponticus, remarkable for good looks; you would have been worthy of Helen, Ponticus; you are a handsome man. With your voice, Ponticus, you could have moved adamant, it sounds sweetly, Ponticus, you are a sweet man. Thus is it you deceive others, Ponticus, thus it is you deceive even yourself. Will you have me say the truth, Ponticus? You are no man at all.

IV. ON A WOMAN OF UNPLEASING COUNTENANCE.

You are pleasing, when felt; you are pleasing, when heard; if not seen, you are altogether pleasing; if seen, you please in no way whatever.

Whilst in the dark on thy soft hand I hung,
And heard the tempting siren in thy tongue,
What flames, what darts, what anguish I endured!
But when the candle enter'd I was cured.
Spectator, No. 52.

V. ON MILO.

Milo is not at home: Milo having gone abroad, his fields lie fallow; his wife however is none the less productive. The reason why his fields are sterile, and his wife fruitful, I will tell you: his field receives no attention, his wife much.

Milo abroad, one wonder all declare:
His lands lie fallow, yet his wife can bear.
The contrast strange some deep diviners scan:
She has, tho' they have not, a husbandman. *Elphinston.*

VI. THE PUNISHMENT OF A PLAYER.

A well-fed player was guilty of an offence against propriety, before the statue of Jupiter; as a punishment, Jupiter enjoined that he should live at his own expense.

VII. ON AN IMPUDENT MAN.

You say that you have the mouth of your uncle, the nose and eyes of your father, and the gait of your mother. Since you thus represent your family, and there is no part in your body but attests it, pray tell me, whose face have you?

You say, your nose and eyes your father's are:
Your mouth your grandsire's, with your mother's air.
Since every part hath got some stamp upon 't;
Pray, tell us, if you can, who is your front. *Hay.*

VIII. TO MATTUS.

He who is denied, when you knock at his door, know you not what he says? "I am asleep to you, Mattus."

He who denies himself at home, you see,
Mattus, doth say, "I am asleep to thee." *Wright.*

IX. TO MILO.

Frankincense, pepper, dresses, silver, cloaks, gems, you are accustomed, Milo, to sell, and the buyer carries them off with him. Traffic in your wife is more profitable; for, though often sold, she never leaves the seller, or lessens his store.

The spice, clothes, plate, and jewels, which each day
By you are sold, the buyer bears away.
But your wife's merchandise yields greater gain,
Which you so often sell, yet still retain. *Hay.*

You sell your wife's rich jewels, lace and clothes:
The price once paid, away the purchase goes:
But she a better bargain proves, I'm told:
Still sold returns, and still is to be sold. *Dr. Hoadly.*

X. TO THE YOUNG.

Learn, young man, how with eloquence to plead your cause, that you may be your own defender, guard, and support. I would not that fortune should place me in the highest or in the lowest rank, but that she should assign to me the middle walk of life. Envy besets those in high places, oppression those who are needy; how happy does he live, who is free from both. What nature denies, industry may accord; rarely do the rich attain the blessings which are allotted to the poor. O ye young men, who rejoice in a time of life apt for study, learn; years pass away like running water. Do not, while you have the opportunity of learning, waste your days, ye docile youths, in idle pursuits; neither the running water nor the fleeting hour ever returns. Let youth ripen in the study of Virtue, that life may pass with well-merited esteem and honour.

XI. TO SCÆVOLA.

Scævola, you dine with every one, but no one with you; you drain the wine cups of others; but no one drains yours. Either make a return, or cease to court invitations; it is disgraceful always to receive and never to give.

XII. TO AUCTUS.

You expect from us Auctus, that love which you accord to no one; you expect from us that confidence which you repose in no one. You expect from us honour which you have not earned. It is remarkable that one who grants nothing himself should ask so much from others.

XIII. ON PHILUS.

Philus has fine mantles, and encircles his fingers with gold rings; and yet Philus is poorer than a pauper. He has Tyrian cloaks, mules, beasts of burden, clients; and yet Philus is poorer than a pauper. Philus has halls furnished with royal magnificence; and yet Philus is poorer than a pauper. He is hungry and thirsty, though surrounded with gold and clad in stately robes of purple, he is nevertheless hungry and thirsty. That the pangs of hunger visit him, is told by his paleness and thinness; yet his golden bulla would indicate that the pangs of hunger are unknown to him. Shall the unhappy man, then, become a slave for bread? His golden bulla prevents him from being a slave. Or if, with suppliant prayer, he asks any favour, his silken robe is an obstacle to success. That he may not perish, then, let him become poor instead of rich for, if he became poor, he might become richer.

XIV. TO AULUS.

Neither your birth, nor your good looks, nor the dignity of your rank, nor the respectability of your character, Aulus, will profit you in the least; for being poor, you will always be poor; and you will be enrolled in the lowest of the lowest class.

XV. TO REGULUS.

Regulus, Hermagoras says that we must not please everybody. Choose out of the many whom you would please.

XVI. TO AULICUS.

You give me much, Aulicus; I fear that you will expect much in return. I had rather that you would not give, if you look for a return.

XVII. TO GERMANICUS.

You raise your voice, Germanicus, in the strife, that your furious tones may give utterance to the fury of your mind.

XVIII. TO BASSUS.

Every friend loves, but not every one that loves is a friend. But whomsoever you love, Bassus, be also a friend to him.

XIX. TO TURGIDUS.

You prolong your dinner, Turgidus, till nightfall; your supper till day-break; and you drench yourself day and night with all kinds of wine. And although you study appearances, you decline to marry; and you give as your reason for declining, "A chaste life pleases me." You lie, Turgidus; yours is not chaste life. Would you have me tell you what a chaste life is? Moderation.

XX. ON CHLOE.

You long for a wanton Ganymede; you are the toy of any one; you overcome even the chastest with desire. Many an adulterer meanwhile haunts your threshold; you listen to any offer; how general is your taste! I should willingly have called you Demophile, had not your mother chosen to call you Chloe. She is wrong and she is right.

XXI. TO LAIS.

Lais, most beauteous of women, whenever I ask you the price of your charms, you forthwith demand a great talent. I do not buy repentance, Lais, at so high a price.

XXII. TO MACRINUS.

You used to say, Macrinus, that men never died of mushrooms. But mushrooms have at last been the cause of your death.

XXIII. TO TREBONUS.

You will be steward, Trebonus, for a long time, since you are so skilled in multiplying a single hare. A hare is scarcely sufficient for one person; but you, by your skill in preserving an old hare, make it do duty for a thousand.

XXIV. ON SATIRE.

The Poet, who has everywhere seized the useful and presented it with the agreeable, is everywhere mentioned with praise in the well-known page. Him, I would follow at a distance, lightly touching on matters both serious and sportive, nay, I would even furnish sport, while treating on serious matters.[1] I proposed to sketch, with a dash of colour, certain traits of character; if I carp at others, I also carp at myself. There is no malice or ill-nature, no spiteful attempts at a grin; I laugh at myself, and I laugh at others. I laugh at myself as well as others, that no one may laugh at me. The ill-natured carper delights in repeated attacks; and contrives that he who has been satirized once should be satirized three or four times. But I am unwilling that any serious consequence should attach itself to those whom I have satirized; let the cause and its effect be forgotten together.

XXV. TO GALLUS.

I now know, Gallus, why you avoid the society of ladies, your purse is full of wind, not of coin. But if your flesh

[1] Schneidwin has,

Quod sequor à longè cum ludis seria libans,
Imò parem ludos seria notificans.

Of which no sense can be made. Possibly the lines should be,

Hunc [nempe Horatium] sequor et longè, cum ludis seria libans,
Imò parem ludos seria notificans.

But the text of the whole Epigram is so corrupt, that it is useless to think of amending it. It should never have been attached to the works of Martial; and the same may be said of those that follow.

does not sin, your mind, my friend, defiles itself; your devotion to the pleasures of the table is sufficient to convict you of want of self-control. Your stomach, I suppose, has resolved to empty your purse; under its influence you will always be a poor man. Yet in this way, Gallus, you may certainly secure peaceful slumbers, and set thieves at defiance. Your stomach takes care of all your money.

XXVI. TO GLAUCUS.

You have a horse that wants barley, Glaucus, a slave that wants clothes, and a house that wants a broom. Your hack is dirty and thin, and your servants' bones are stiff; disgust-ng dirt defiles your dwelling. Your horse no longer obeys the spur, * * * * your house is entered only on rare occasions. * * * * No poverty or needy toil compels you to live thus. The sheep gives you a fleece, clothe your slave with it; the field gives you oats, let your horse taste them; bid farewell to dirt, and sweep your house.

XXVII.

That the cock might not suffer in plumpness from amorous excesses, he is converted into a capon. After this, he is brought up in darkness, while a kind hand provides him with corn, and his crop, purged with myrtle, is crammed to fatten him. How ingenious is luxury!

THE END.

INDEX.

Abolla, the, 372.
Acerra, on, 38.
Æfulanus, to, 295.
Ægle, on, 62, 72.
Ælia, to, 34.
Ælius, to, 72.
Æmilian way, 132.
Æmilianus, to, 50, 262.
Æmilius, on, 554.
Æschylus, to, 395, 429.
Æsculapius, to, on the hair of Earinus, 400.
Æthiopians at Rome, 4.
Aëthon, on, 579.
Afer, to, 193, 214, 296, 404; the husband of an ugly wife, 490; on, 563.
Afra, on, 75.
Africanus, on, 549.
Agathinus, a juggler, to, 412.
Agrippa, area and portico of, 139 *note.*
Alanda, to, 671.
Alban wine, 602.
Albula, notice of, 29 *et note.*
Alcimus, on, 68.
Alis, modesty of, 40.
Almo, on, 493.
Alpha of cloaks, 235.
Altinum and Aquileia, to the banks of the, 188.
Amazonicus, on, 196.
Amillus, on, 333.
Ammianus, on, 87; to, 96; on his drinking bad wine, 302.
Amœnus, to, 576.
Amphitheatre, on the, 1, 3; seats at the, 224, 514.
Ampulla, an, 618.
Amyclean dye, 361.
Amyntas, a swineherd, 518.
Andragoras, on, 285.
Andromeda, 18.
Annius, on, 327.
Ant, on an, enclosed in amber, 262.
Antenor, city of, 63.
Antiochus, the unskilful barber, 535.
Antiope, the courtesan, 71.
Antipathy, expression of, 39.
Antipolitan tunny, 218.
Antique vases, foolish admiration of, 352.
Antiques of Rome, 352.
Antistius Rusticus, death of, 408.
Antonius Primus, on, 457.
Antulla, on the tomb of, 82, 83.
Anxur (Terracina), 473, 476.
Ape, the, 630.
Aper, to, 454; on, 515, 558; sober when poor, inebriated when rich, 577.
Aphronitrum, 612.
Apollinaris, on his book being sent to, 217; to, on the charms of Formiæ, 460.
Apollo, to, 39, 198; on the anniversary of Lucan's birth-day, 314; to, that Stella may have the consulship, 414.
Apollo and the Muses, 97.
Apollodorus, birth-place of, 57; a person of weak memory, on, 232.
Apona, the birth-place of Livy, Flaccus, &c., 57.
Aponus, spring of, 280.
Apricius, on, 120, 140; to, 168.
Apricots, Persian, 593.
Apron, an, 623.
Apulia, land of, 109.
Aquinus and Fabricius, on, 71.
Arabirus at Rome, 4.
Arcadia, 18.
Arena, on a spectacle in the, 76

Aretulla, on the dove of, 363.
Argiletum, a place of business in Rome, 25, 83.
Argive colonists, domains of the, 205.
Argo, on a fragment of the ship, 312.
Argyrnus, to, 310.
Aricia, town of, 97 *note.*
Arretine pots, 52.
Arria and Pætus, on, 30.
Artemidorus, the pancratiast, 296; to, 378; on his unsuccessfully sacrificing to the Graces, 242; on, 402.
Asparagus, 590.
Asper, on, 373.
Atestinus, the lawyer, 146.
Athenagoras, on, 440.
Atilius, to, on Paulus feigning sickness, 436.
Atrectus, the bookseller, 83.
Attalus, a busy-body, 65; to, 89, 193.
Attic honey, 601.
Atticilla, to, 580.
Atticus, to, commending his exercise in the race, 319; on Marcus Antonius, 442.
Attis, the beloved of Cybele, 127 *note.*
Auctioneer, on an, 66; a successful lover, 266.
Auctus, to 402, 550, 637.
Aufidia, the mistress of Scævinus, 165.
Augustus, task of, 19.
Aulices, to, 63.
Aulus, to, 236, 297, 310, 380, 434, 516, 567, 637; on Sextilianus, 285.
Aulus Pudens, 39; to, 286, 309.
Author, his address to the reader, showing where his books may be purchased, 24; to his book, 24; in want of a cloak, 298.
Authors, celebrated, on the countries of, 57; poor remuneration of, 431.
Avarice, folly of, 370.
Avaricious friend, to an, 214.
Avernus, waters of, 57.
Avitus, to, 32, 299 392 495, 498.
Baby.on, 1.
Baccara, on, 287, 522; to, 345.
Bacchus, triumphs of, 360.
Back-scratcher, a, 615.
Bad couple, to a, 365.
Bætic cloaks, 621.
Bæticus, to, 167, 168
Bætis, to the river, 586.
Baiæ, 57, 281, 205, 538; baths of, 290, 281.
Baian farm of Faustinus, 156.
Balbus, 101.
Baldness, 246.
Balm, 612.
Banquet, the poet's preparation for a, 471.
Barbara, explanation of, 1 *note.*
Barber's instruments, 609.
Barbers, Roman, 285, 341.
Barley, 589.
Basket, a, 617.
Bassa, to, 45, 178; on, 70.
Bassus, to, 42, 167, 586, 638; on the country-house of Faustinus, 156; on his pretending to be a knight, 233; a writer of tragedies, 249; on, 153, 442.
Bath bell, a, 625.
Baths of various individuals, 94; of Agrippa and of Titus, 145; of Etruscus, 280; at Cuma and Baiæ, 280.
Bazaars of Rome, 423, 424, 488.
Bean-flour, 612.
Beans, 588; Egyptian, 595.
Bear, entangled in bird-lime, 9; tossed by a rhinoceros, 15.
Beard, ceremony on first cutting the, 134 *note;* to one who arranged it in three different ways, 372.
Beau, epigram on a, 160.
Beautiful domain, to the possessor of a, 566.
Beauty, without chastity, 375.
Bee, on a, enclosed in amber, 192.
Beestings, 592.
Beet, 589.
Begging incendiary, 154.
Belt, use of the, 609.
Beta of togas, 235.
Bilbilis, notices of, 49, 203; towns,

mountains, and rivers near, 49; proud of Licinianus, 57; the poet's address to his fellow-townsmen of, 496.
Bird-catching, rods for, 632.
Bird-lime, bear entangled in the, 9.
Birth-day of Cæsar, 177.
Birth-day of Domitian, 177; to his, 572 *bis*.
Biscuit, Rhodian, 613.
Bithynicus, to, 99, 397, 580; on Telesinus, 284.
Bladder foot-ball, 610.
Blæsus, the notary, 367.
Blankets, a pair of, 623.
Boar, female, that brought forth young in consequence of a wound, 10 *bis*, 11.
Boaster, to a, 365.
Boletaria, 617.
Bononia, 159.
Book, Martial's addresses to his, 24, 131, 132, 133, 217, 219, 342, 347, 349, 499, 500, 545, 546; Cæsar's favourable opinion on, sought for, 26; the emperor's reply, 26; epigram on his, 47, 506; instructions to his, on sending it to Proculus, 60; on sending one to Regulus, 81; recommends Lupercus to purchase it, 83; address to his, 85; to Severus on his sending one which was unacknowledged, 218; on presenting it to Domitian, 220, 228; on presenting it to Arcanus, 386; address of the, to the reader, 445; on publishing a second edition of the, 445; sent to Pliny the younger, 455.
Book-case, 609.
Book-covering, a wooden one, 615.
Books, good, bad, and indifferent, 32, 33; on Domitian's admiration of his, 189; on a present of, to Varro, 237; all dedicated to Domitian, 349; to Nerva, on the abbreviation of his, 547.
Booksellers of Rome, 83.
Botrodus, a small town near Bilbilis, 49 *et note*.
Bovillæ, 89.
Boy, price of a, 55.
Boys, on a show of, sporting with bulls, 238.
Breakfasts, rich ones, 632.
Breast-band, a, 621.
Breastplate of Domitian, 303, 304.
Brooms, 615.
Brothers, two, 171.
Brutus, the consort of Porcia, 45.
Brutus's boy, statue of, 124.
Brutus's favourite, a small statue of, 626.
Bubalus, notice of the, 16 *note*.
Buffoon, the, 631.
Bulbs, 592.
Bull, means of irritating him, 8 *note*; bearing Hercules to the skies, 12 *bis*.
Bull and the elephant, on the, 13.
Bullock's heart, 632.
Butunti, a town of Apulia, 203.

Caballus, poem on, 44 *note*.
Cabbage sprouts, 590.
Cæcilianus, to, 34, 59, 62, 121, 126, 184, 201, 265, 301, 383, 430, 518; on his prandial greediness, 103; a troublesome pleader, 276; on, 332.
Cæcilius, a low buffoon, to, 44; on, 513.
Cæcuban wine, 603.
Cædicianus, to, 84, 375; on a likeness of Marcus Antonius, 462; on Afer, 490.
Cælia, to, 318, 532; wife of Pannicus, 292.
Cælius, to, 323.
Cærellia, on, 207.
Cærellia and Gellia, on, 186.
Cæretan wine, 604.
Cæsar, to, on the concourse of strangers to Rome, 4; on his banishing informers, 5, 6; on a woman's fighting with a lion, 6 *bis*; on an elephant's kneeling to, 12; craving his indulgence, 21; requesting him to look favourably on his books, 26; his reply, 26; on some does fight-

ing, 213; the poet's praises and flattering of, 230, 255, 306, 373; address to, on the temple of the Flavian family, 409. (*See* Titus *and* Domitian.)
Cæsius Sabinus, on a crown of roses sent to, 425.
Cæsonia, on the birth-day of, 413.
Caietanus, bond of, 366.
Caius, on, 100; to, 454.
Caius Julius Proculus, on, 516.
Calenus, to, 73, 465.
Calices Audaces, 578.
Callaic gold, 195.
Calliodorus, on, 241, 402; to, 282, 451, 461.
Callistratus, to, 226, 561; on, 563, 580.
Calocissus, the poet's slave, to, 439.
Calpetianus, on, 303.
Calvus' poem on warm and cold springs, 629.
Camonus, on the portrait of, 432, 433.
Campanian casks, 33.
Canace, epitaph of, 537.
Candelabrum, Corinthian, 610.
Candidus, to, 98, 107, 142, 152, 562.
Candie, a, 609.
Candlestick, a wooden one, 610.
Canius, a humorous poet of Gades, 60 *et note;* on, 139; to, 336.
Cantharus, to, 397, 520.
Canus, to, 65; a musician, 179.
Cap, a, 621.
Capene gate, 152.
Capitoline war, 222.
Capitolinus, on, 497.
Cappadocian lettuces, 259.
Capsus, 596 *bis.*
Captare, explained, 9 *note.*
Cardua, festivities of, 203.
Carmenion, an effeminate person, to, 479.
Carpophorus, on his bravery and success in the amphitheatrical arena, 11, 16, 18.
Carpus and Norbana, a prayer for, 338.
Carpus the bailiff, 279.
Carus, to, 404 *bis,* 420; on the death of, 486.
Cascellus, the lawyer, on, 307.
Cassianus, to, 162.
Castor, to, 348.
Castricus, to, 281, 322, 324, on the death of the young Eutychus, 292; on Oppianus, 305.
Caterer, a, 632.
Catianus, to, 283.
Cato, 27; on his leaving the temple of Flora, 23.
Catti, the, 86.
Catulla, to, 375.
Catullus, writing of, 22; to, 292, 578, 629.
Catus, a mountain near Bilbilis, 49 *et note.*
Cayster, banks of the, 52.
Cecropian city of Pandion, 36
Celer, to, 58, 329.
Censorship of Rome, 26.
Centumviri, court of the, 278.
Cercopithecus, 630.
Cestus, 71; to, 371; the, 630 *bis.*
Chæremon, to, 525.
Chærestratus, to, a knight in reduced circumstances, 234.
Chaplain, advice to a, 112.
Char, the, 599.
Charidemus, 46; to, 274, 286, 298, 536; his freedman, 517
Charinum, on, 277.
Charinus, on, 64, 379; to, 194, 242, 583; his baths, 321.
Charioteer of the "Green" faction, on a, 515.
Charisianus, on, 271, 536.
Charopinus, to, 247.
Chasings of metals, 145, 148, 373.
Chaste matron, to the, 171.
Cheese, from Luna, 591; various kinds of, 592; from Trebula, 592.
Chian figs, 591.
Childless old man, to a, 519.
Child's rattle, 611.
Chimæra, the, 18.
Chion, son of the nymph Phillyra, 94 *note.*

Chione, the courtesan, 71, 143; modesty of, 40; to, 145, 171.
Chione and Phlogis, on, 527.
Chloe, to, 155; on, 400, 638; to, on squandering her property on Lupercus, 189.
Chœrilus, to, 59.
Chrestilla, buries her husbands, 369.
Chrestus, to, 330, 406.
Cicero on parchment, 628.
Cilician fruit-trees, preservation of, 355.
Cilician thief, 294.
Cilicians at Rome, 4.
Cinna, to, 69, 159, 250, 259, 278, 320, 324, 353, 557; on, 135, 358, 575.
Cinnamus, to, 269, 334.
Ciperus, to, 356.
Circus stuffing, 624.
Cirinius, to, 357.
Cirrha, 63.
Citron wood, tablets of, 605; table of, 616.
Citrons, 592.
Civis, the lawyer, 146.
Classicus, to, 120, 564; to, in disparagement of difficult poetic trifles, 126.
Clasp, a, 631.
Claudia, to, 379.
Claudia Rufina, on, 523.
Clearinus, on, 526.
Clemency of Domitian, 299.
Clemens, to, 494; with a present of fruit, 494.
Cleonæan lion, 258.
Cleopatra, his wife, on, 187.
Clients, to his, 576.
Cloak, on a, 186; the poet's, a shabby one, 298; a warm one, 620.
Cloaks of Canusian wool, 620, 621; different kinds of, 621, 622.
Clothes brush of ox-tail, 613.
Clytus, on, 380.
Coat, a scarlet one, 621.
Cobbler, to a, 137, 176; to one who had obtained a legacy by fraud, 431.
Cobbler and a Dyer, on a, 159.
Cochleare, a, 620.
Cock, on the fattening of a, 640.
Codrus, to, 137.
Coffers, ivory and wooden, 606.
Colchian princess, 18.
Collinus, to, 202; to, on Cærellia and Gellia, 186.
Colossus of Rhodes, 1 *note*.
Colossus, the starry, 2.
Combat, unequal, 21.
Combs, 608.
Comedians, young, 631.
Condylus, to, 439.
Confectioner, the, 632.
Conflux of nations, 4.
Congedus, a river near Bilbilis, 49.
Connubial felicity, 183.
Constellation of Laconian twins, 17.
Cook, the, 632.
Coracinus, to, 197, 285.
Cordova, the birth-place of Seneca and Lucan, 57; to, 574.
Cordus, to, 170, 235.
Corn, 589.
Cornelii forum, 132.
Cornelius, to, 41.
Corset, a, 613.
Corybantes, pictures of the, 61.
Cosconius, to, 124, 164.
Cosmus, the celebrated perfumer, 68, 155; to, on an illiterate fellow pretending to be a cynic, 201.
Cotilus, to, 121, 160.
Cotta, to, 28, 35, 472, 582; a dishonest person, 492.
Couch made of citron wood, 615.
Country gentleman, 210.
Country-seat of Faustinus, 156.
Coverlids, long-haired ones, 623; ornamented, 623.
Cranes, 598.
Cretan bull, 6.
Creticus, to, 344.
Criminals, personal appearance of, when under accusation, 102 *note*.
Crispinus, to, 348; on the stolen cloak of, 372.
Crispus, to, 453.
Criticism misspent, 587.

Critics compared to books, 434; Vatican wine for, 468.
Crotus, the piper, 279.
Crow, a, 614.
Crystal cups, 618.
Cuma, baths of, 280.
Cumæan plate, 619.
Cups, common, 616; of gold, 616; various kinds of, 617, 618, 619.
Curiatius, on, 206.
Curii, defenders of their country's liberties, 36.
Curtii, piety of the, 236.
Cymbals, 630.
Cynic, derivation of, 201 *note*.
Cyrrha, 279.

Dacian boy, 35.
Dædalus, on, 8.
Dagger, 609.
Dama, the baker, 278.
Danaë, picture of, 626.
Dandies, 115, 160.
Dasius, on, 112.
Dates, a bunch of, 591.
Debauchee, on an abandoned one, 59.
Decanter for snow-water, 619.
December, the month when the gifts are presented, 229.
Decianus, to, 27, 36, 43; the poet's friend, 85, 87.
Degis, 221.
Delos, temple of, 1.
Demetrius, Martial's amanuensis, on the death of, 75.
Dento, to, 244, 363.
Deprendere, explained, 9 *note*.
Detractor, to a, 252, 289, 587.
Diadumenus, to, 162, 245, 275.
Diana, the two characters of, 10 *et note*.
Diaulus, on, 38, 48.
Dice-box, 607.
Didymus, 144; to, 243, 262, 467.
Difficult trifles, 126, 127.
Digitum concurrere, explained, 20 *note*.
Dining-hall, on a small one, 116.
Dinner charts, 471, 522, 523.
Dinner-couch, a, 615.
Dinner-dress, 621.
Dinner-hunter, the, 93, 99.
Dinner-hunters, 247.
Dinner-table, 616.
Diodorus, on, 73; to, 459; and his wife Philænis, 413.
Dishes inlaid with gold, 617.
Distichs, on the writing of, 362.
Doctor, to a bad one, 48, 387.
Does, 600; on a combat of, in the theatre, 193; on their fighting, 213.
Domitia, wife of Domitian, 264 *et note*.
Domitian, public shows of, 1 *et seq.*; public works of, 2; on his two names, 21; on his lion sparing the hare, 26, 31, 35, 48; his illustrious titles and conquest of the Catti, 86; the poet's petition to, asking the rights of a father of three children, 130; his abolition of the sportula, 134; on his birthday, 177; on the snow which fell on him at the games, 178; on his admiration of the poet's works, 189; to a fisherman, that he may spare his fish, 190; on the author presenting his book to, 220, 228, 349; the poet's deification of, 221, 255; the poet's flattery and praises of, 230, 351, 353, 354, 356, 359, 360, 373, 376, 391, 395, 396, 434, 438, 442; to, on his improvement of public morals, 264, 265; on the expected birth of a son, 265; the poet covertly asks him for money, 266; address to, on his winter roses, 297; praises of his clemency, 299; the poet solicits his indulgence, 301; on his assumption of a breastplate, 303; the poet solicits his return to Rome, 305, 306; the Muses invoked on his return from Thrace, 307; on his improvements of the city, 332, 394; on the author dedicating his books to, 349; on his palace, 366, 368; on his noble lion, 376; on his

temple of Fortune, and triumphal arch, 381; on the games of Stella, in honour of his triumphs, 389; on his revival of pugilistic contests, 390; to, petitioning for a supply of water, 401; on his erection of a temple on the spot where he was born, 402; address to, on the Flavian family, 409; on a statue of, in the character of Hercules, 427; on his exclusion of the knights from the stage, 435; the poet celebrates his immortal deeds, 442, 443.
Domitius, to, 452.
Dormouse, 595.
Doves, 596.
Drinking of names, 61.
Drunkenness, excess of, 301.
Dry wood, 589.
Ducks, 594.
Dumb-bells, 610.
Dwarf, a, 631.
Dwarf mules, 629.

Eagle, on the image of one, carrying Jupiter, 249.
Earinus, the favourite of Domitian, on, 397, 398, 399; on the hair of, 400 *bis*; conversation of Ganymede and Jupiter on, 410
Ear-pick, 608.
Earthen pitcher, 618.
Earthen utensil, 619.
Eggs, 593.
Eiarinos, poetic use of the word, 398.
Elephant, kneeling to Cæsar, 12; combat with a bull, 13.
Emerita, the birth-place of Decianus, 57.
Encolpus, on, 39, 245; a favourite of Aulus Prudens, 245 *note*.
Entellus, to, on his beautiful gardens, 383.
Envious man, to an, 44; on an, 288.
Ephesus, temple of Diana at, 1 *note*.
Epigrammatist, to a bad one, 315.
Epigrams, 22 *et seq.*; Martial's addresses to the reader, 22, 23, 24; good, bad, and indifferent, 33, 341; supposititious ones, 633 *et seq.*
Erotion, epitaph on, 238, 477; praises of, 240.
Etrusci, the two, 299 *note*.
Etruscus, baths of, 280.
Etruscus, epitaph on the father of, 323.
Euclides, a pretending knight, 239.
Euctus, on, 352.
Eulogus, the auctioneer, 266.
Eunuch, on a, 474.
Euphemus, to, 181.
Europa, 627.
Europa and the bull, 12.
Eurydice, fate of, 15.
Eutrepalus the barber, 341.
Eutychus, on the death of, 292.
Extravagance, evils of, 238.

Fabianus, to, 145, 179, 188, 582.
Fabius and Chrestilla, on, 369.
Fabius leaves Sabienus all his property, 335.
Fabulla, 105; to, 58, 181, 267, 390, 584; on, 216.
Fabullus, on, 136; to, 218, 428, 515, 554; on a thievish Cilician, 294.
Fænius, Telesphorus, tomb of his daughter Antulla, 82, 83.
Fair sex, to the, 569.
Falernian wine, 602; mixing of, 33.
Fame, to, 305.
Fannius, on, 125.
Farmers, on the, 579.
Father, with three children, his public privileges, 130.
Faustinus, to, 36, 82, 147, 152, 181, 205, 238, 240, 265, 287, 309, 340, 369, 473; to, on a frigid rhetorician, 142; on the country-house of, 156; on inviting him to Trebula, 257; on Andragoras, 285.
Faustus, to, 528.
Faventinus, the usurer, 123.
Favourite, the, 630.
Favourites, on his, 579.
Feathers, 624.

Fell, Dr., epigram on, 39.
Female dancer of Cadiz, 630.
Ferulæ, 615.
Fescennia, to, 68.
Festus, who stabbed himself, 64.
Ficus, double meaning of, 59, 337.
Fidentinus, a plagiary, 62; to, 51.
Fidentius, to, 38, 43.
Fig-pecker, 594.
Fisherman, to a, that he may spare Domitian's fish, 290.
Five-feet rule, 616.
Five leaves, tablets of, 605.
Flaccus, to, 55, 200, 377, 409, 512, 539 *bis*; 541 *bis*; 578; to, on Diodorus, 73; on his favourite Amazonicus, 196; on his love for Labycas, 343; on the return of Priscus Terentius, 371; residing in Cyprus, 438; on presenting his book to him, 499; at Baiæ, 533.
Flaccus, Valerius, to, 63; author of the Argonautica, 63 *note*.
Flamingo, the, 597.
Flavian family, 21; on the temple of the, 393, 409.
Floccilla, the poet's mother, 238.
Flora, games of, 22, 23.
Fly-flap, a, 613.
Formiæ, on the charms of, 460.
Fortune, unequal distribution of, 549.
Forums of Rome, 146.
Fowls, 593; fattened, 596; Numidian, 597.
Frankincense, 588; on sending a present of, to Regulus, 81.
Friend, to a, 126, 355; on a, 565.
Friends, newly formed, 53; gifts to, 243; mutual, 267; intimate, 560.
Friendship in literary fame, 357.
Frontinus, to, on excusing himself, 476.
Fronto, to, 53; the poet's father, 238.
Fucinus, 19.
Fuficulenus, the usurer, 123.
Fundi wine, 602.
Furmity, 588.
Fuscus, to, 53; epitaph on, 296; his death and burial, 296 *note*; to, on sending him his epigrams, 317.

Gabba, 44.
Gabinia, on, 331.
Gades, slave-dealer from, 44; the birth-place of Canius, 57.
Gætulinus, 5.
Gains of the barrister and the husbandman, 33.
Gaius, a river of Spain, 202.
Galæsus, a river near Tarentum, 240 *note*.
Galatea, 19.
Galbinus, explanation of, 72 *note*.
Galla, to, 99, 102, 154, 155, 194, 205, 312, 331, 411, 508; who had sent Martial no present at the Saturnalia, 263; on, 171, 485, 495; expensive favours of, 395.
Galliambic verses, derivation of, 127 *note*.
Gallic credulity, 220.
Gallic frock, 52.
Gallic puppy, 629.
Gallicus, to, 359, 388.
Gallus, to, 79, 110, 115, 142, 172, 184, 639; on, 475, 488; a priest of Cybele, 141.
Gaming-table, 607.
Gammon of bacon, 595.
Ganymede and the eagle, 27.
Ganymede and Jupiter, 249; conversation of, on the favourites of Domitian, 410.
Gardens of Julius Martialis, on the, 208.
Gargilianus, to, 143, 166, 204, 334, 355.
Gargilius, to, 176.
Garricus, to, 417, 543.
Gaul, on a corpulent one, 387.
Gaurus, to, 128, 262, 360, 419.
Gazelle, the, 601.
Gellia, on, 40, 391; to, 155, 229, 237, 302.
Gellius, on, 416 434.

Gèmellius and Maronilla, on, 28.
Genius, few wish to yield the palm of, 357.
German, to a, 539.
Germanicus, the title which Domitian liked, 332; to, 638.
German mask, 626.
Geryon, the Iberian shepherd, 255.
Getulicus, writing of, 22.
Girl, to a crier selling a, 291.
Gladiators, Priscus and Verus, both rewarded, 14, 20.
Glaphyrus, a musician, 179.
Glass, a nimbus of, 619.
Glass cups, 619.
Glaucius, epitaph on, 273 *bis*; to, 640.
Glycera, 280.
Glyptus, to, 109.
Goat, sacrifice of a, 141.
Goose, the, 597.
Goose's liver, 595.
Gratius, works of, 194.
Great mind, strength of a, 43.
Greyhound, the, 629.
Gridiron and spit, 632.
Gryllus, baths of, 56.
Gudgeons, 599.
Guests, the poet to his, 253; presents made to, at feasts, 604.

Hæmus, a mountain of Thrace, 4.
Hair, dyeing of, 148; cutting of, 582; cloak of, 622.
Hair-pin, golden, 608.
Ham, 595.
Hanging gardens of Babylon, 1 *note*.
Happiness, road to, 231.
Happy marriage, on a, 183.
Hare, to a, 51; to one spared by a lion of Cæsar's, 26, 31, 35, 48, 56.
Hare-hunting, on the dangers of, 550.
Hares, 600.
Harpasta, the, 610.
Hat, a broad-brimmed one, 608.
Hatchet, 609.
Hawk, a, 632.
Hay, 624
Health, blessings of, 293.
Heath-cocks, 596.
Hedylus, to, 47, 201; on, 422.
Heliades, daughters of the sun, 206 *note*.
Heras, the doctor, 297.
Hercules, on a bull bearing him to the skies, 12 *bis*; praises bestowed on, 18; labours of, 225; on a statue of, 415, 416; to, representing the statue of Domitian, 427 *bis*; labours of, 442, 443; Corinthian, 626; of terra-cotta, 627.
Hermaphrodite, a marble one, 626.
Hermes, an eminent gladiator, on, 234.
Hermogenes, on, 557.
Hero and Leander, 17.
Herodes, on, 440.
Hesione, 18.
Hesperides, grove of the, 14.
Hexameters, epigrams written in, 291.
Hexaphorus, a large sort of palanquin, 125.
Hierus and Asillus, on, 444.
Himself, on, 450.
Hind and dogs, 21.
Hippocrates, on, 440.
Hippodamus, to, 191.
Hoarse poet, on a, 280.
Homer's "Battle of the Frogs and Mice," 627; a parchment copy of, 627.
Homme Blasé, to, 582.
Honeyed wine, 602.
Hood, a Gallic one, 621; Liburnian, 622.
Hoop, a, 625 *bis*.
Horatius, on, 178.
Hormus, to, 95.
Horn-lantern, 612.
Horsewhip, a, 611.
Host, to a, 153, 365.
Hot water, on being required to drink, when sick, 300.
Hound, epitaph on a, 530.
Hunchback, terra-cotta figure of a, 627.
Hunting-knife, 608.
Hunting-spears, 608.

Husband, on a cruel one, .25.
Husbandman, on a, 506; gains of the, 33.
Hyacinthus, picture of, 626.
Hybla, 109.
Hydra of Grecian Lerna, 255.
Hylas, the blear-eyed debtor, 353.
Hyllus, on, 111, 404; to, 116, 180.
Hymeneal songs, 41.
Hyrcanian mountains, 13.

Ianthis, to the fountain of, 327.
Ida, 61.
Ideal of the poet's mistress, 145.
Ides of May, 133.
Idumæa, 86.
Images in verse and in painting, 433.
Importunate friends, on, 571.
Impudent man, on an, 635.
Informers, on Cæsar's banishment of, 5, 6.
Iniquity, prosperity of, 187.
Innkeeper at Ravenna, on an, 156.
Instantius Rufus, to, 336, 386.
Irus, the pauper, 296.
Isis, Memphitic temple of, 94.
Issa, the little pet dog, 80.
Ivory cage, 614.
Ivory coffers, 606.
Ivory tablets, 605.
Ivory tali, or dice, 606.
Ivory tusks, 616.

Janiculan Hill, 208.
Janssen, Sir Theodore, Scott's lines to, 43.
Janus, to, 350, 459; to, on Domitian's return to Rome, 353.
Jason, son of Æsen, 94 *note*.
Jealous husband, to a, 170.
Jealous wife, 585.
Jennet, a, 629.
Jew, on a, 538.
Jewelled cups, 618.
John Dory, 600.
Jugglers, 412.
Julia, on the statue of, 8; daughter of Titus, 264, 268.
Julian temple, 278.
Julius, to, 32, 441; the poet's friend, 133.
Julius Cerealis, invitation to, 252.
Julius Martialis, to, 231, 263, 469, 560; on the gardens of, 208; to the library of, 311.
Juno, on a statue of, 492.
Jupiter Capitolinus, to, 332.
Justina, 61.
Justinus, to, 528.
Juvatus, to, 555.
Juvenal, to, 344, 552.

Kalends, on the, 457.
Kid, the, 593.
Kisses of his favourite, 504.
Kissing, reasons against, 101; nuisance of, 346, 539.
Knight by birth, but deficient in fortune, to a, 236, 334.
Knights, dress of, at the theatre 233.

Laberius, to, 268.
Labican earth, 68.
Labicas, love for, 343.
Labienus, to, 117, 552; on, 335 560; to, on his partial baldness 246.
Labullus, to, 511, 561.
Laconian twins, explained, 17 *note* 42.
Ladas, a swift runner, 127.
Ladon, on, 490.
Lady, to an ill-formed one, 132.
Læcania, on, 244; to, 321.
Lælia, to, 481, 555.
Lælius, to, 71.
Lætorius, an avaricious friend, 556
Lævia, 61
Lævina, on, 57.
Lævinus, to, who had seated himself among the knights, 266.
Lais, to, 638.
Lalage, to, 119.
Laletanian wine, 37; for the Saturnalia, 328.
Lamp with several burners, 610.
Lampreys, 598.
Lantern made of horn, 612; of a bladder, 612.
Lap-dog, on a, 66; picture of a, 79 80.

Laronia, 101.
Latinus, the buffoon, 26; the pantomimic actor, 122; epitaph on, 406.
Lattara, on, 521.
Laureolus, on, 7; explanatory notices of, 7 *note*.
Laurus, to, 117; a player at ball, 490.
Lausus, to, 341; on his works, 343.
Law, delays and anxieties of, 334.
Lawyer, to a, 238; on a, 247.
Lazy sailors, on, 163.
Leander, on the exhibition of the story of, 17; of marble, 627.
Leather cap, a, 611.
Leathern cloak, 621.
Leda, the courtesan, 168; on, 571.
Leeks, 590 *bis*.
Legacy obtained by fraud, 431.
Legacy hunting, 288, 529, 519.
Leitus, the keeper of the Equestrian seats, 224 *note*.
Lentils, 589.
Lentinus, to, 552.
Lesbia, to, 40, 111, 271, 466, 54; to, with a lock of hair from Germany, 256; on, 528.
Letter-paper, 606.
Lettuce, 589.
Liber, to his friend, 388; a pugilist, 431.
Licentious character, on a, 72.
Licinianus, to, 48, 57.
Licinius Sura, to, on his recovery from sickness, 326.
Life, verge of, 32; consists not in living, but in enjoying health, 293; the enjoyment of, 370; prolongation of, 388.
Ligeia, to, 492; on, 548.
Ligula, a silver one, 620.
Ligutrinus, to, 149, 151, 154.
Ligurra, to, 573.
Linus, on, 63; to, 103, 114, 210, 346, 511; a tutor, 566.
Lion, on a woman fighting with a, 6 *bis*; on one that hurt his keeper, 8; tigress matched with a, 13; of Cesar's, that spared a hare, 26, 31, 35, 48, 56; on one that destroyed two boys, 123; of Domitian, 376.
Lion and a ram, on a, 430.
Lions, sports of the, 31.
Literary fame, friendship in, 357.
Livy in a single volume, 628.
Lizard slayer, Corinthian, 626.
Love and blindness, 373.
Lucan, 629; on the anniversary of the birth-day of, 314 *ter*.
Lucanian bear, 8.
Lucanus, to, on a corpulent Gaul, 387.
Lucanus and Tullus, brothers, to, 42; on, 419.
Lucensis, the scholar, 24.
Lucius, the poet, to, 202; a native of Spain, 202 *note*.
Lucius Julius, to, 78.
Lucrine lake, 57, 140.
Lupercus, to, 166, 265, 284, 437; on, 341, 518; to, on the purchase of the poet's book, 89; on Chloe's property being squandered on, 189.
Lupus, baths of, 56; deeply in debt, 308; to, 250, 297, 393, 466, 507; a knavish flatterer, 524.
Lutiscus Brutianus, the poet, on, 188.
Lycas, 61.
Lycoris, to, 62, 75, 280; on, 147, 207, 310.
Lyde, 61.
Lydia, to, 441; on, 509.
Lygdus, 278; to, 531, 578.
Lygdus and Lætoria, on the marriage of, 282.
Lyre, a, 625 *bis*; quill for the, 625.
Lyris, on, 122.

Mæcer, to, 351; on, 454; to, on his setting out for Dalmatia, 486.
Macri, probity of the, 236.
Macrinus, to, 639.
Mænalian boar, 18.
Mævius, on, 486; to, 520.
Magpie, a, 614.
Magulla, to, 583.
Malisianus, to, 180.
Mamercus, to, 128.

Mamertine wine, 603.
Mamurianus, on, 71.
Mamurra, on, 423; to, 447.
Mancinus, on the inhospitality of, 46; to, 206.
Manius, to, 456.
Manneia and her lap-dog, 66
Manneius, on, 527.
Mantua, the birth-place of Virgil, 57.
Manumission, 75.
Maple-wood table, 616.
Marathon, 18.
Marcella, his wife, 554; on her gift to Martial, 558.
Marcellinus, to, 133, 146; in Dacia, to, 272.
March, the period of the women's Saturnalia, 263.
Marcianus, to, 298.
Marcus, to, 267.
Marcus Antonius, on, 442.
Marcus Antonius Primus, 484.
Marianus, to, 101, 252; deceived by a flatterer, 288.
Marinus, to, on his baldness, 489.
Marius, on, 124, 455; to, intrusted with Martial's grounds, 493.
Mark Antony, on, 256.
Mark Antony and Pothinus, on, 621.
Maro, to, 215, 529; on, 583.
Maronilla, on Gemellus seeking the hand of, 28.
Marriages, multiplied, 265.
Marseilles, wine of, 603.
Marsus, the poet, 22, 124; writing of, 22.
Marsyas, 117.
Martens, 597.
Martial, his addresses to the reader, 22, 23; he shows where his books may be purchased, 24; his address to his book, 24.; his domestic habits and employments, 633, 634.
Marulla, on, 475.
Marullus, to, 259.
Massic cellar, 37.
Massic wine, 153.
Master of a noisy school, to the, 429.
Master and slave, on a, 140.
Masthlion, 226.
Maternus, on, 122; to, on the author's setting out for Bilbilis, 464.
Matho, to, 215, 275, 469, 529; extravagance of, 308; on, 344; on sending him a sportula, 369.
Matrinia, to, 144.
Mattiac balls, 608.
Mattress-stuffings of Leuconium, 624.
Matron, modest, to the, 163.
Mattua, to, 636.
Maurici, equity of the, 236.
Maurullinus, to, 212.
Mausolus, temple of, 1 *note*.
Maximina, to, 104.
Maximus, to, 27, 60, 96, 112, 138, 338; on Syriscus, 257; on the death of Carus, 486.
Maximus Cæsonius, on the bust of, 325 *bis*.
Medicine chests, 614.
Melior, 120; to, on his tribute to the memory of Blæsus, 367.
Memphis, city of, 1.
Memor, on a portrait of, 505.
Menander's "Thais," 628.
Menogenes, on, 581.
Menophilus Verpa, on, 341.
Mercury, to, 338.
Metellus, 86.
Milichus, to, 117.
Milo, on, 635; to, 636.
Minerva in silver, 627.
Miracula noticed, 1 *note*.
Mistress, the poet's ideal of his, 145; on the choice of a, 409.
Mistyllus, 50.
Mithridates, 259.
Molorchus, notions of, 208 *note*.
Molossian hounds, 21.
Morning Star, to the, 358.
Mountain-goat, the, 601.
Mucius, on, 458.
Muffler, a, 622.
Mullets, live ones, 598.
Mulvian bridge, 137 *note*.
Munatius Gallus, to, 462.
Munna, to, 435; residing at Marseilles, 464; on, 477.

Murices, the purple fish, 599.
Muse, to his, 350, 454, 549.
Muses, to the, 222.
Mushrooms, 594.
Myrinus and Triumphus, the two gladiators, 14.
Myrobalanum, 611.
Myrrhine cups, 619.
Myrtale, to Paulus on, 221.

Nævia, Rufus's love for, 60; on, 91; to, 137.
Nævolus, to, 73, 165, 175, 216; on, 109.
Nanneius, on, 227.
Nar, the river, 345.
Narbo, the native town of Vatienus, 386.
Narnia, to the town of, 345.
Nasica, to, 125.
Nasidienus, to, 330.
Nata, on, 531.
Nations, conflux of, 4.
Nemea, vale of, 6; woods of, 18.
Nepos, to, on the death of his daughter, 272.
Nereids, the, 17.
Nereus, 19.
Nero, ponds of, 19.
Nerva, on, 384; to, 405; on the abbreviation of his books, 547; eulogy on, 547.
Nervæ, inoffensiveness of the, 236.
Nestor, to, 143, 514.
Niggardliness, 340.
Niggardly host, to a, 141.
Night lamp, 609.
Nightingale, a, 614.
Nigrina, to, 213; on the conjugal affection of, 408.
Ninus, the gigantic, 226.
Noble matron, epitaph on a, 478.
Nomentan estate, 103.
Nomentan farm, 281.
Nomentan fields, wine of the, 77.
Norbanus, to, 435.
Noric hunting spears, 16.
Novius, on, 67
Numa, 496.
Nuts, 607.
Nymph of a fountain, to the, 283.

Occupations, horary, of the Roman citizens, 181, 383, 482.
Oceanus, a keeper of the equestrian seats, 233, 236.
Oil-flask, a common horn one, 611; of rhinoceros's horn, 611.
Old man and eunuch, 534.
Old woman, deformed, 339.
Olives, jar of, 592.
Olus, to, 119, 153, 193; a slanderer, 307; on, 475.
Olympus, bankruptcy in, 394.
One-eyed thief, on a, 378.
Onyx, the, 280.
Opimius, jar of, 37; vintage in the time of, 37 *note*.
Oppianus, to, in praise of the baths of Etruscus, 280; to, 288; on, 305.
Orpheus, on, 14, 15, 625.
Otacilius, the poor, 487.
Otho, the suicide, 275.
Ounce, the, 600.
Ovidius Quintus, to, 77
Ovid's Metamorphoses on parchment, 628.
Oysters, 599.

Pactus, to, 532.
Pætus, to, 274.
Pætus and Arria, on, 30.
Paetus, to, on his mules, 533.
Paganica, a, 610.
Painter, pet dog and the, 79.
Palace of Cyrus, 1 *note*.
Palæmon, a conceited grammarian, 127.
Palæstræ, wrestling grounds, 203 *note*.
Palatine Library, keeper of the, 222.
Palatium, 366.
Pamphilus, to, 211
Panacian vessel, 617.
Panaretus, a drunkard, on, 301.
Pandion, 36.
Pannice, to, 417.
Panniculus, the pantomimic actor, 122.
Pannicus, to, 102, 292, 578; the wrestler, 278.

Pannonian campaign of Domitian, 356.
Pantænis, 336.
Pantagathus, epitaph on, 285.
Papilus, to, 200, 277; on, 346; a niggardly and ostentatious man, 340.
Papirianus, to, on Gellia, 391
Parasite friend, on a, 399.
Parasol, 608.
Parchment, tablets of, 605.
Paris, the actor, epitaph on, 505.
Parrhasian car explained, 272 *note*.
Parrhasian palace of Domitian, 331, 366, 368.
Parrot, a, 613.
Pars, explained as a faction of the people, 14.
Parsimony of Tucca, 33.
Parthenius, chamberlain of Domitian, 198; a request to, 222; to a toga given by, 360.
Parthenopæus, one of the seven chiefs against Thebes, 296; to, 336.
Partridges, 596.
Pasiphaë, on the spectacle of, 6.
Passer, the river, 280.
Pastor, to, 403.
Patavium, city of, founded by Antenor, 63 *note*.
Pater-familias, a true one, 66.
Paternus, to, 568.
Patrobus, 101.
Patron, advantages of having one, 131; a willing one, 347; an Attic one, 217.
Paula, to, 62, 395, 503; on, 450.
Pauli, first of the, 236.
Paulinus, the dinner-hunter, 93, 99; to, on board ship, 167.
Paulus, on, 97; to, 185, 232, 337, 577; on Myrtale, 221; on receiving a cup from, 364; one of the consuls, 451.
Peacock, the, 597.
Pedo, the poet, 22, 124; writing of, 22.
Pelignan wine, 603.
Peligni, poet of the, 104.
Pelignian presses, 37.
Pelignians, boast of Ovid, 57.
Pen-case, 607.
Pepper, 588.
Perfumes, 604.
Permessis, 63.
Petaurum, a sort of machine 127.
Pet dog and the painter, 79
Peterus, roses of, 203.
Peuce, island of, 306
Phædrus, fables of, 139 *note*.
Phaëton, on a figure of, 199.
Phasis, on, 224.
Pheasants, 597.
Phidias' Jupiter Olympius, 1 *note*.
Philænis, on, 101, 209, 335, 426, 554; epitaph on, 407; to, 336, 457.
Phileros, to, 102, 468.
Philippus, in good health, borne on a litter, 299.
Philistion, 105.
Philo, on, 245.
Philoctetes, notice of, 126 *note*.
Philomelus, a musician, 179 *note*; 144.
Philomenus, to, 135.
Philomusus, to, 410, 528; a buffoon, 339.
Philostratus, on, 534.
Philus, on, 637.
Phœbus, to, 102, 165, 171, 270, 286, 427, 444, 564.
Phrixus, golden fleece of, 361.
Phryx, the drunkard, 297.
Phyllis, on, 488, 575; to, 513, 521.
Physician, turned undertaker, 48; a pilfering one, 440.
Physiognomy, description of, 569.
Picenian jar, 46.
Picenian olives, 218; for the Saturnalia, 329.
Picens, on, 378; to, 380.
Picentine loaves, 594.
Picentinus, to, 434.
Pig, 613; sucking, 593.
Pigs' chitterlings, 595.
Pike, 600.
Pillow, a, 622.

Pine cones, 591.
Pipes, 612.
Pisa, the architect, 331.
Pisos, halls of the, 195.
Pitch-flavoured wine, 602.
Plagiarist, to a, 59, 497.
Plane-tree at Cordova, planted by Julius Cæsar, on, 425.
Platea, town of, 203.
Player, punishment of a, 635.
Pliny the Younger, the poet's book sent to, 456.
Plotia, an old woman, epitaph on, 480.
Plums, a jar of, 591.
Poet, dread of the, 149, 151, 154; to one reciting badly, 196.
Poet and his Muse, 350.
Poetic licence, 398.
Poetic trifles, useless labour of, 126, 127 *notes*.
Polla, to, 148, 481, 537; the wife of Lucan, to, 479.
Pollentine wool, 624.
Pollio, to, 549.
Pollicharmus, to, 430, 569; who affected liberality, 366.
Polyphemus, to, 322.
Polytimus, to, 582.
Pomatum, 608.
Pomegranates, 593 *bis*.
Pompeius Auctus, 328, 329.
Pompey and his sons, on, 258.
Pompollus, writings of, 287.
Pomponius, to, 283.
Pompulla, 207.
Pontia, to, 102, 295; skilled in poisoning, 295 *note*.
Ponticus, to, 101, 125, 159, 217, 414, 634; a foolish writer, 253; to, on Hermogenes, 557.
Pontilianus, to, 256, 304, 562.
Porcelain, 217, 619.
Porcia, on, 45.
Porphyrion, the, 598
Porsena and Mucius Scævola, on, 34.
Posthumianus, to, 385.
Posthumous works, 36.
Postumus, to, 91, 93, 97, 119, 122, 195, 248, 251, 269; on, 98 an avaricious man, 189.
Pothinus, on, 162, 256.
Potitus, to, 482.
Prætor, to, 210.
Praises, indiscriminate, 580
Prawns, 599.
Present, on a, 104.
Presents for the Saturnalia, 329; made to guests at feasts, 604.
Pretender, on a, 115.
Priapus, to, 269, 368; upon himself, 283; of Helarus, 294; one made of pastry, 613.
Priscus, the usurer, 81, 105; to, 326; 354, 446, 583; on the death of Salonimus, 269; on the feast of, 433; the friend of Martial, address to, 544, 545, 546; to, on the dangers of hare-hunting, 550.
Priscus and Paula, 395.
Priscus Terentius, on his return from the coast of Sicily, 371; to Saturn, on behalf of, 573.
Priscus and Verus, the gladiators, 20.
Probus, M. Valerius, the grammarian, 131.
Procillus, to, 37, 82.
Proclaiming obligations, 248.
Procrastination, folly of, 251.
Proculeia, to, 467.
Procullina, to, 271.
Proculus, Martial's present of his book to, 60.
Profession, choice of a, 117
Prolixity of discourse, 276, 277.
Prometheus, on the Scythian rock, 7.
Propertius, a copy of, 628.
Providence, favourite of, 29.
Public shows of Domitian 1 *et seq*.
Public works of Domitian, 2.
Publius, 80, 496.
Pudens, to, 183, 190.
Pueri, de pretio, 55.
Pugilistic contests, on the revival of, 390.
Pulse, 588.

Pylades and Orestes, 267.
Pyramids of Egypt, 1 *note*.

Quinces, 591.
Quinctianus, to, 51.
Quintianus, to, 229.
Quintilian, to, 129.
Quintus, on, 134, 136; to, 212, 259, 353; explanatory note respecting, 136; to, on his extravagances, 160.
Quintus Ovidius, to 420 *bis*, 441, 468; on the bust of Maximus Cæsonius, 325 *bis*.
Quintus Pollius Valerianus, 82.
Quirinalis, on, 66.
Quoit, a, 625.

Rabbits, 595.
Rabirius, the architect of Domitian, to, 331, 482.
Radishes, 589.
Raisin wine, 601.
Raisins, 590.
Ravenna, on, 156; on an innkeeper at, 156.
Reader, Martial's addresses to the, 22, 23, 81, 90, 131, 228, 445, 544, 587, 588, 604, 605; showing where the author's books may be purchased, 24; address of the Book to the, 445; to one difficult to be pleased, 468, 477; the poet's address to his, 221, 500, 506, 508.
Recitation, author made by, 43.
Reciter of bought verses, 97; an importunate one, 149.
Reed-pens, bundles of, 609.
Reed-pipe, 612.
Reguli, eloquence of the, 236.
Regulus the lawyer, 123; the orator, 289.
Regulus, to, 130, 225, 311, 638; on, 29, 65; to, on sending him a book, and a present of frankincense, 81; to, on Apollodorus, 232; on the son of, 277; on sending him bought presents, 319.
Relics, 312.
Residences, plurality of, 338.
Restitutus, the eloquent advocate on the birth-day of, 490.
Rhetorician, on a, 142, 249.
Rhine, to the, 449.
Rhinoceros, on a, 8, 15.
Rhinoceros's noses, 25.
Rhodope, a mountain of Thrace, 4, 14.
Rhytium, a narrow vessel, 102.
Rich friends, to his, 146.
Rich wife, 354.
Riches, misuse of, 211; given to none but the rich, 262.
Ridicule, Roman method of exhibiting, 25, 26.
Rigæ, theatres of, 203
Ring-case, 620.
Rings, 620.
Rixamæ, dames of, 203.
Robbers, game of, 607.
Robes, changing of, 261.
Rome, wonderful improvements in, effected by Domitian, 3; on the concourse of strangers to, 4; informers banished from, 5; on the restoration of, after being partially destroyed by fire, 223; cries of, 429, 570; address to, 484, 548; on the Saturnalia of, 503.
Roscian law, 233 *note*.
Roses, of winter, from the Nile, 297; to a chaplet of, 344; on a crown of, sent to Cæsius Sabinus, 425; a crown of, 604.
Rufinus, to, 78, 92, 100, 110, 144, 168, 174, 176 *bis*, 258, 298, 437, 585; on his love for Nævia, 60 on Sertorius, 126; on a happy marriage, 183; to, with two books of Epigrams, 216; on a pretended lawyer, 247; address on Panaretus, 301; epitaph on, 567.
Rufus Camonius, on the death of, 300.
Rug, a square one, 623.
Rusticus, to, 359.
Rusones, courtesy of the, 236.
Rustic villa, described, 156.

Sabæans at Rome, 4.
Sabella, 105.

Sabellus, to, 176, 342. 401, 562, 563; on, 196.
Sabidius, to, 39; on, 138.
Sabinus, the nymph of, 423; address to, 507.
Sacrifices, 525.
Saddle, a, 615.
Safronius Rufus, to, 212.
Saguntine cups, 618.
Salanus, 288.
Saleianus, to, 118.
Sallust, 628.
Salo, a river near Bilbilis, 49.
Saloninus, on the death of, 269.
Santra, the cook, 278; on, 313.
Sarmatian war, 381.
Sarmatians at Rome, 4.
Satire, on, 639.
Saturn, to, on Zoilus, 143; on behalf of Priscus Terentius, 573.
Saturnalia, 263; presents for the, 229, 329; on the, 503.
Saturninus, to, 182; biographical notices of, 182 *note*.
Sauce, superior and inferior, 601.
Saufeia, to, 165.
Saufeius, 122.
Sausage, a, 592, 613.
Scævinus, to, 165.
Scævola, on, 31; to, 76, 637; on the spectacle of his burning his hand, 365.
Scazons, to his, 316.
Scipio, 86.
Schoolmaster, to a, 478.
Scorpus, the charioteer, on his death, 472; epitaph on, 474.
Sculptured fish, on, 145.
Sculptured lizard, on a, 148.
Scythe, 609.
Sea-fight, on the exhibition of a, 16, 19.
Sea-hedgehog, 599.
Secundilla, 118.
Secundus, Martial's bookseller, 24; eloquent and learned, 216.
Selius, the Atheist, on, 187.
Selius Paulinus, the dinner-hunter, 93, 99.
Sempronia, to, 567.
Sempronius Tucca, to, 324
Seneca, house of, 195.
Senia, on, 557.
Servants, the poet to his, 254.
Service berries, 591.
Septician silver, 218.
Septicianus, to, 543.
Sertorius, on, 126, 168; the gourmand, 308.
Serverus, to, on drinking new wine, 340.
Setia, wine of, 300.
Setine wine, 602.
Severus, to, 261, 266, 327, 525; on the poet's book, 88; on the poet Stella, 225; on Charinus, 379; on his excellent baths, 321.
Sextilianus, to, 29, 37, 459; on, 285.
Sextillus, to, 99.
Sextus, to, 86, 93, 114, 146, 211, 222, 342, 356, 476; on, 108; a deformed person, 128; to, on Calliodorus, 241; a writer affecting obscurity, 456.
Sheep's head, 631.
Shell, a, 631.
Shield, a small one, 631.
Short-hand writer, 630.
Sicilian honeycombs, 601.
Sicambrians at Rome, 4.
Sickness, on drinking hot water during, 300.
Sidonian maiden, 320.
Signine wine, 603.
Sila, against, 510.
Silai, the, 203.
Silius, 289.
Silius Italicus, to, 183; on, 333, 521 *bis*; on the consulship of his son, 382; on the death of his son, 436.
Sinuessa, a town of Campania, 280.
Sirens, the, 162.
Siriscus, on, 257.
Slanderer, on a, 116, 315.
Slanderous poet, on a, 448.
Slave, to his, 505.
Slavery, marks of, 100 *note*.
Slaves, 100, 119, 125, 140.
Sleep, invocation to, 61.

Snow, 619 *bis*; on the, which fell on Domitian at the games, 178.
Snow-bag, a, 618.
Snow-strainer, a, 617.
Socks, Cilician, 622.
Socrates, on a portrait of, 497.
Sola, lake of, 188 *note*.
Sophronius, to, 542.
Sosibianus, to, 65, 192, 534.
Sotades, metres of, 226 *note*; on, 272.
Sow, 10; sow's teats, 593.
Sparsus, to, 670.
Sparulus, an unknown kind of fish, 159 *note*.
Spatale, 112 *note*.
Spectacle in the Arena, 76.
Spendophorus, a favourite of Domitian's, 421.
Spoletine wine, 603.
Sponge, a, 622.
Sportula, a present from the richer class to the poorer, 56; price of the, 56; on the abolition of the, by Domitian, 134; notice of the, 137 *note*.
Stag, the, 600.
Stella, a poet of Petavium, 27, 225, 226; to, 47, 251, 321, 437; on the games of, in honour of the triumphs of Domitian, 289.
Stella and Ianthis, on, 270.
Stolen cloak of Crispinus, 372.
Strangers, on the concourse of, to Rome, 4.
Strigils, 611.
Sturgeon, 600.
Style-cases, 607.
Suburra of Rome, 291.
Suicide, 125, 140, 275.
Sulpicia, praise of, 463.
Supper of perfume, 136; walking ones, 327.
Suppers, hunting for, 93, 94, 283, 410.
Sura, 289.
Surrentine cups, 617; wine, 602.
Swallow, on a, 256.
Swans, 598 of Leda, 52.
Swimming exhibition, 17
Sword and belt, 609
Synthesis, a, 622.
Symmachus, to, 224.
Syrian figs for the Saturnalia, 329.

Table cover, a, 622.
Table utensils and attire, 378, 379.
Tables, different kinds of, 616.
Tablets of various kinds, citron wood, ivory, &c., 605, 606.
Taper, a, 610.
Taratalla, 50.
Tarentine wine, 604.
Tarentum, pastures of, 361.
Tarentus, a place in the Campus Martius, 60, 177 *note*.
Tarpeian palace, 332.
Tartessian Guadalquivir, 361.
Tarragonese wine, 603.
Taygetus, quarries of, 280.
Telesilla, on, 265; to, 539.
Telesina, on, 111.
Telesinus, to, 555.
Telesphorus, to, 512, 525.
Telethusa, on, 294.
Temple, on the erection of one, when Domitian was born, 402.
Temple of Fortune, of Domitian, 381.
Terentianus, governor of Syene, 67.
Testius Caballus, 44.
Tesserse, 606.
Thais, to, 182, 201, 217; on, 302; the mistress of Quintus, 135, 136.
Thais and Læcania, on, 244.
Thalia, to, on the poet Lustiscus Brutianus, 188.
Theatre. *See* Amphitheatre.
Themes, fit ones for epigrams, 516
Thelesinus, to, 148.
Theodorus, to, 258; a bad poet, 538.
Theophila, on a portrait of, 336.
Theopompus, to, on his becoming a cook, 480.
Thermæ, the, 3
Thestylus, the poet Victor's boy, 318.
Thetis, 19.
Thrasea, 27.
Three children, the poet's petition

for the rights of a father of, 130; to his wife respecting, 130; privileges attached, 130 *note*.
Three leaves, tablets of, 605.
Thrushes, a crown of, 594.
Thyestes, 151.
Thymele, the female dancer, 26.
Tibullus, 628.
Tibur, the, 205, 206.
Tigillinus, Sophonius, 139.
Tigress matched with a lion, 13.
Timavus, the river, 188 *note*; a river of the north of Italy, 361.
Titius, on, 522.
Titullus, to, 370.
Titus, to, 33; on Cæcilianus, 332.
Tivoli, 206; towers of, 29; grove at, 317; hill of, 361.
Toga, to a, given him by Parthenius, 360; on one given to the poet by Parthenius, 418; on a, 620 *bis*.
Tongilianus, to, 154; on, 583.
Tongilion, to, 170.
Tongilius, to, 104.
Tooth-pick, a, 607.
Tooth-powder, 611.
Toranius, to, 392.
Torquatus, the rich, 487.
Tractatrix, explanation of, 169 *note*.
Tragedies, Bassus, a writer of, 249.
Trajan, the emperor, on the arrival of, 449; in praise of, 463, 483; invocation to the gods in favour of, 501; flattery and praises of, 502, 548 *bis*; on his munificence to the temple of Jupiter, 551.
Trebonus, to, 639.
Trebula, town of, 257.
Trifoline wine, 602.
Triton, 19.
Triumphal arch of Domitian, 381.
Triumphus, the gladiator, 14.
Trivian goddess, 1.
Tropa, game of, 183 *note*.
Truffles, 594; eating of, 34.
Tucca, to, 291, 339, 453, 530, 563, 584; on his parsimony, 33; on the wooden bath of, 432.
Tuccius, to, 137.
Tucker, a, 623.
Tullus and Lucanus, to, 42.
Turanius, to, 259.
Turbots, 598
Turgidius, to, 638.
Turnips, 590.
Turnus, on, 505.
Turtle-doves, 594.
Tuscan soothsayer, to a, 142.
Tutela, town of, 203.
Two brothers, on, 171.
Tyrian wool, 624.

Umber, to, 329; on, 580.
Unicus, to, 564.
Urbicus, to, 328; epitaph on, 347.

Vacerra, to, 384, 529; on, 532; his pretended wealth derided, 558.
Vadavera, a mountain near Bilbilis, 49 *et note*.
Valerius Flaccus, to, 42..
Vanquished, method of proclaiming the, in the arena, 20 *et note*.
Varro, to, with a present of the author's works, 237.
Varus, to, 358; the centurion, on the death of, in Egypt, 458; supper of, 634.
Vases, antique ones, 616; Arretine, 617; of earthenware, 252.
Vatican casks, 33.
Vatican wine for critics, 468.
Vatinian cup, 617.
Veientan grape, 112.
Veientan wine, 76, 153.
Velius, on the bow of, 408.
Velox, to, 81.
Venafran oil, 601.
Venuleius, on two books of Epigrams for, 216.
Verona, the birth-place of Catullus, 57.
Verse, to his, on a licentious character, 72.
Verses, roughness and obscurity of 537.
Verus and Priscus, the gladiators 20.
Vestinus, to, 212

Vesuvius, on, 197
Veteran soldier, on a, 172.
Vetustilla, to, 173.
Via Tecta, 133.
Vibius Maximus, to, 543.
Vice, panderers to, 284.
Vices, of a complicated character, 140; not persons, attacked by the poet, 462.
Victor, to, 533.
Victor, Veconius, the poet, 318.
Victory, a golden statue of, 625.
Vindex, his possession of the statue of Hercules, 415, 416.
Vinegar, 603.
Vintage of Italy, B. C. 121, celebrated for its abundance, 37 *et notes.*
Vintner, to a, 55.
Viper, on a, 138; enclosed in amber, 205.
Virgil, on the birth-day of, 576; his deference to Horace and Varius, 357; praises of, 377; on parchment, 628; his "Gnat," 628.
Virgin water, 231, 320.
Vitellian tablets, 88, 606 *bis.*
Voberca, a town near Bilbilis, 49.
Votienus, the poet of Narbo, 386.
Vulcan, to, on the restoration of the city after being partially destroyed by fire, 223.

Wallet, a, 615.
Water, to Domitian on his petitioning for a supply of, 401.
Water-jug for the table, 618.
Wealth, Afer's boast of, 193.
Wheaten-flour, 589.
Whips, 614.
Widowed step-mothers, 184.
Wife, to his, 519, 542, 554; on obtaining the rights of a father with three children, 130; on her gift to Martial, 558.
Wild ass, the, 601.
Wild boar, to a, 317; invitation to feast upon a, 359; on a, 600.
Wine-cup, on one received from Instantius Rufus, 373; from Paulus, 394.
Wine-cups, 618.
Wines, mixing of, 33; different kinds of, 602, 603, 604.
Winter roses, from the Nile, 297.
Wit about town, to a, 562.
Witwals, 597.
Woman, fighting with a lion, 6 *bis;* of unpleasing countenance, 635.
Woman's girdle, 623.
Wonders of the ancient world, 1 *note.*
Woodcocks, 598.
Wooden coffers, 606.
Wood-pigeons, 596.
Woollen cloak, 621, 622.
Woollen shirts, Patavian, 622.
Woollen slippers, 612.
Wools, amethyst-coloured, 623; white, Tyrian, and Pollentine, 624.
Wrestler, the, 630.
Writing tablets, 605.
Writings, on his, 81, 501

Young, to the, on the pursuit of learning and virtue, 636.
Youth, on a, killed by the fall of a piece of ice, 185.

Zoilus, to, 106, 115, 125, 261, 302, 513, 516, 524, 535, 538, 569; on, 143, 505; against, 95; to, 96; on his voluptuousness, 168; an envious man, 214; notices of, 505 *note.*

A complete Index of the *Latin first lines* will be found in Schneidewin's small text edition, published, Leipzig, 1853, in Teubner's Series of Classics, price 2s.

LONDON: PRINTED BY WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS, LIMITED, STAMFORD STREET AND CHARING CROSS.

A

CLASSIFIED CATALOGUE

OF

SELECTED WORKS

INCLUDING AN ALPHABETICAL LIST

OF BOHN'S LIBRARIES

PUBLISHED BY

GEORGE BELL & SONS

LONDON: YORK ST., COVENT GARDEN

NEW YORK: 66 FIFTH AVENUE; & BOMBAY

CAMBRIDGE: DEIGHTON, BELL & CO.

1898.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
POETRY	3
THE ALDINE POETS	7
BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY	8
STANDARD BOOKS	12
DICTIONARIES AND BOOKS OF REFERENCE	15
ART AND ARCHÆOLOGY	16
THEOLOGY	20
NAVAL AND MILITARY	23
TECHNOLOGY	24
SCIENCE	26
PHILOSOPHY	27
ECONOMICS AND FINANCE	28
SPORTS AND GAMES	28
ALL-ENGLAND SERIES	30
CLUB SERIES	30
FICTION	31
BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG	32
ROYAL NAVY HANDBOOKS	34
BELL'S CATHEDRAL SERIES	35
ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BOHN'S LIBRARIES	39

London, January 1898.

MESSRS. BELL'S
CLASSIFIED CATALOGUE
OF
SELECTED WORKS.

*** *Messrs. Bell will be glad to send their Complete Catalogue, Catalogue of Bohn's Libraries, or Educational Catalogue, to any address, post free.*

POETRY.

Aidé (Hamilton). Songs without Music. 3rd edition. With additional Pieces. Fcap. 8vo. 5s.

Aldine Edition of the Poets. *See List, page 7.*

Barry Cornwall. English Songs and Lyrics. 2nd edition. Fcap. 8vo. 6s.

Bridges (R.) Shorter Poems. 4th edition. Fcap. 8vo. 5s. net.

——— Eros and Psyche: A Poem in Twelve Measures. The Story done into English from the Latin of Apuleius. 2nd edition revised. Fcap. 8vo. 5s. net.

——— Prometheus the Firegiver. [*Out of print.*

——— A Series of Plays. Fcap. 4to. printed on hand-made paper, double columns, paper wrappers, each 2s. 6d. net (except No. 8). The eight Plays are paged consecutively, and are intended to form a Volume:—

1. NERO. The First Part. History of the first five years of Nero's reign with the Murder of Britannicus to the Death of Agrippina. [*Out of print at present.*
2. PALICIO. A Romantic Drama in Five Acts, in the Elizabethan manner.
3. THE RETURN OF ULYSSES. A Drama in Five Acts, in a mixed manner.
4. THE CHRISTIAN CAPTIVES. A Tragedy in Five Acts, in a mixed manner, without change of scene.
5. ACHILLES IN SCYROS. A Drama in Five Acts, in a mixed manner, without change of scene.
6. THE HUMOURS OF THE COURT. A Comedy in Three Acts, in the Spanish manner.
7. THE FEAST OF BACCHUS. A Comedy in Five Acts, in the Latin manner, without change of scene.
8. NERO. The Second Part. In Five Acts: comprising the Conspiracy of Piso to the Death of Seneca, in the Elizabethan manner. 5s. net, with general title-page, &c., for the volume.

——— Achilles in Scyros. New Edition. Fcp. 8vo. 2s. 6d. net.

——— Eden. A Cantata in Three Acts, set to music by C. Villiers Stanford. Words only, by Robert Bridges. 2s. net.

Browning's Strafford. With Notes by E. H. Hickey, and an Introduction by S. R. Gardiner, LL.D. 2nd edition. Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d.

Handbook to Robert Browning's Works. By Mrs. Sutherland Orr. 7th edition, with bibliography. Fcap. 8vo. 6s.

Stories from Robert Browning. By Frederic M. Holland. With an Introduction by Mrs. Sutherland Orr. Wide fcap. 4s. 6d.

Calverley (C. S.) Works by the late C. S. Calverley, M.A., late Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge.

New and Cheaper uniform Edition in 4 vols. Crown 8vo. 5s. each.

Vol. I. LITERARY REMAINS, with Portrait and Memoir. Edited by Sir Walter J. Sendall, K.C.M.G.

Vol. II. VERSES AND FLY LEAVES.

Vol. III. TRANSLATIONS into English and Latin.

Vol. IV. THEOCRITUS, in English Verse.

Original Editions.

FLY LEAVES. 17th edition. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

VERSES AND TRANSLATIONS. 15th edition. Fcap. 8vo. 5s.

De Vere (Sir Aubrey). Mary Tudor: an Historical Drama, in Two Parts. By the late Sir Aubrey De Vere. New edition. Fcap. 8vo. 5s.

De Vere (Sir Stephen). Translations from Horace. By Sir Stephen E. De Vere, Bart. 3rd edition enlarged. Imperial 16mo. 7s. 6d. net.

Endymion Series (The).

Poems by John Keats. Illustrated and decorated by Robert Anning Bell. With an Introduction by Professor Walter Raleigh, M.A. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Poems by Robert Browning. Illustrated and decorated by Byam Shaw. With an Introduction by Richard Garnett, LL.D., C.B. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Fanshawe (R.) Two Lives. A Poem. By Reginald Fanshawe, M.A. 4s. 6d. net.

Ferguson (Sir S.) Congal: A Poem in Five Books. By the late Sir Samuel Ferguson, Knt., Q.C., LL.D., P.R.I.A. Fcap. 8vo. 2s.

——— Poems. Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Field (Michael). Underneath the Bough. A Book of Verses. 2nd edition. Royal 16mo. 4s. 6d. net.

——— Callirrhoë, Fair Rosamund. 2nd edition. Crown 8vo. parchment cover, 6s.

——— Canute the Great; a Cup of Water. Two Plays. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

——— The Father's Tragedy; William Rufus; Loyalty or Love? Crown 8vo. parchment cover, 7s. 6d.

——— The Tragic Mary. On hand-made paper, bound in brown boards, with Design by Selwyn Image, imperial 16mo. 7s. 6d. net.

Large-paper Edition, on Whatman's paper, bound in vellum, with design in gold, 60 copies only (numbered), fcap. 4to. 21s. net.

Lang (Andrew). Helen of Troy. A Poem. 5th edition. Wide fcap. 8vo. cloth, 2s. 6d. net.

Patmore (Coventry). Poems. Collective Edition in 2 vols. 5th edition. Fcap. 8vo. 9s.

——— The Unknown Eros, and other Poems. 3rd edition. Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

——— The Angel in the House. 7th edition. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Procter (A. A.) Legends and Lyrics. By Adelaide Anne Procter. With Introduction by Charles Dickens. New edition, printed on hand-made paper. 2 vols. pott 8vo., extra binding, 10s.

ORIGINAL EDITION. First Series. 60th thousand. 2s. 6d. Second Series. 61st thousand. 2s. 6d.

CROWN 8VO EDITION. New Issue, with additional Poems, and 10 Illustrations by Ida Lovering. 19th thousand. Post 8vo. cloth, gilt edges, 3s.

CHEAP EDITION, with 18 Illustrations, double columns. 2 Series. 30th thousand. Fcap. 4to. paper cover, 1s. each; or in 1 vol. cloth, 3s.

The Procter Birthday Book. Demy 16mo. 1s. 6d.

Rickards (M. S. C.) Lyrics and Elegiacs. By Marcus S. C. Rickards. Crown 8vo. 4s. net.

——— Poems of Life and Death. Crown 8vo. 4s. 6d. net.

——— The Exiles: A Romance of Life. Crown 8vo. 4s. 6d. net.

Sweetman (E.) The Footsteps of the Gods, and other Poems. Crown 8vo. 6s. net.

Tennyson (Lord). A Key to Tennyson's 'In Memoriam.' By Alfred Gatty, D.D., Vicar of Ecclesfield and Sub-Dean of York. Fourth edition, with Portrait of Arthur Hallam, 3s. 6d.

Handbook to Lord Tennyson's Works. By Morton Luce. With Bibliography. 2nd edition. Fcap. 8vo. 6s.

Trevelyan (Sir G. O.) The Ladies in Parliament, and other Pieces. Republished, with Additions and Annotations. By Sir George Otto Trevelyan. Crown 8vo. 1s. 6d.

Waddington (S.) A Century of Sonnets. Fcap. 4to. 4s. 6d.

——— Poems. Fcap. 8vo. 4s.

Beaumont and Fletcher, their finest Scenes, Lyrics, and other Beauties (selected), with Notes and Introduction by Leigh Hunt. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Butler's Hudibras, with Various Notes, a Biography, and a General Index, a Portrait of Butler, and 28 Illustrations. Small post 8vo. 5s.

Chaucer's Poetical Works. With Poems formerly printed with his or attributed to him. Edited, with a Memoir, Introduction, Notes, and a Glossary, by Robert Bell. Revised, with a Preliminary Essay by Rev. Prof. Skeat, M.A. With Portrait. 4 vols. small post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

Greene, Marlowe, and Ben Jonson, Poems of. Edited, with Critical and Historical Notes and Memoirs, by Robert Bell. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Milton's Poetical Works. With a Memoir and Critical Remarks by James Montgomery, an Index to Paradise Lost, Todd's Verbal Index to all the Poems, and a Selection of Explanatory Notes by Henry G. Bohn. Illustrated with 120 Wood Engravings by Thompson, Williams, O. Smith, and Linton, from Drawings by W. Harvey. 2 vols. small post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

Pope's Poetical Works. Edited, with copious Notes, by Robert Carruthers. 2 vols. with numerous Illustrations, small post 8vo. 10s.

——— **Homer's Iliad and Odyssey.** With Introduction and Notes by the Rev. J. S. Watson, M.A. Illustrated by the entire Series of Flaxman's Designs. 2 vols. small post 8vo. 5s. each.

Sheridan's Dramatic Works. Complete. With Life by G. G. S., and Portrait, after Reynolds. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Shakespeare. Dramatic Works. Edited by S. W. Singer. With a Life of Shakespeare by W. W. Lloyd. Uniform with the Aldine Edition of the Poets. In 10 vols. fcap. 8vo. cloth, 2s. 6d. each.

——— **Plays and Poems.** With Notes and Life by Charles Knight. Royal 8vo. 10s. 6d.

——— **Pocket Volume Edition.** Comprising all his Plays and Poems. Edited from the First Folio Edition by T. Keightley. 13 vols. royal 32mo. in a cloth box, price 21s.

Critical Essays on the Plays. By W. W. Lloyd. Uniform with Singer's Edition of Shakespeare, 2s. 6d.

Lectures on Shakespeare. By Bernhard ten Brink. Translated by Julia Franklin. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Shakespeare's Dramatic Art. The History and Character of Shakespeare's Plays. By Dr. Hermann Ulrici. Translated by L. Dora Schmitz. 2 vols. sm. post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

Shakespeare: A Literary Biography by Karl Elze, Ph.D., LL.D. Translated by L. Dora Schmitz. Sm. post 8vo. 5s.

Coleridge's Lectures on Shakespeare, &c. Edited by T. Ashe. Sm. post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Hazlitt's Lectures on the Characters of Shakespeare's Plays. Sm. post 8vo. 1s.

Shakespeare's Heroines. Characteristics of Women. By Mrs. Jameson. Illustrated with 24 Collotype Reproductions of Portraits of celebrated Actresses in the various characters, and Photogravure Frontispiece, Miss Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth, by John Sargent, R.A. (by kind permission of Sir Henry Irving). 6s.

Lamb's Specimens of English Dramatic Poets of the Time of Elizabeth. With Notes, together with the Extracts from the Garrick Plays. Sm. post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Ballads and Songs of the Peasantry of England, taken down from oral recitation, and transcribed from private manuscripts, rare broadsides, and scarce publications. Edited by Robert Bell. Sm. post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry. Collected by Thomas Percy, Lord Bishop of Dromore. With an Essay on Ancient Minstrels, and a Glossary. A new edition by J. V. Prichard, A.M. 2 vols. Sm. post 8vo. 7s.

English Sonnets by Living Writers. Selected and arranged, with a Note on the History of the Sonnet, by S. Waddington. 2nd edition, enlarged. Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

English Sonnets by Poets of the Past. Selected and arranged by S. Waddington. Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

Who Wrote It? A Dictionary of Common Poetical Quotations in the English Language. 4th edition. Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

Bohn's Dictionary of Quotations from the English Poets, arranged according to subjects. 4th edition. Post 8vo. 6s.

New Editions, fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d. each net.

THE ALDINE EDITION
OF THE
BRITISH POETS.

'This excellent edition of the English classics, with their complete texts and scholarly introductions, are something very different from the cheap volumes of extracts which are just now so much too common.'—*St. James's Gazette.*

'An excellent series. Small, handy, and complete.'—*Saturday Review.*

Akenside. Edited by Rev. A. Dyce.

Beattie. Edited by Rev. A. Dyce.

*Blake. Edited by W. M. Rossetti.

*Burns. Edited by G. A. Aitken. 3 vols.

Butler. Edited by R. B. Johnson. 2 vols.

Campbell. Edited by his son-in-law, the Rev. A. W. Hill. With Memoir by W. Allingham.

Chatterton. Edited by the Rev. W. W. Skeat, M.A. 2 vols.

Chaucer. Edited by Dr. R. Morris, with Memoir by Sir H. Nicolas. 6 vols.

Churchill. Edited by Jas. Hannay. 2 vols.

*Coleridge. Edited by T. Ashe, B.A. 2 vols.

Collins. Edited by W. Moy Thomas.

Cowper. Edited by John Bruce, F.S.A. 3 vols.

Dryden. Edited by the Rev. R. Hooper, M.A. 5 vols.

Falconer. Edited by the Rev. J. Mitford.

Goldsmith. Edited by Austin Dobson.

*Gray. Edited by J. Bradshaw, LL.D.

Herbert. Edited by the Rev. A. B. Grosart.

*Herrick. Edited by George Saintsbury. 2 vols.

*Keats. Edited by the late Lord Houghton.

Kirke White. Edited by Sir H. Nicolas.

Milton. Edited by Dr. Bradshaw. 3 vols.

Parnell. Edited by G. A. Aitken.

Pope. Edited by G. R. Dennis. With Memoir by John Dennis. 3 vols.

Prior. Edited by R. B. Johnson. 2 vols.

Raleigh and Wotton. With Selections from the Writings of other COURTLY POETS from 1540 to 1650. Edited by Ven. Archdeacon Hannah, D.C.L.

Rogers. Edited by Edward Bell, M.A.

Scott. Edited by John Dennis. 5 vols.

Shakespeare's Poems. Edited by Rev. A. Dyce.

Shelley. Edited by H. Buxton Forman. 5 vols.

Spenser. Edited by J. Payne Collier, 5 vols.

Surrey. Edited by J. Yeowell.

Swift. Edited by the Rev. J. Mitford. 3 vols.

Thomson. Edited by the Rev. D. C. Tovey. 2 vols.

Vaughan. Sacred Poems and Pious Ejaculations. Edited by the Rev. H. Lyte.

Wordsworth. Edited by Prof. Dowden. 7 vols.

Wyatt. Edited by J. Yeowell.

Young. Edited by the Rev. J. Mitford. 2 vols.

* These volumes may also be had bound in Irish linen, with design in gold on side and back by Gleeson White, and gilt top, 3s. 6d. each net.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Memoir of Edward Craven Hawtrey, D.D., Headmaster, and afterwards Provost, of Eton. By F. St. John Thackeray, M.A. With Portrait and 3 Coloured Illustrations. Small crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

A Memoir of Edward Steere, Third Missionary Bishop in Central Africa. By the Rev. R. M. Heanley, M.A. With Portrait, Four Illustrations, and Map. 2nd edition, revised. Crown 8vo. 5s.

François Severin Marceau. A Biography. By Captain T. G. Johnson. With Portraits and Maps. Crown 8vo. 5s.

Robert Schumann. His Life and Works. By August Reissmann. Translated by A. L. Alger. Sm. post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Schumann's Early Letters. Translated by May Herbert. With a Preface by Sir George Grove, D.C.L. Sm. post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

William Shakespeare. A Literary Biography by Karl Elze, Ph.D., LL.D. Translated by L. Dora Schmitz. Sm. post 8vo. 5s.

Boswell's Life of Johnson, with the Tour in the Hebrides, and Johnsoniana. New edition, with Notes and Appendices by the late Rev. Alexander Napier, M.A., Trinity College, Cambridge, Vicar of Holkham, Editor of the Cambridge Edition of the 'Theological Works of Barrow.' With Steel Engravings. 5 vols. Demy 8vo. 2l.; or in 6 vols. sm. post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

Johnson's Lives of the Poets. Edited, with Notes, by Mrs. Alexander Napier, and an Introduction by Professor J. W. Hales, M.A. 3 vols. Sm. post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

North's Lives of the Norths: Right Hon. Francis North, Baron Guildford, the Hon. Sir Dudley North, and the Hon. and Rev. Dr. John North. Edited by A. Jessopp, D.D. With 3 Portraits. 3 vols. Sm. post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

Vasari's Lives of the most Eminent Painters, Sculptors, and Architects. Translated by Mrs. J. Foster, with Notes. 6 vols. Sm. post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

Walton's Lives of Donne, Hooker, &c. New edition, revised by A. H. Bullen. With numerous illustrations. Sm. post 8vo. 5s.

Helps (Sir Arthur). The Life and Labours of the late Thomas Brassey. 7th edition. Sm. post 8vo. 1s. 6d.

——— **The Life of Hernando Cortes, and the Conquest of Mexico.** Dedicated to Thomas Carlyle. 2 vols. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

——— **The Life of Christopher Columbus, the Discoverer of America.** 10th edition. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

——— **The Life of Pizarro.** With some Account of his Associates in the Conquest of Peru. 3rd edition. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

——— **The Life of Las Casas, the Apostle of the Indies.** 5th edition. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Irving (Washington). Life of Oliver Goldsmith. 1s.

——— Life and Voyages of Columbus and his Companions. 2 vols. With Portraits. 3s. 6d. each.

——— Life of Mahomet and His Successors. With Portrait. 3s. 6d.

——— Life of George Washington. 4 vols. 3s. 6d. each.

Life and Letters of Washington Irving. By his nephew, Pierre E. Irving. With Portrait. 2 vols. 3s. 6d. each.

Lockhart's Life of Burns. Revised and corrected with Notes and Appendices, by William Scott Douglas. With Portrait. Sm. post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Southey's Life of Nelson. With Additional Notes, Index, Portraits, Plans, and upwards of 50 Engravings. Sm. post 8vo. 5s.

——— Life of Wesley, and the Rise and Progress of Methodism. With Portrait. Sm. post 8vo. 5s.

Life of Wellington. By 'An Old Soldier.' From the materials of Maxwell. With 18 Steel Engravings. Sm. post. 8vo. 5s.

Life of Burke. By Sir James Prior. Sm. post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Life and Letters of Locke. By Lord King. Sm, post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Life of Pope. By Robert Carruthers. Illustrated. Sm. post. 8vo. 5s.

Cellini's Memoirs. Translated by T. Roscoe. With Portrait. Sm. post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson. By his Widow. With Portrait. Sm. post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Memorials and Letters of Charles Lamb. Talfourd's edition, revised. By W. Carew Hazlitt. 2 vols. Sm. post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

Robert Southey: The Story of his Life Written in his Letters. With an Introduction. Edited by John Dennis. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Letters and Works of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. Edited, with Memoir, by W. Moy Thomas. Revised edition, with 5 Portraits. 2 vols, small post 8vo. 5s. each.

Memoirs of Philip de Commines. Translated by A. R. Scoble. With Portraits. 2 vols. small post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

The Diary of Samuel Pepys. Transcribed from the Shorthand MS. by the Rev. Mynors Bright, M.A. With Lord Braybrooke's Notes. Edited, with Additions, by Henry B. Wheatley, F.S.A. 9 vols. demy 8vo. with Portraits and other Illustrations, 10s. 6d. each.

*** The only complete edition.

Evelyn's Diary and Correspondence, with the Private Correspondence of Charles I. and Sir Edward Nicholas, and between Sir Edward Hyde (Earl of Clarendon) and Sir Richard Browne. Edited from the Original MSS, by W. Bray, F.A.S. With 45 Engravings. 4 vols. small post 8vo. 20s.

Pepys' Diary and Correspondence. With Life and Notes by Lord Braybrooke, and 31 Engravings. 4 vols. small post 8vo. 20s.

The Early Diary of Frances Burney, 1768-1778. With a Selection from her Correspondence and from the Journals of her Sisters, Susan and Charlotte Burney. Edited by Annie Raine Ellis. 2 vols. demy 8vo. 22s.

The Diary and Letters of Madame D'Arblay. As edited by her Niece, Charlotte Barrett. With Portraits. 4 vols. demy 8vo. 30s.

Handbooks of English Literature. Edited by J. W. Hales, M.A., Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge, Professor of English Literature at King's College, London. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

The Age of Milton. By J. Bass Mullinger, M.A., and the Rev. J. H. B. Masterman.

The Age of Dryden. 2nd edition. By R. Garnett, LL.D.

The Age of Pope. 2nd edition. By John Dennis.

The Age of Wordsworth. 2nd edition. By Prof. C. H. Herford, Litt.D.

The Age of Tennyson. 2nd edition. By Professor Hugh Walker.

PREPARING.

The Age of Alfred. By H. Frank Heath, Ph.D.

The Age of Chaucer. By Professor Hales.

The Age of Shakespeare. By Professor Hales.

The Age of Johnson. By Thomas Seccombe.

Ten Brink's History of Early English Literature. 3 vols. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each. Vol. I.—(To Wiclif). Translated by Horace M. Kennedy. Vol. II. — (Wiclif, Chaucer, Earliest Drama, Renaissance). Translated by W. Clarke Robinson, Ph.D. Vol. III.—(To the Death of Surrey). Edited by Professor Alois Brandl. Translated by L. Dora Schmitz.

Reviews and Essays in English Literature. By the Rev. D. C. Tovey, M.A., Clark Lecturer at Trinity College, Cambridge. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

History of Germany in the Middle Ages. By E. F. Henderson, Ph.D. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

England in the Fifteenth Century. By the late Rev. W. Denton, M.A., Worcester College, Oxford. Demy 8vo. 12s.

History of Modern Europe, from the Taking of Constantinople to the Establishment of the German Empire, A.D. 1453-1871. By the late Dr. T. H. Dyer. A new edition. 5 vols. 2l. 12s. 6d.

Lives of the Queens of England. From the Norman Conquest to the reign of Queen Anne. By Agnes Strickland. Library edition. With Portraits, Autographs, and Vignettes. 8 vols. demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. each. Also a Cheaper Edition in 6 vols. with 6 Portraits, small post 8vo. 30s.

Life of Mary Queen of Scots. By Agnes Strickland. With Index and 2 Portraits of Mary. 2 vols. small post 8vo. 10s.

Lives of the Tudor and Stuart Princesses. By Agnes Strickland. With Portraits. Small post 8vo. 5s.

The Works of Flavius Josephus. Whiston's Translation. Thoroughly revised by Rev. A. R. Shilleto, M.A. With Topographical and Geographical Notes by Sir C. W. Wilson, K.C.B. 5 vols. small post 8vo. 17s. 6d.

Coxe's Memoirs of the Duke of Marlborough. 3 vols. With Portraits. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

*** Atlas of the Plans of Marlborough's Campaigns. 4to. 10s. 6d.

——— **History of the House of Austria.** 4 vols. With Portraits. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. Complete and Unabridged, with Variorum Notes. With Index, Maps, and Portrait. 7 vols. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

Gregorovius's History of the City of Rome in the Middle Ages. Translated by Annie Hamilton. Crown 8vo. Vols. I., II., and III., each 6s. net. Vol. IV., in 2 parts, 9s. net. Vol. V., in 2 parts, 9s. net.

Guizot's History of Civilisation. Translated by W. Hazlitt. 3 vols. With Portraits. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

Lamartine's History of the Girondists. 3 vols. With Portraits. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

Machiavelli's History of Florence, the Prince, and other Works. With Portrait. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Martineau's (Harriet) History of England, from 1800–1815. Sm. post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

——— **History of the Thirty Years' Peace, A.D. 1815–46.** 4 vols. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

Mensel's History of Germany. With Portraits. 3 vols. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

Michelet's Luther's Autobiography. Translated by William Hazlitt. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

——— **History of the French Revolution** from its earliest indications to the flight of the King in 1791. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Mignet's History of the French Revolution, from 1789 to 1814. With Portrait of Napoleon as First Consul. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Motley's Rise of the Dutch Republic. A new Edition, with Introduction by Moncure D. Conway. 3 vols. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

Ranke's History of the Popes. Translated by E. Foster. 3 vols. With Portraits. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

STANDARD BOOKS.

(*See also* '*Biography and History*,' '*Poetry*,' '*Fiction*,' *&c.*)

Addison's Works. With the Notes of Bishop Hurd. Edited by H. G. Bohn. 6 vols. With Portrait and Plates. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

Bacon's Essays, and Moral and Historical Works. Edited by J. Devey. With Portrait. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Browne's (Sir Thomas) Works. 3 vols. With Portrait. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

Burke's Works and Speeches. 8 vols. Sm. post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy. Edited, with Notes, by the Rev. A. R. Shilleto, M.A., and an Introduction by A. H. Bullen. 3 vols. Demy 8vo. with binding designed by Gleeson White, 31s. 6d. net. Also a Cheap Edition, in 3 vols. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

Coleridge's Prose Works. Edited by T. Ashe. 6 vols. With Portrait. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

Defoe's Novels and Miscellaneous Works. 7 vols. With Portrait. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

Dunlop's History of Prose Fiction. Revised by Henry Wilson. 2 vols. Small post 8vo. 5s. each.

Emerson's Works. 3 vols. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

Goldsmith's (O.) Works. Edited by J. W. M. Gibbs. 5 vols. With Portrait. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

Gray's Letters. New Edition, by the Rev. D. C. Tovey, M.A.
[*In the press.*

Hazlitt (William). Lectures and Essays. 7 vols. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

Irving (Washington). Complete Works. 15 vols. With Portraits, &c. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

Lamb's Essays of Elia and Eliana. With Portrait. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Locke (John). Philosophical Works. Edited by J. A. St. John. 2 vols. With Portrait. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

Mill (John Stuart). Essays. Collected from various sources by J. W. M. Gibbs. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Milton's Prose Works. Edited by J. A. St. John. 5 vols. With Portraits. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

Prout's (Father) Reliques. By Rev. F. Mahony. Copyright edition. With Etchings by Maclise. Small post 8vo. 5s.

Swift (Jonathan). Prose Works. Edited by Temple Scott. With Introduction by W. E. H. Lecky, M.P. In 10 volumes. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

Vol. I.—'A Tale of a Tub,' 'The Battle of the Books,' and other early works. Edited by Temple Scott. With Biographical Introduction by W. E. H. Lecky, M.P. With Portrait and Facsimile.

Vol. II.—'The Journal to Stella.' Edited by F. Ryland, M.A. With a Facsimile Letter and two Portraits of Stella.

Vol. III.—Writings on Religion and the Church. Edited by Temple Scott. With a portrait in photogravure after Jervas. *[In the press.*

Walton's (Izaak) Angler. Edited by Edward Jesse. With 229 Engravings on Wood and Steel. Small post 8vo. 5s.

White's Natural History of Selborne. Edited by Edward Jesse. With 40 Portraits and Coloured Plates. Small post 8vo. 5s.

Young (Arthur). Travels in France during the Years 1787-89. Edited by M. Betham-Edwards. With Portrait. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

——— **Tour in Ireland during the years 1776-9.** Edited by A. W. Hutton, Librarian, National Liberal Club. With Bibliography by J. P. Anderson. Index and Map. 2 vols. Small post 8vo., 3s. 6d. each.

Hugo (Victor). Dramatic Works. Hernani—Ruy Blas—The King's Diversion. Translated by Mrs. Newton Crosland and F. L. Slous. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

——— **Poems, chiefly Lyrical.** Translated by various Writers, collected by J. H. L. Williams. With Portrait. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Molière's Dramatic Works. Translated by C. H. Wall. 3 vols. With Portrait. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

Montaigne's Essays. Cotton's Translation. Edited by W. C. Hazlitt. 3 vols. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

Montesquieu's Spirit of Laws. Translated by Dr. Nugent. Revised by J. V. Prichard. 2 vols. With Portrait. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

Pascal's Thoughts. Translated by C. Kegan Paul. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Racine's Tragedies. Translated by R. Bruce Boswell. 2 vols. With Portrait. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

Goethe's Works. Including his Autobiography and Annals, Dramatic Works, Poems and Ballads, Novels and Tales, Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship and Travels, Tour in Italy, Miscellaneous Travels, Early and Miscellaneous Letters, Correspondence with Schiller and Zelter, and Conversations with Eckermann and Soret. Translated by J. Oxenford, Anna Swanwick, R. D. Boylan, E. A. Bowring, Sir Walter Scott, Edward Bell, L. Dora Schmitz, A. D. Coleridge, and A. Rogers. 16 vols. With Portraits. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

——— **Faust.** German Text with Hayward's Prose Translation and Notes. Revised with Introduction by Dr. C. A. Buchheim. Sm. post 8vo. 5s.

Heine's Poems. Translated by E. A. Bowring. Sm. post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

——— **Travel-Pictures.** Translated by Francis Storr. With Map. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Lessing's Dramatic Works. Edited by Ernest Bell. 2 vols. With Portrait. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

——— **Laokoon, Dramatic Notes, &c.** Translated by E. C. Beasley and Helen Zimmern. Edited by Edward Bell. With Frontispiece. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Richter (Jean Paul). Levana. Translated. Sm. post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

——— **Flower, Fruit, and Thorn Pieces (Siebenkäs).** Translated by Lieut.-Col. A. Ewing. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Schiller's Works. Including the History of the Seven Years' War, Revolt in the Netherlands, &c., Dramatic and Poetical Works, and Aesthetical and Philosophical Essays. Translated by Rev. A. J. W. Morrison, A. Lodge, E. A. Bowring, J. Churchill, S. T. Coleridge, Sir Theodore Martin, and others. 7 vols. With Portraits. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

F. Schlegel's Lectures, and other Works. 5 vols. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

A. W. Schlegel's Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature. Translated by the Rev. A. J. W. Morrison. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Alfieri's Tragedies. Translated by E. A. Bowring. 2 vols. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

Ariosto's Orlando Furioso, &c. Translated by W. S. Rose. 2 vols. With Portrait and 24 Steel Engravings. Small post 8vo. 5s. each.

Dante. Translated by Rev. H. F. Cary. With Portrait. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

——— Translated by I. C. Wright. With Flaxman's Illustrations. Small post 8vo. 5s.

——— **The Italian Text, with English Translation. The Inferno.** By Dr. Carlyle. The Purgatorio. By W. S. Dugdale. Sm. post 8vo. 5s. each.

Petrarch's Sonnets, and other Poems. Translated by various hands. With Life by Thomas Campbell, and Portrait and 15 Steel Engravings. Small post 8vo. 5s.

Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered. Translated into English Spenserian Verse by J. H. Wiffen. With Woodcuts and 8 Steel Engravings. Small post 8vo. 5s.

Camoëns' Lusiad. Mickle's Translation revised by E. R. Hodges. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Antoninus (Marcus Aurelius). The Thoughts of. Translated literally, with Notes. Biographical Sketch, Introductory Essay on the Philosophy, and Index. By George Long, M.A. New edition. Printed at the Chiswick Press, on hand-made paper, and bound in buckram. Pott 8vo. 6s. (Or in *Bohn's Classical Library*, 3s. 6d.)

Epictetus. The Discourses of, with the Encheiridion and Fragments. Translated, with Notes and Introduction, by George Long, M.A. New edition, printed at the Chiswick Press, on hand-made paper, and bound in buckram. 2 vols. Pott 8vo. 10s. 6d. (Or in *Bohn's Classical Library*, 1 vol., 5s.)

Plato's Dialogues, referring to the Trial and Death of Socrates, Euthyphro, The Apology, Crito and Phædo. Translated by the late William Whewell, D.D. Printed at the Chiswick Press on hand-made paper, and bound in buckram. Pott 8vo., 4s. 6d.

Horace. The Odes and Carmen Sæculare. Translated into English Verse by the late John Conington, M.A. 11th edition. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

——— **The Satires and Epistles.** Translated into English Verse by John Conington, M.A. 8th edition. 3s. 6d.

Dictionaries and Books of Reference.

Webster's International Dictionary of the English Language, being the authentic edition of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, comprising the issues of 1847, 1864, and 1880, now thoroughly revised and enlarged under the supervision of Noah Porter, D.D., LL.D., of Yale University, with Valuable Literary Appendices. Medium 4to. 2118 pages, 3500 Woodcuts. Cloth, 1*l.* 11s. 6d.; half calf, 2*l.* 2s.; half russia, 2*l.* 5s.; full calf, 2*l.* 8s. Also in 2 vols. cloth, 1*l.* 14s.

The Standard in the Postal Telegraph Department of the British Isles.

The Standard in the United States Government Printing Office.

Prospectuses with specimen pages sent free on application.

Webster's Brief International Dictionary. A Pronouncing Dictionary of the English Language. Abridged from Webster's International Dictionary. With 800 Illustrations. Demy 8vo. 3s.

A Dictionary of Slang, Jargon, and Cant. By A. Barrère and C. G. Leland. 2 vols. Medium 8vo. 7s. 6d. each.

A Biographical and Critical Dictionary of Painters and Engravers. With a *List* of Ciphers, Monograms, and Marks. By Michael Bryan. Imperial 8vo. New edition, thoroughly revised and enlarged by R. E. Graves (of the British Museum) and Walter Armstrong. 2 vols. Imperial 8vo. buckram, 3*l.* 3s.

A Biographical Dictionary. Containing Concise Notices (upwards of 15,000) of Eminent Persons of all Ages and Countries, and more particularly of Distinguished Natives of Great Britain and Ireland. By Thompson Cooper, F.S.A. With a new Supplement, bringing the work down to 1883. 2 vols. Crown 8vo. 5s. each.

Kluge's Etymological Dictionary of the German Language. Translated by J. F. Davis, D.Lit., M.A. Cheap Edition. Crown 4to. 7s. 6d.

Grimm's Teutonic Mythology. Translated from the 4th edition, with Notes and Appendix, by James Stephen Stallybrass. Demy 8vo. 4 Vols. 3*l.* 3s.; Vols. I. to III. 15s. each; Vol. IV. (containing Additional Notes and References, and completing the Work), 18s.

French and English Dictionary. By F. E. A. Gasc. 8th edition, reset and considerably enlarged. Large 8vo. half-buckram, 12s. 6d.

A Pocket Dictionary. 16mo. 57th Thousand. 2s. 6d.

Synonyms and Antonyms of the English Language. Collected and Contrasted. By the late Ven. C. J. Smith, M.A. Small post 8vo. 5s.

Synonyms Discriminated. A Dictionary of Synonymous Words in the English Language, showing the accurate signification of words of similar meaning. Illustrated with Quotations from Standard Writers. By Ven. C. J. Smith, M.A. Edited by the Rev. H. Percy Smith, M.A., of Balliol College, Oxford. Demy 8vo. 14s.

A History of Roman Literature. By Professor W. S. Teuffel. 5th edition, revised, with considerable Additions, by Professor L. Schwabe. Translated by G. C. W. Warr, M.A., Professor of Classical Literature at King's College, London. 2 vols. Medium 8vo. 15s. each.

Corpus Poetarum Latinorum, a se aliisque denuo recognitorum et brevi lectionum varietate instructorum, edidit Johannes Percival Postgate. Vol. I. Large post 4to. 21s. net. Or in 3 parts, paper wrappers, 9s. each net.
[Vol. II. preparing.

Lowndes' Bibliographer's Manual of English Literature. Enlarged edition, by H. G. Bohn. 6 vols. Small post 8vo. 5s. each; or 4 vols., half morocco, 2l. 2s.

A Dictionary of Roman Coins, Republican and Imperial. Commenced by the late Seth W. Stevenson, F.S.A., revised in part by C. Roach Smith, F.S.A., and completed by F. W. Madden, M.R.A.S. With upwards of 700 engravings on wood, chiefly executed by the late F. W. Fairholt, F.S.A. 8vo. 2l. 2s.

Henfrey's Guide to English Coins, from the Conquest to the present time. New and revised edition. By C. F. Keary, M.A., F.S.A. With an Historical Introduction by the Editor. Small post 8vo. 6s.

Humphreys' Coin Collector's Manual, or Guide to the Numismatic Student in the Formation of a Cabinet of Coins. By H. N. Humphreys. With Index and upwards of 140 Illustrations on Wood and Steel. 2 vols. Small post 8vo. 5s. each.

Clark's Introduction to Heraldry. 18th edition. Revised and Enlarged by J. R. Planché, Rouge Croix. With nearly 1000 Illustrations. Small post 8vo. 5s.; or with the Illustrations Coloured, half-morocco, roxburgh, 15s.

ART AND ARCHÆOLOGY.

Sir Edward Burne-Jones, Bart. A Record and Review. By Malcolm Bell. Illustrated with over 100 Reproductions of the most popular paintings, drawings, and designs by the Artist. 3rd edition, with binding designed by Gleeson White. Small Colombier 8vo. 21s. net.

Albert Moore: his Life and Works. By A. Lys Baldry. Illustrated with 10 Photogravures and about 70 other Reproductions. Small Colombier 8vo. with binding by Gleeson White, 21s. net.

Frederic, Lord Leighton, P.R.A. An Illustrated Chronicle. By Ernest Rhys. With Introduction by F. G. Stephens. Illustrated with 15 Photogravures and 100 other Reproductions. Super royal 4to. 3l. 3s.

William Morris: his Art, his Writings, and his Public Life. By Aymer Vallance, M.A., F.S.A. With 40 Reproductions in half-tone of designs by William Morris, and a Coloured Frontispiece and Portrait. Imperial 8vo. 25s. net.

Thomas Gainsborough: his Life and Works. By Mrs. Arthur Bell (N. D'Anvers). With numerous Illustrations in photogravure and half-tone. Small Colombier 8vo. 25s. net.

The Art of Velasquez. A Critical Study. By R. A. M. Stevenson. With 20 Photogravures and 50 other Illustrations. Small royal 4to. 2l. 5s. net.

Raphael's Madonnas, and other Great Pictures. Reproduced from the Original Paintings. With a Life of Raphael, and an Account of his Chief Works. By Karl Károly. With 54 Illustrations, including 9 Photogravures. Small Colombier 8vo. 21s. net.

The Glasgow School of Painting. By David Martin. With Introduction by Francis Newbury. With Reproductions of paintings by W. Y. Macgregor, James Guthrie, James Lavery, E. A. Walton, E. A. Hornel, and many others. Royal 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.

Masterpieces of the Great Artists A.D. 1400–1700. By Mrs. Arthur Bell (N. D'Anvers). With 48 full-page Illustrations, including 8 Photogravures. Small Colombier 8vo. 21s. net.

Bell (Sir C.) The Anatomy and Philosophy of Expression as Connected with the Fine Arts. By Sir Charles Bell, K.H. 7th edition, revised. Small post 8vo. 5s.

Bell's Cathedral Series. A new Series of Handbooks on the great Cathedrals. Edited by Gleeson White and E. F. Strange. Well illustrated. Cloth, 1s. 6d. each. *See Page* 35.

Blomfield (R.) A History of Renaissance Architecture in England. A.D. 1500-1800. By Reginald Blomfield, M.A. With 150 Illustrations drawn by the Author, and 90 Plates from Photographs and Old Prints and Drawings. Imperial 8vo. 2 vols. 50s. net.

Bloxam (M. H.) The Principles of Gothic Ecclesiastical Architecture. By M. H. Bloxam. With numerous Woodcuts by Jewitt. 11th edition. Crown 8vo. 2 vols. 15s. Companion Volume on CHURCH VESTMENTS. 7s. 6d.

Bryan's Biographical and Critical Dictionary of Painters and Engravers. With a List of Cyphers, Monograms, and Marks. By Michael Bryan. New edition, thoroughly revised and enlarged by R. E. Graves, of the British Museum, and Walter Armstrong, R.A. 2 vols. imperial 8vo. buckram, 3l. 3s.

Burn (R.) Ancient Rome and its Neighbourhood. An Illustrated Handbook to the Ruins in the City and the Campagna. By Robert Burn, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, Author of 'Rome and the Campagna,' &c. With numerous Illustrations. 7s. 6d.

*** This volume is also issued in limp red cloth, with Map Pocket, for the convenience of Travellers.

Connoisseur Series. Edited by Gleeson White.

Hiatt (C. T. J.) Picture Posters. A Handbook on the History of the Illustrated Placard. With numerous Reproductions of the most artistic examples of all countries. By C. T. J. Hiatt. 8vo. 12s. 6d. net.

Strange (E. F.) Japanese Illustration. A History of the Arts of Woodcutting and Colour Printing in Japan. By Edward F. Strange, M.J.S. With 8 Coloured Plates and 88 other Illustrations. Demy 8vo. 12s. 6d. net.

Watson (R. M.) The Art of the House. By Rosamund Marriott Watson. Illustrated. Demy 8vo. 6s. net.

Connoisseur Series—*Continued.*

Wheatley (H. B.) British Historical Portraits. Some Notes on the Painted Portraits of Celebrated Characters. By H. B. Wheatley. With 71 Illustrations taken direct from the Originals at the National Portrait Gallery and elsewhere. 10s. 6d. net.

Williamson (G. C.) Portrait Miniatures, from the time of Holbein (1531) to that of Sir William Ross (1860). A Handbook for Collectors. By G. C. Williamson, Litt. D. With 194 Illustrations. 12s. 6d. net.

Crane (W.). The Bases of Design. By Walter Crane. With 200 Illustrations. Medium 8vo.

——— **Decorative Illustration of Books.** *See* Ex-Libris Series.

Cunningham's Lives of the Most Eminent British Painters. A new edition, with Notes and Sixteen fresh Lives. By Mrs. Heaton. 3 vols. small post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

Delamotte (P. H.) The Art of Sketching from Nature. By P. H. Delamotte. Illustrated by 24 Woodcuts and 20 Coloured Plates, arranged progressively, from Water-colour Drawings by Prout, R. W. Cooke, R.A., Girtin, Varley, De Wint, and the Author. New edition. Royal 4to. 21s.

Demmin's Illustrated History of Arms and Armour, from the Earliest Period. By Auguste Demmin. Translated by C. C. Black, M.A. With nearly 2000 Illustrations. Small post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Didron's Christian Iconography. A History of Christian Art in the Middle Ages. Translated from the French, with additions, &c., by Margaret Stokes. 2 vols. small post 8vo. 5s. each.

Endymion Series of Poets. Illustrated by R. Anning Bell and Byam Shaw. *See* page 2.

Ex-Libris Series. Edited by Gleeson White.

English Book-Plates (Ancient and Modern). By Egerton Castle, M.A., F.S.A. With more than 200 Illustrations. 3rd edition. 10s. 6d. net.

French Book-Plates. By Walter Hamilton. With nearly 200 Illustrations. 2nd edition, revised and enlarged. 8s. 6d. net.

German Book-Plates. By Dr. Heinrich Pallmann and G. Ravenscroft Dennis. With numerous Illustrations. [*Preparing.*

American Book-Plates. By Charles Dexter Allen. With Bibliography by Eben Newell Hewins, and numerous Illustrations. 12s. 6d. net.

Ladies' Book-Plates. By Norna Labouchere. With numerous Illustrations. 8s. 6d. net.

Decorative Heraldry. By G. W. Eve. With 188 Illustrations, including 4 in colour and 1 copperplate. 10s. 6d. net.

The Decorative Illustration of Books. By Walter Crane. With more than 150 Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net.

Modern Book Illustration. By Joseph Pennell. With 172 Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net.

Bookbindings, Old and New. By Brander Matthews. With numerous Illustrations. 7s. 6d. net.

Durer's Little Passion. Printed from stereotypes taken from the original wood-blocks. With Introduction by Austin Dobson. 5s. net.

Fairholt's Costume in England. A History of Dress to the end of the Eighteenth Century. 3rd edition. Revised by Viscount Dillon, P.S.A. Illustrated with above 700 Engravings. 2 vols. sm. post 8vo. 5s. each.

Flaxman. Lectures on Sculpture, as delivered before the Presiden and Members of the Royal Academy. By J. Flaxman, R.A. With 53 Plates. New edition. Small post 8vo. 6s.

Gatty (Mrs.) The Book of Sun-dials. Collected by Mrs. Alfred Gatty. Edited by Horatio K. F. Eden and Eleanor Lloyd. With numerous Illustrations. 3rd edition. Fcap. 4to. 15s.

Heaton (Mrs.) A Concise History of Painting. By Mrs. Charles Heaton. New edition, revised, by Cosmo Monkhouse. Small post 8vo. 5s.

Law (E.) A Short History of Hampton Court. By Ernest Law, B.A. With numerous Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

Leonardo da Vinci's Treatise on Painting. With a Life of Leonardo. New edition, revised, with numerous Plates. Small post 8vo. 5s.

Moody (F. W.) Lectures and Lessons on Art. By the late F. W. Moody, Instructor in Decorative Art at South Kensington Museum. With Diagrams to illustrate Composition and other matters. 5th edition. Demy 8vo. sewed, 4s. 6d.

Patmore (C.) Principle in Art. By Coventry Patmore. 2nd edition. Fcap. 8vo. 5s.

Petit (J. T.) Architectural Studies in France. By the late Rev. J. T. Petit, F.S.A. New edition, revised by Edward Bell, M.A., F.S.A. Fcap. 4to. with 260 Illustrations, 15s. net.

Planché's History of British Costume, from the Earliest Time to the close of the Eighteenth Century. By J. R. Planché, Somerset Herald. With Index and upwards of 400 Illustrations. Small post 8vo. 5s.

Prior (E. S.) History of Gothic Art in England. By E. S. Prior. Illustrated by G. C. Horsley and others. Imperial 8vo. *[In the Press.*

Renton (E.) Intaglio Engraving, Past and Present. By Edward Renton. With numerous Illustrations from Gems and Seals. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Roberts (W.) Memorials of Christie's. By W. Roberts. With 64 Collotype Reproductions and Coloured Frontispiece. 2 vols. 8vo. 25s. net.

Stokes (Margaret). Three Months in the Forests of France. A Pilgrimage in Search of Vestiges of the Irish Saints in France. With numerous Illustrations. By Margaret Stokes, Hon. M.R.I.A. Fcap. 4to. 12s. net.

Strange (E. F.) Alphabets. A Handbook of Lettering for the use of Artists, Architects, and Students. With 200 Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 5s.

Vasari's Lives. A Selection of Seventy of the Lives. Edited and annotated in the light of modern discoveries by E. H. and E. W. Blashfield and A. A. Hopkins. Illustrated. 4 vols. pott 4to. 36s. net.

Way (T. R.) Reliques of Old London. Drawn in lithography by T. R. Way. With Introduction and Explanatory Letterpress by H. B. Wheatley, F.S.A. Demy 4to. 21s. net.

——— Later Reliques of Old London. By the same artist and editor. Demy 4to. 21s. net.

Wedmore (F.) Etching in England. By Frederick Wedmore. With numerous Illustrations. Small 4to. 8s. 6d. net.

White (Gleeson). Practical Designing. A Handbook on the Preparation of Working Drawings, showing the Technical Methods employed in preparing them for the Manufacture, and the Limits imposed on the Design by the Mechanism of Reproduction and the materials employed. Freely Illustrated. Edited by Gleeson White. 3rd edition. 5s.

THEOLOGY.

A Kempis. On the Imitation of Christ. A New Translation. By the Rt. Rev. H. Goodwin, D.D. 3rd edition. With fine Steel Engraving after Guido, 3s. 6d.; without the Engraving, 2s. 6d. Cheap edition, 1s. cloth; 6d. sewed.

Alford (Dean). The Greek Testament. With a critically revised Text; a Digest of various Readings; Marginal References to Verbal and Idiomatic Usage; Prolegomena; and a Critical and Exegetical Commentary. For the Use of Theological Students and Ministers. By the late Henry Alford, D.D., Dean of Canterbury. 4 vols. 8vo. 5l. 2s. Sold separately.

——— The New Testament for English Readers. Containing the Authorised Version, with additional Corrections of Readings and Renderings, Marginal References, and a Critical and Explanatory Commentary. In 4 Parts, 2l. 14s. 6d. Sold separately.

Augustine (St.): De Civitate Dei. Books XI. and XII. By the Rev. Henry Gee, B.D., F.S.A. I. Text only, 2s. II. Introduction, Literal Translation, and Notes, 3s.

——— In Joannis Evangelium Tractatus. XXIV.-XXVII. Edited by the Rev. Henry Gee, B.D., F.S.A., 1s. 6d. Also the Translation by the late Rev. Canon H. Brown, 1s. 6d.

Barrett (A. C.) Companion to the Greek Testament. For the Use of Theological Students and the Upper Forms in Schools. By A. C. Barrett, M.A., Caius College. 5th edition, revised. Fcap. 8vo. 5s.

Barry (Dr.) Notes on the Catechism. For the Use of Schools. By the Rev. Canon Barry, D.D., Principal of King's College, London. 10th edition. Fcap. 2s.

Bede's Ecclesiastical History, and the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle. Edited by Rev. Dr. Giles. With Map. Small post 8vo. 5s.

Birks (T. R.) Horæ Evangelicæ, or the Internal Evidence of the Gospel History. By the Rev. T. R. Birks, M.A., late Hon. Canon of Ely. Edited by the Rev. H. A. Birks, M.A., late Scholar of Trin. Coll., Camb. Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Bleek (F.) An Introduction to the Old Testament. By Friedrich Bleek. Edited by Johann Bleek and Adolf Kamphausen. Translated from the Second Edition of the German by G. H. Venables, under the supervision of the Rev. E. Venables, Residentiary Canon of Lincoln. 2nd edition, with Corrections. With Index. 2 vols. 10s.

Burbidge (Rev. E.) Liturgies and Offices of the Church for the use of English Readers, in illustration of the Growth and Devotional value of the Book of Common Prayer, with a Catalogue of the remains of the Library of Archbishop Cranmer. By Edward Burbidge, M.A., Prebendary of Wells. Cr. 8vo. 9s.

——— The Parish Priest's Book of Offices and Instructions for the Sick: with Appendix of Readings and Occasional Offices. 4th edition, thoroughly revised, with much additional matter. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Burgon (Dean). The Traditional Text of the Holy Gospels Vindicated and Established. By the late John William Burgon, B.D., Dean of Chichester. Arranged, Completed, and Edited by Edward Miller, M.A., Wykehamical Prebendary of Chichester. Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.

——— The Causes of the Corruption of the Traditional Text of the Holy Gospels. Edited by the Rev. Edward Miller, M.A. Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.

Denton (W.) A Commentary on the Gospels and Epistles for the Sundays and other Holy Days of the Christian Year, and on the Acts of the Apostles. By the Rev. W. Denton, M.A., Worcester College, Oxford, and Incumbent of St. Bartholomew's, Cripplegate. In 7 vols. each 8s.

Eusebius. Ecclesiastical History. Translated by Rev. C. F. Cruse. 5s.

Garnier (T. P.) Church or Dissent? An Appeal to Holy Scripture, addressed to Dissenters. By T. P. Garnier, late Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford. 2nd edition. Crown 8vo. 2s.; in stiff paper cover for distribution, 1s.

Hardwick (C.) History of the Articles of Religion. By Charles Hardwick. 3rd edition revised. 5s.

Hawkins (Canon). Family Prayers:—Containing Psalms, Lessons, and Prayers, for every Morning and Evening in the Week. By the late Rev. Ernest Hawkins, B.D., Prebendary of St. Paul's. 20th edition. Fcap. 8vo. 1s.

Hook (W. F.) Short Meditations for Every Day in the Year. Edited by the late Very Rev W. F. Hook, D.D., Dean of Chichester. Revised edition. 2 vols. Fcap. 8vo. Large type. 14s. Also 2 vols. 32mo. Cloth, 5s.; calf, gilt edges, 9s.

——— The Christian Taught by the Church's Services. Revised edition. Fcap. 8vo. Large type, 6s. 6d. Royal 32mo. Cloth, 2s. 6d. calf, gilt edges, 4s. 6d.

——— Holy Thoughts and Prayers, arranged for Daily Use on each Day of the Week, according to the stated Hours of Prayer. 8th edition. 16mo. Cloth, red edges, 2s; calf, gilt edges, 3s. Cheap edition, 3d.

Humphry (W. G.) An Historical and Explanatory Treatise on the Book of Common Prayer. By W. G. Humphry, B.D., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, Prebendary of St. Paul's, and Vicar of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. 6th edition. Fcap. 8vo. 1s.

Latham (H.) Pastor Pastorum; or, the Schooling of the Apostles by our Lord. By the Rev. Henry Latham, M.A., Master of Trinity Hall, Cambridge. 3rd edition. Crown 8vo. 6s. 6d.

——— The Risen Master. A Sequel to Pastor Pastorum.

——— A Service of Angels. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. *[In the Press.*

Lewin (T.) The Life and Epistles of St. Paul. By Thomas Lewin, M.A., F.S.A., Trinity College, Oxford, Barrister-at-Law. 5th edition. Illustrated with numerous fine Engravings on Wood, Maps, and Plans. 2 vols. Demy 4to. 2l. 2s.

Miller (E.) Guide to the Textual Criticism of the New Testament. By Rev. E. Miller, M.A. Oxon, Rector of Bucknell, Bicester. Crown 8vo. 4s.

Monsell (Dr.) Watches by the Cross. Short Meditations, Hymns, and Litanies on the Last Seven Words of our Lord. 4th edition. Cloth, red edges, 1s.

——— Near Home at Last. A Poem. 10th thousand. Cloth, red edges. Imp. 32mo. 2s. 6d.

——— Our New Vicar; or, Plain Words about Ritual and Parish Work. Fcap. 8vo. 11th edition, 2s. 6d.

——— The Winton Church Catechism. Questions and Answers on the Teaching of the Church Catechism. 4th edition. 32mo. cloth, 3s.

Pascal. The Thoughts of Blaise Pascal. Translated from the Text of M. Auguste Molinier by C. Kegan Paul. 3s. 6d.

Perowne (Bp.) The Book of Psalms: a New Translation, with Introductions and Notes, Critical and Explanatory. By the Right Rev. J. J. Stewart Perowne, D.D., Bishop of Worcester. 8vo. Vol. I. 8th edition, revised, 18s. Vol. II. 6th edition, revised, 16s.

Perowne (Bp.) The Book of Psalms. An abridged Edition for Schools and Private Students. Crown 8vo. 9th edition, 10s. 6d.

Pearson (Bp.) Exposition of the Creed. Edited by E. Walford, M.A. 5s.

Prudentius. Selected Passages, with Verse Translations on the opposite pages. By the Rev. F. St. John Thackeray, late Assistant Master, Eton College. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Sadler (M. F.) The Gospel of St. Matthew. By the Rev. M. F. Sadler, Rector of Honiton and Prebendary of Wells. With Notes, Critical and Practical, and Two Maps. 6th edition. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

——— The Gospel of St. Mark. 4th edition. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

——— The Gospel of St. Luke. 4th edition. Crown 8vo. 9s.

——— The Gospel of St. John. 6th edition. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

——— The Acts of the Apostles. 4th edition. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

——— St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans. 3rd edition. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

——— St. Paul's Epistles to the Corinthians. 2nd edition. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

——— St. Paul's Epistles to the Galatians, Ephesians, and Philippians. 3rd edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.

——— St. Paul's Epistles to the Colossians, Thessalonians, and Timothy. 2nd edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.

——— St. Paul's Epistles to Titus, Philemon, and the Hebrews. 2nd edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.

——— The Epistles of SS. James, Peter, John, and Jude. 2nd edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.

——— The Revelation of St. John the Divine. With Notes Critical and Practical, and Introduction. 2nd edition. 6s.

——— Sermon Outlines for the Clergy and Lay Preachers, arranged to accord with the Church's Year. 2nd edition. Crown 8vo. 5s.

——— Church Divine—Bible Truth. 49th thousand. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

'The objective nature of the faith, the Athanasian Creed, the Baptismal Services, the Holy Eucharist, Absolution and the Priesthood, Church Government and Confirmation, are some of the more prominent subjects treated. And Mr. Sadler handles each with a marked degree of sound sense, and with a thorough mastery of his subject.'—*Guardian.*

——— The Church Teacher's Manual of Christian Instruction. Being the Church Catechism expanded and explained in Question and Answer, for the use of Clergymen, Parents, and Teachers. 46th thousand. Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

——— Confirmation. An Extract from the Church Teacher's Manual. 70th thousand. 1d.

——— The One Offering. A Treatise on the Sacrificial Nature of the Eucharist. Fcap. 8vo. 11th thousand, 2s. 6d.

——— The Second Adam and the New Birth; or, the Doctrine of Baptism as contained in Holy Scripture. 12th edition. Fcap. 8vo. 4s. 6d.

——— Justification of Life: its Nature, Antecedents, and Results. 2nd edition, revised. Crown 8vo. 4s. 6d.

Sadler (M. F.) The Sacrament of Responsibility; or, Testimony of the Scripture to the Teaching of the Church on Holy Baptism, with especial reference to the Cases of Infants; and Answers to Objections. 9th thousand, 6d. With an Introduction and an Appendix. On fine paper, bound in cloth, 7th edition, 2s. 6d.

——— Scripture Truths. A Series of Ten Tracts on Holy Baptism, The Holy Communion, Ordination, &c. 9d. per set. Sold separately.

——— The Communicant's Manual; being a Book of Self-examination, Prayer, Praise, and Thanksgiving. Royal 32mo. 114th thousand. Cloth, 1s. 6d.; roan, gilt edges, 2s. 6d.; padded calf, 5s. A Cheap edition in limp cloth, 8d.

——— ——— A Larger Edition on fine paper, red rubics. Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

Scrivener (Dr.) Novum Testamentum Græce Textus Stephanici, A.D. 1550. Accedunt variæ lectiones editionum Bezæ, Elseviri, Lachmanni, Tischendorfii, Tregellesii, curante F. H. Scrivener, A.M., D.C.L., LL.D. 16mo. 4s. 6d.—Editio Major. Small post 8vo. 2nd edition. 7s. 6d.—An Edition with wide Margin for Notes. 4to. half bound, 12s.

——— A Plain Introduction to the Criticism of the New Testament. For the Use of Biblical Students. 4th edition, revised and enlarged by the Rev. E. Miller, M.A., formerly Fellow and Tutor of New College, Oxford. With Portrait and numerous Lithographed Facsimiles of MSS. Demy 8vo. 2 vols. 32s.

Socrates' and Sozomen's Ecclesiastical Histories. Translated from the Greek. 2 vols. 5s. each.

Steere (E.) Notes of Sermons, arranged in Accordance with the Church's Year. Edited by Rev. R. M. Heanley, M.A. Oxon. With Introduction by the Bishop of Lincoln. Crown 8vo. 3rd Series, 7s. 6d.

Theodoret and Evagrius. Histories of the Church. Translated from the Greek. 5s.

Young (Rev. P.) Daily Readings for a Year on the Life of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. By the Rev. Peter Young, M.A. 6th edition. 2 vols. 8vo. 11. 1s.

NAVAL AND MILITARY.

The British Fleet: the Growth, Achievements, and Duties of the Navy of the Empire. By Commander Charles N. Robinson, R.N. With 150 Illustrations. Cheaper edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.

Royal Navy Handbooks. Edited by Commander Charles N. Robinson, R.N. Crown 8vo. Illustrated, 5s. each. *For List see page 34.*

Allen's Battles of the British Navy. Revised edition, with Indexes of Names and Events, and 57 Steel Engravings, including Portraits of Earl Ch. Howard, Drake, Raleigh, Earl Th. Howard, Blake, G. Monk, Earl Montagu, Prince Rupert, Sir E. Hawke, Sir G. Collier, Sir R. Pearson, Visct. Rodney, E. Kempenfelt, Lord Hood, Earl Howe, Visct. Bridport, Earl St. Vincent, William IV., Sir J. Saumarez, Sir K. Keats, Adm. Rainier, Nelson, Collingwood, Sir S. Smith, Sir T. H. Hardy, Capt. E. P. Brenton, Capt. Willoughby, Sir W. Hoste, Sir G. Cockburn, Lord Exmouth, Adm. Codrington, Sir R. Stopford, and Plans of all the Chief Battles. 2 vols. small post 8vo. 10s.

Achievements of Cavalry. By General Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C., G.C.B., G.C.M.G. Crown 8vo. with Maps and Plans. 7s. 6d. net.

The Campaign of Sedan: The Downfall of the Second Empire, August-September 1870. By George Hooper. With General Map and Six Plans of Battles. New edition. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Waterloo: The Downfall of the First Napoleon. A History of the Campaign of 1815. By George Hooper. With Maps and Plans. New edition, revised. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

History of the Irish Rebellion in 1798. By W. H. Maxwell. Illustrated by George Cruikshank. 12th edition. 7s. 6d.

The War of the Succession in Spain during the Reign of Queen Anne, 1702-1711. Based on Original Manuscripts and Contemporary Records. By Col. the Hon. Arthur Parnell, R.E. Demy 8vo. 14s. With Map, &c.

The Revolutionary Movements of 1848-9 in Italy, Austria, Hungary, and Germany. With some Examination of the previous Thirty-three Years. By C. Edmund Maurice. With Illustrations. Demy 8vo. 16s.

TECHNOLOGY.

TECHNOLOGICAL HANDBOOKS.

Edited by Sir H. Trueman Wood.

Illustrated and uniformly printed in small post 8vo.

A Series of Technical Manuals for the use of Workmen and others practically interested in the Industrial Arts, and specially adapted for Candidates in the Examinations of the City Guilds Institute.

'The excellent series of technical handbooks.'—*Textile Manufacturer.*
'The admirable series of technological handbooks.'
British Journal of Commerce.
'Messrs. Bell's excellent technical series.'—*Manchester Guardian.*
'Of inestimable value to manufacturers as well as teachers and students.'
Manchester Courier.

Cotton Weaving: Its Development, Principles, and Practice. By R. Marsden, Honorary Examiner to the City and Guilds of London Institute, and Editor of the *Textile Mercury*. With numerous Illustrations. 10s. 6d.

Cotton Spinning: Its Development, Principles, and Practice. With an Appendix on Steam Engines and Boilers. By R. Marsden. 4th edition. 6s. 6d.

Woollen and Worsted Cloth Manufacture. By Professor Roberts Beaumont, Textile Industries Department of the Yorkshire College, Leeds. 2nd edition, revised. 7s. 6d.

Silk Dyeing. By G. H. Hurst, F.C.S., Lecturer at the Manchester Technical School, Member of the Society of Chemical Industry, Silver Medallist, City and Guilds of London Institute. With numerous Coloured Patterns. 7s. 6d.

Coal-Tar Colours, The Chemistry of. With special reference to their application to Dyeing, &c. By Dr. R. Benedikt, Professor of Chemistry in the University of Vienna. Translated from the German by E. Knecht, Ph.D., Head Master of the Chemistry and Dyeing Department in the Technical College, Bradford. 2nd edition, revised and enlarged. 6s. 6d.
[*New edition preparing.*

Dyeing and Tissue-Printing. By William Crookes, F.R.S., V.P.C.S., 5s. [*Out of print.*

Plumbing: Its Theory and Practice. By S. Stevens Hellyer, Author of 'The Plumber and Sanitary Houses,' 'Lectures on the Science and Art of Sanitary Plumbing,' &c. With Illustrations. 5s.

Bookbinding. A Practical Treatise on the Art. By J. W. Zaehnsdorf. With 8 Coloured Plates and numerous Diagrams. 2nd edition revised. 5s.

Printing. A Practical Treatise on the Art of Typography as applied more particularly to the Printing of Books. By C. T. Jacobi, Manager of the Chiswick Press; Examiner in Typography to the City and Guilds of London Institute. With upwards of 150 Illustrations, many useful Tables, and Glossarial Index of Technical Terms and Phrases. 5s.

Glass Manufacture. Introductory Essay by H. J. Powell, B.A. (Whitefriars Glass Works); Crown and Sheet Glass, by Henry Chance, M.A. (Chance Bros., Birmingham); Plate Glass, by H. G. Harris, Assoc. Memb. Inst. C.E. 3s. 6d.

Soap Manufacture. A Practical Treatise on the Fabrication of Hard and Soft Soaps, and Analytical Methods for the determination of their Chemical Composition; together with a short account of the materials employed. By W. Lawrence Gadd, F.I.C., F.C.S., Registered Lecturer on Soap Making, and the Technology of Oils and Fats; also on Bleaching, Dyeing, and Calico Printing, to the City and Guilds of London Institute. 5s.

Gas Manufacture. By John Hornby, F.I.C., Honours Medallist in Gas Manufactures; Lecturer under the City and Guilds of London Institute; Author of 'The Gas Engineer's Laboratory Handbook.' 5s.

The Art and Craft of Coach Building. By John Philipson, M.Inst.M.E., Past President of the Institute of British Carriage Manufacturers; Member of the Coachmakers' and Coach Harness Makers' Co., London; the Society of Arts, and the Carriage Builders' National Association; U.S.A., &c. 6s.

BELL'S AGRICULTURAL SERIES.

Crown 8vo. Illustrated, 2s. 6d. each.

'The most popular, the most practical, the handiest, and the cheapest collection of works of the kind ever published.'—*Westmoreland Gazette.*

'We cannot speak too highly of Bell's Series of Agricultural Handbooks, which are standard works by eminent authors; and go-ahead agriculturists should procure copies of the handbooks noticed without delay.'—*South African Agriculturist.*

The Farm and the Dairy. By Professor J. P. Sheldon, formerly of the Royal Agricultural College, and of the Downton College of Agriculture; late Special Commissioner of the Canadian Government.

Manures and their Uses. By Dr. A. B. Griffiths, F.R.S.E., F.C.S., late Principal of the School of Science, Lincoln.

The Diseases of Crops and their Remedies. By Dr. A. B. Griffiths.

Soils and their Properties. By Dr. W. Fream, B.Sc., London, F.L.S., F.G.S., F.S.S. With a Geological Map of Great Britain.

Tillage and Implements. By Walter J. Malden, Professor of Agriculture in the College of Agriculture, Downton; late Resident Superintendent of the Royal Agricultural Society's Experimental Farm at Woburn.

Practical Fruit Culture. A Treatise on Planting, Growing, and Storage of Hardy Fruits for Market and Private Growers. By J. Cheal, F.R.H.S., Member of Fruit Committee, Royal Horticultural Society, &c. &c.

SPECIALLY ADAPTED FOR AGRICULTURAL CLASSES.

Crown 8vo. Illustrated, 1s. *each.*

Practical Dairy Farming. By Professor Sheldon. Reprinted from the Author's larger work entitled 'The Farm and the Dairy.'

Practical Fruit Growing. By J. Cheal, F.R.H.S. Reprinted from the Author's larger work entitled 'Fruit Culture.'

SCIENCE.

Chevreul on Colour. Containing the Principles of Harmony and Contrast of Colours, and their Application to the Arts; including Painting, Decoration, Tapestries, Carpets, Mosaics, Glazing, Staining, Calico Printing, Letterpress Printing, Map Colouring, Dress, Landscape and Flower Gardening, &c. Translated from the French by Charles Martel. 3rd and only complete edition, with Introduction by the Translator. Index and several Plates. Small post 8vo. 5s.

——— With an additional series of 16 Plates in Colours, 7s. 6d.

Humboldt's Cosmos; or, Sketch of a Physical Description of the Universe. Translated by E. C. Otté, B. H. Paul, and W. S. Dallas, F.L.S. With Portrait. 5 vols. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each, excepting Vol. V., 5s.

——— **Views of Nature;** or, Contemplations of the Sublime Phenomena of Creation. With Scientific Illustrations. Translated by E. C. Otté and H. G. Bohn. With a Facsimile Letter from the Author, Translations of the Quotations, and a very complete Index. Small post 8vo. 5s.

Jukes-Browne (A. J.) The Student's Handbook of Physical Geology. With numerous Diagrams and Illustrations. 2nd edition, much enlarged. Small post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

——— **The Student's Handbook of Historical Geology.** With numerous Diagrams and Illustrations. Small post 8vo. 6s.

——— **The Building of the British Isles.** A Study in Geographical Evolution. Illustrated by numerous Maps and Woodcuts. Second edition, revised. Small post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Stockhardt. Experimental Chemistry. A Handbook for the Study of the Science by Simple Experiments. Edited by C. W. Heaton, F.C.S. With Index and numerous Woodcuts. New edition, revised throughout. Small post 8vo. 5s.

Baker (J. G.) A Flora of the English Lake District. By J. G. Baker, F.R.S., F.L.S., Keeper of the Herbarium of the Royal Gardens, Kew. Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d.

——— **Handbook of the Fern Allies.** A Synopsis of the Genera and Species of the Natural Orders, Equisetaceæ, Lycopodiaceæ, Selaginellaceæ, Rhizocarpeæ. Demy 8vo. 5s.

——— **Handbook of the Amaryllideæ, including the Alstroemerieæ** and Agaveæ. Demy 8vo. 5s.

——— **Handbook of the Bromeliaceæ.** Demy 8vo. 5s.

——— **Handbook of the Irideæ.** Demy 8vo. 5s.

English Botany. Containing a Description and Life-size Drawing of every British Plant. Edited by T. Boswell (formerly Syme), LL.D., F.L.S., &c. The Figures by J. C. Sowerby, F.L.S., J. De C. Sowerby F.L.S., J. W. Salter, A.L.S., F.G.S., and J. E. Sowerby. 3rd edition, entirely revised, with descriptions of all the species by the Editor, and 1937 full-page Coloured Plates. In 12 vols. 24l. 3s. cloth; 27l. 15s. half morocco; and 31l. 13s. whole morocco. Also in 89 parts, 5s. each, except part 89, containing an Index to the whole work, 7s. 6d. Volumes sold separately.

*** A Supplement to the third edition is now in preparation. Vol. I. (Vol. XIII. of the complete work) containing orders I. to XL., by N. E. Brown, of the Royal Herbarium, Kew, now ready, 17s. Or in three parts, 5s. each.

Elementary Botany. By Percy Groom, M.A. (Cantab. et Oxon.). F.L.S., Examiner in Botany to the University of Oxford. With 275 Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Johnson's Gardener's Dictionary. Describing the Plants, Fruits, and Vegetables desirable for the Garden, and explaining the Terms and Operations employed in their cultivation. New edition (1896-4), revised by C. H. Wright, F.R.M.S., and D. Dewar, Curator of the Botanic Gardens, Glasgow. Demy 8vo. 9s. net.

British Fungus-Flora. A Classified Text-book of Mycology. By George Massee. With numerous Illustrations. 4 vols. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d. each.

Botanist's Pocket-Book. By W. R. Hayward. Containing the botanical name, common name, soil or situation, colour, growth, and time of flowering of all plants, arranged in a tabulated form. 8th edition, revised, with a new Appendix. Fcap. 8vo. 4s. 6d.

Index of British Plants, according to the London Catalogue (8th edition), including the Synonyms used by the principal authors, an alphabetical list of English names; also references to the illustrations of Syme's 'English Botany' and Bentham's 'British Flora.' By Robert Turnbull. Paper, 2s. 6d.; cloth, 3s.

The London Catalogue of British Plants. Part I., containing the British Phaenogamia, Filices, Equisetaceae, Lycopodiaceae, Selaginellaceae, Marsileaceae, and Characeae. 9th edition. Demy 8vo. 6d.; interleaved, in limp cloth, 1s.

PHILOSOPHY.

Bacon's Novum Organum and Advancement of Learning. Edited, with Notes, by J. Devey, M.A. Small post 8vo. 5s.

Bax's Manual of the History of Philosophy, for the use of Students. By E. Belfort Bax, Editor of Kant's 'Prolegomena.' Small post 8vo. 5s.

Berkeley's (George) Works. Edited by George Sampson. With a Biographical Introduction by the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, M.P. 3 vols. Small post 8vo. 5s. each.

Comte's Positive Philosophy. Translated and Condensed by Harriet Martineau. With Introduction by Frederic Harrison. 3 vols. Small post 8vo. 5s. each.

——— **Philosophy of the Sciences,** being an Exposition of the Principles of the 'Cours de Philosophie Positive.' By G. H. Lewes. With Index. Small post 8vo. 5s.

Draper's (J. W.) A History of the Intellectual Development of Europe. By John William Draper, M.D., LL.D. A new edition, thoroughly revised by the Author, with Index. 2 vols. Small post 8vo. 5s. each.

Falckenberg's History of Modern Philosophy. Translated by Professor A. C. Armstrong. Demy 8vo. 16s.

Hegel's Philosophy of Right (Grundlinien der Philosophie des Rechts). Translated by Samuel W. Dyde, M.A., D.Sc., Professor of Mental Philosophy in Queen's University, Kingston, Canada. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Kant's Critique of Pure Reason. Translated by J. M. D. Meiklejohn. Small post 8vo. 5s.

——— **Prolegomena and Metaphysical Foundations of Natural Science.** Translated, with Biography and Introduction, by E. Belfort Bax. Small post 8vo. 5s.

Plotinus, Select Works of. Translated from the Greek by Thomas Taylor. With an Introduction containing the substance of Porphyry's Plotinus. Edited by G. R. S. Mead, B.A., M.R.A.S. Small post 8vo. 5s.

Ryland (F.) Psychology; an Introductory Manual. Designed chiefly for the London B.A. and B.Sc. By F. Ryland, M.A., late Scholar of St. John's College, Cambridge. Cloth. 7th edition, rewritten and reset. Crown 8vo. 4s. 6d.

——— **Ethics: An Introductory Manual** for the use of University Students. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

——— **Logic: An Introductory Manual.** Crown 8vo. 4s. 6d.

Schopenhauer. On the Fourfold Root of the Principle of Sufficient Reason, and on the Will in Nature. Translated by Madame Hillebrand. Small post 8vo. 5s.

——— **Essays.** Selected and Translated, with a Biographical Introduction and Sketch of his Philosophy, by E. Belfort Bax. Small post 8vo. 5s.

Spinoza's Chief Works. Translated, with Introduction, by R. H. M. Elwes. 2 vols. Small post 8vo. 5s. each.

ECONOMICS AND FINANCE.

The Case against Bimetallism. By Sir Robert Giffen, C.B., LL.D. 5th edition. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

The Growth of Capital. By the same author. Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Ricardo on the Principles of Political Economy and Taxation. Edited by E. C. K. Gonner, M.A., Lecturer, University College, Liverpool. Sm. post 8vo. 5s.

Smith (Adam). The Wealth of Nations. Edited by E. Belfort Bax. 2 vols. Sm. post 8vo. 7s.

The History, Principles, and Practice of Banking. By the late J. W. Gilbart, F.R.S., formerly Director and General Manager of the London and Westminster Bank. New edition, revised by A. S. Michie, of the Royal Bank of Scotland, Glasgow. 2 vols. small post 8vo. 10s.

SPORTS AND GAMES.

Bohn's Handbooks of Athletic Sports. In 8 vols. Sm. post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

Vol. I.—Cricket, by Hon. and Rev. E. Lyttelton. Lawn Tennis, by H. W. W. Wilberforce. Tennis, Rackets, and Fives, by Julian Marshall, Major Spens, and Rev. J. A. Tait. Golf, by W. T. Linskill. Hockey, by F. S. Creswell.

Vol. II.—Rowing and Sculling, by W. B. Woodgate. Sailing, by E. F. Knight. Swimming, by M. and J. R. Cobbett.

Vol. III.—Boxing, by R. G. Allanson-Winn. Broadsword and Single Stick, with chapters on Quarterstaff, Bayonet, Cudgel, Shillalah, Walking-Stick, and Umbrella, by R. G. Allanson-Winn and C. Phillipps-Wolley. Wrestling, by Walter Armstrong. Fencing, by H. A. Colmore Dunn.

Vol. IV.—Rugby Football, by Harry Vassall. Association Football, by C. W. Alcock. Baseball, by Newton Crane. Rounders, Bowls, Quoits, Curling, Skittles, &c., by C. C. Mott and J. M. Walker.

Vol. V.—Cycling and Athletics, by H. H. Griffin. Skating, by Douglas Adams.

Vol. VI.—Practical Horsemanship, including Riding for Ladies, by W. A. Kerr, V.C.

Vol. VII.—Camping Out, by A. A. Macdonald. Canoeing, by Dr. J. D. Hayward.

Vol. VIII.—Gymnastics, by A. F. Jenkin. Clubs, by G. T. B. Cobbett and A. F. Jenkin.

Bohn's Handbooks of Games. New edition. In 2 vols. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

Vol. I.—TABLE GAMES: Billiards, with Pool, Pyramids, and Snooker, by Major-General A. W. Drayson, F.R.A.S., with a preface by W. J. Peall. Bagatelle, by 'Berkeley.' Chess, by R. F. Green. Draughts, Backgammon, Dominoes, Solitaire, Reversi, Go-Bang, Rouge et Noir, Roulette, E.O., Hazard, Faro, by 'Berkeley.'

Vol. II.—CARD GAMES: Whist, by Dr. William Pole, F.R.S., Author of 'The Philosophy of Whist,' &c. Solo Whist, by R. F. Green. Piquet, Écarté, Euchre, Bésique, and Cribbage, by 'Berkeley.' Poker, Loo, Vingt-et-un, Napoleon, Newmarket, Pope Joan, Speculation, &c. &c., by Baxter-Wray.

Morphy's Games of Chess, being the Matches and best Games played by the American Champion, with explanatory and analytical Notes by J. Löwenthal. With short Memoir and Portrait of Morphy. Sm. post 8vo. 5s.

Staunton's Chess-Player's Handbook. A Popular and Scientific Introduction to the Game. With numerous diagrams. 5s.

——— **Chess Praxis.** A Supplement to the Chess-player's Handbook. Containing the most important modern improvements in the Openings; Code of Chess Laws; and a Selection of Morphy's Games. Small post 8vo. 5s.

——— **Chess-Player's Companion.** Comprising a Treatise on Odds, Collection of Match Games, and a Selection of Original Problems. With coloured Frontispiece. Small post 8vo. 5s.

Chess Studies and End-Games. In Two Parts. Part I. Chess Studies. Part II. Miscellaneous End-Games. By B. Horwitz and J. Kling. 2nd edition, revised by the Rev. W. Wayte, M.A. Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Hints on Billiards. By J. P. Buchanan. Illustrated with 86 Diagrams. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Sturges's Guide to the Game of Draughts. With Critical Situations. Revised, with Additional Play on the Modern Openings, by J. A. Kear, Editor of 'The International Draught Magazine.' 2nd Edition. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Hints on Driving. By Captain C. Morley Knight, R.A. Illustrated by G. H. A. White, Royal Artillery. 2nd edition, revised and enlarged. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Golf, in Theory and Practice. Hints to beginners. By H. S. C. Everard, St. Andrew's. With 22 Illustrations. 2nd Edition. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Half-Hours with an Old Golfer; a Pot-pourri for Golfers. By Calamo Currente. With 40 Illustrations and 4 Coloured Plates by G. A. Laundy. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Schools and Masters of Fence, from the Middle Ages to the Eighteenth Century. With a Sketch of the Development of the Art of Fencing with the Rapier and the Small Sword, and a Bibliography of the Fencing Art during that Period. By Egerton Castle, M.A. With numerous Illustrations. 2nd edition. Small post 8vo. 6s.

Oars and Sculls, and How to Use them. By W. B. Woodgate, M.A. Brasenose College, Oxford. Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d.

Dancing as an Art and Pastime. With 40 full-page illustrations from life. By Edward Scott. Crown 8vo. 6s.

THE ALL-ENGLAND SERIES.

HANDBOOKS OF ATHLETIC GAMES.

The only Series issued at a moderate price, by Writers who are in the first rank in their respective departments.

'The best instruction on games and sports by the best authorities, at the lowest prices.'—*Oxford Magazine.*

Small 8vo. cloth, Illustrated. Price 1s. each.

Cricket. By the Hon. and Rev. E. LYTTELTON.

Lawn Tennis. By H. W. W. WILBERFORCE. With a Chapter for Ladies, by Mrs. HILLYARD.

Tennis and Rackets and Fives. By JULIAN MARSHALL, Major J. SPENS, and Rev. J. A. ARNAN TAIT.

Golf. By W. T. LINSKILL.

Rowing and Sculling. By W. B. WOODGATE.

Sailing. By E. F. KNIGHT, dbl. vol. 2s.

Swimming. By MARTIN and J. RACSTER CORBETT.

Camping out. By A. A. MACDONELL. Double vol. 2s.

Canoeing. By Dr. J. D. HAYWARD. Double vol. 2s.

Mountaineering. By Dr. CLAUDE WILSON. Double vol. 2s.

Athletics. By H. H. GRIFFIN.

Riding. By W. A. KERR, V.C. Double vol. 2s.

Ladies' Riding. By W. A. KERR, V.C.

Boxing. By R. G. ALLANSON-WINN. With Prefatory Note by Bat Mullins.

Cycling. By H. H. GRIFFIN, L.A.C., N.C.U., C.T.C. With a Chapter for Ladies, by Miss AGNES WOOD.

Fencing. By H. A. COLMORE DUNN.

Wrestling. By WALTER ARMSTRONG ('Cross-buttocker').

Broadsword and Singlestick. By R. G. ALLANSON-WINN and C. PHILLIPPS-WOLLEY.

Gymnastics. By A. F. JENKIN. Double vol. 2s.

Gymnastic Competition and Display Exercises. Compiled by F. GRAF.

Indian Clubs. By G. T. B. CORBETT and A. F. JENKIN.

Dumb-bells. By F. GRAF.

Football — Rugby Game. By HARRY VASSALL.

Football—Association Game. By C. W. ALCOCK. Revised Edition.

Hockey. By F. S. CRESWELL. (In Paper Cover, 6d.)

Skating. By DOUGLAS ADAMS. With a Chapter for Ladies, by Miss L. CHEETHAM, and a Chapter on Speed Skating, by a Fen Skater. Dbl. vol. 2s.

Baseball. By NEWTON CRANE.

Rounders, Fieldball, Bowls, Quoits, Curling, Skittles, &c. By J. M. WALKER and C. C. MOTT.

Dancing. By EDWARD SCOTT. Double vol. 2s.

THE CLUB SERIES OF CARD AND TABLE GAMES.

No well-regulated club or country house should be without this useful series of books.

Small 8vo. cloth, Illustrated. Price 1s. each. *Globe.*

Whist. By Dr. WM. POLE, F.R.S.

Solo Whist. By ROBERT F. GREEN.

Billiards. With Chapters on Pool, Pyramids, and Snooker. By Major-Gen. A. W. DRAYSON, F.R.A.S. With a Preface by W. J. Peall.

Chess. By ROBERT F. GREEN.

The Two-Move Chess Problem. By B. G. LAWS.

Chess Openings. By I. GUNSBERG.

Draughts and Backgammon. By 'BERKELEY.'

Reversi and Go Bang. By 'BERKELEY.'

Dominoes and Solitaire. By 'BERKELEY.'

Bézique and Cribbage. By 'BERKELEY.'

Écarté and Euchre. By 'BERKELEY.'

Piquet and Rubicon Piquet By 'BERKELEY.'

Skat. By LOUIS DIEHL.
*** A Skat Scoring-book. 1s.

Round Games, including Poker, Napoleon, Loo, Vingt-et-un, &c. By BAXTER-WRAY.

School and Parlour Games. By Mrs. LAURENCE GOMME.

FICTION.

(See also 'Standard Books.')

Björnson's Arne and the Fisher Lassie. Translated from the Norse with an Introduction by W. H. Low, M.A. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Burney's Evelina; or, The History of a Young Lady's Entrance into the World. By Frances Burney (Mme. D'Arblay). With an Introduction and Notes by A. R. Ellis. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

——— **Cecilia.** 2 vols. small post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

Cervantes' Galatea. A Pastoral Romance. Translated from the Spanish by G. W. J. Gyll. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

——— **Exemplary Novels.** Translated from the Spanish by Walter K. Kelly. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

——— **Don Quixote de la Mancha.** Motteux's Translation, revised. With Lockhart's Life and Notes. 2 vols. small post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

Classic Tales, containing Rasselas, Vicar of Wakefield, Gulliver's Travels, and The Sentimental Journey. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

De Staël's Corinne or Italy. By Madame de Staël. Translated by Emily Baldwin and Paulina Driver. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Ebers' Egyptian Princess. An Historical Novel. By George Ebers. Translated by E. S. Buchheim. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Edmonds (Mrs.) Amygdala. A Story of the French Revolution. 2s. 6d. net.

Fielding's Adventures of Joseph Andrews and His Friend Mr. Abraham Adams. With Cruikshank's Illustrations. 3s. 6d.

——— **History of Tom Jones, a Foundling.** Roscoe's Edition, with George Cruikshank's Illustrations. 2 vols. small post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

——— **Amelia.** Illustrated by George Cruikshank. 5s.

Gift (Theo.) Dishonoured. 6s.

Gil Blas, the Adventures of. Translated by Smollett. Illustrated by Smirke and Cruikshank. Small post 8vo. 6s.

Hauff's Tales. The Caravan—The Sheik of Alexandria—The Inn in the Spessart. Translated by S. Mendel. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Hawthorne's Tales. 4 vols. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

Hoffmann's Tales. The Serapion Brethren. Translated by Lieut.-Col. Ewing. 2 vols. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

Holmut (W. S.) Olympia's Journal. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Manzoni. The Betrothed. By Alessandro Manzoni. With numerous Woodcut Illustrations Small post 8vo. 5s.

Poushkin's Prose Tales. Translated from the Russian by T. Keane. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Smollett's Roderick Random. With Cruikshank's Illustrations and Bibliography. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

——— **Peregrine Pickle.** With Cruikshank's Illustrations. 2 vols. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

——— **Humphry Clinker.** With Cruikshank's Illustrations. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Steele (Mrs. A. C.) Lesbia. A Study in one volume. 6s.

Stinde (J.) The Buchholz Family. Sketches of Berlin Life. By Julius Stinde. Translated from the 49th edition of the German by L. Dora Schmitz. Popular edition, picture boards, 2s.

Stinde (J.) The Buchholz Family. Second Part. Popular edition. Picture boards, 2s.

——— **The Buchholzes in Italy.** Translated from the 87th edition of the original by Harriet F. Powell. Crown 8vo. cloth, 3s.

——— **Frau Wilhelmine.** Being the Conclusion of 'The Buchholz Family.' Translated by Harriet F. Powell. Crown 8vo. cloth, 3s.

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

Andersen (Hans Christian). Fairy Tales and Sketches. Translated by C. C. Peachey, H. Ward, A. Plesner, &c. With numerous Illustrations by Otto Speckter and others. 7th thousand. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

——— **Tales for Children.** With 48 full-page Illustrations by Wehnert, and 87 small Engravings on Wood by W. Thomas. 13th thousand. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

——— **Danish Legends and Fairy Tales.** Translated from the Original by Caroline Peachey. With a Short Life of the Author, and 120 Wood Engravings, chiefly by Foreign Artists. Small post 8vo. 5s.

Edgeworth's Stories for Children. With 8 Illustrations by L. Speed. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Ford (Mrs. Gerard). Master Rex. By Mrs. Gerard Ford. Illustrated by James Cadenhead, Florence M. Cooper, and Louise S. Sweet. 2nd edition. Crown 8vo. 3s.

——— **Pixie: and the Hill-House Farm.** Illustrated by James Cadenhead and Florence M. Cooper. 2nd edition. Crown 8vo. 3s.

Gatty's Parables from Nature. With Notes on the Natural History, and numerous full-page Illustrations by W. Holman Hunt, E. Burne Jones, J. Tenniel, J. Wolf, and other eminent artists. Complete edition with short Memoir by J. H. Ewing. Crown 8vo. 5s.

POCKET VOLUME EDITION. 2 vols. Imp. 32mo. 5s.

CHEAP EDITION. Illustrated. 2 vols. Foap. 4to. paper covers, 1s. each; or bound in 1 vol. cloth, 3s.

Grimm's Gammer Grethel; or, German Fairy Tales and Popular Stories, containing 42 Fairy Tales. Translated by Edgar Taylor. With numerous Woodcuts after George Cruikshank and Ludwig Grimm. 3s. 6d.

——— **Tales.** With the Notes of the Original. Translated by Mrs. A. Hunt. With Introduction by Andrew Lang, M.A. 2 vols. 3s. 6d. each.

Harald the Viking. A Book for Boys. By Capt. Charles Young. With Illustrations by J. Williamson. Crown 8vo. 5s.

Stowe's Uncle Tom's Cabin; or, Life among the Lowly. With Introductory Remarks by Rev. J. Sherman. With 8 full-page Illustrations. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

The Wide, Wide World. A Story. By Elizabeth Wetherell. Sm. post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Uncle Peter's Riddle. By Ella K. Sanders. Illustrated by Florence M. Cooper. 2s.

CAPT. MARRYAT'S BOOKS FOR BOYS.

Uniform Illustrated Edition. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

Poor Jack.
The Mission; or, Scenes in Africa.
The Pirate, and Three Cutters.
Peter Simple.
The Settlers in Canada.
The Privateersman.
Masterman Ready.
Midshipman Easy.

MRS. EWING'S BOOKS.

Uniform Edition, in 9 vols.

We and The World. A Story for Boys. By the late Juliana Horatio Ewing. With 7 Illustrations by W. L. Jones. 5th edition. 3s.

A Flat Iron for a Farthing; or, Some Passages in the Life of an Only Son. With 12 Illustrations by H. Allingham. 16th edition. 3s.

Mrs. Overtheway's Remembrances. Illustrated with 9 fine full-page Engravings by Pasquier, and Frontispiece by Wolf. 6th edition. 3s.

Six to Sixteen: A Story for Girls. With 10 Illustrations by Mrs. Allingham. 8th edition. 3s.

Jan of the Windmill: a Story of the Plains. With 11 Illustrations by Mrs. Allingham. 5th edition. 3s.

A Great Emergency. A very Ill-tempered Family—Our Field—Madame Liberality. With 4 Illustrations. 3rd edition. 3s.

Melchior's Dream. The Blackbird's Nest—Friedrich's Ballad—A Bit of Green—Monsieur the Viscount's Friend—The Yew Lane Ghosts—A Bad Habit—A Happy Family. With 8 Illustrations by Gordon Browne. 7th edition. 3s.

Lob-Lie-by-the-Fire, or the Luck of Lingborough; and other Tales. With 8 Illustrations by George Cruikshank. 4th edition. Imp. 16mo. 3s. 6d.

The Brownies. The Land of Lost Toys—Three Christmas-trees—An Idyl of the Wood—Christmas Crackers—Amelia and the Dwarfs—Timothy's Shoes—Benjy in Beastland. Illustrated by George Cruikshank. 8th edition. Imp. 16mo. 3s. 6d.

THE SHILLING SERIES.

Fcap. 4to. double columns, Illustrated, 1s. each.

Mrs. Ewing's Melchior's Dream, and other Tales.

——— **A Flat Iron for a Farthing.**

——— **Six to Sixteen.**

——— **We and the World.**

——— **Mrs. Overtheway's Remembrances.**

——— **Jan of the Windmill.**

——— **A Great Emergency, and other Tales.**

——— **The Brownies, and other Tales.**

Mrs. Gatty's Parables from Nature. Two Series, each 1s.

Miss Procter's Legends and Lyrics. Two Series, each 1s

Hector. A Story for Young People. With 12 Illustrations by W. J. Hennessey. By Flora Shaw, Author of 'Castle Blair.'

Andersen's Tales. Translated by Caroline Peachey.

ROYAL NAVY HANDBOOKS.

EDITED BY

COMMANDER C. N. ROBINSON, R.N.

Profusely Illustrated. Crown 8vo. 5*s.* each.

Now Ready.

1. NAVAL ADMINISTRATION. By Admiral Sir R. VESEY HAMILTON, G.C.B. With Portraits and other Illustrations.
2. THE MECHANISM OF MEN-OF-WAR. By Fleet-Engineer REGINALD C. OLDKNOW, R.N. With 61 Illustrations.
3. TORPEDOES AND TORPEDO-VESSELS. By Lieutenant G. E. ARMSTRONG, late R.N. With 53 Illustrations.
4. NAVAL GUNNERY, a Description and History of the Fighting Equipment of a Man-of-War. By Captain H. GARBETT, R.N. With 125 Illustrations.

The following Volumes are in preparation.

5. THE ENTRY AND TRAINING OF OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE ROYAY NAVY AND THE ROYAL MARINES. By Lieutenant J. N. ALLEN, late R.N.
6. NAVAL STRATEGY AND THE PROTECTION OF COMMERCE. By Professor J. K. LAUGHTON, R.N.
7. THE INTERNAL ECONOMY OF A MAN-OF-WAR.
8. NAVAL ARCHITECTURE.
9. DOCKYARDS AND COALING STATIONS.
10. NAVAL TACTICS.
11. NAVAL HYGIENE.
12. THE LAWS OF THE SEA.

PRESS OPINIONS.

'Commander Robinson, whose able work, "The British Fleet," was reviewed in these columns in November, 1894, has now undertaken the editing of a series of handbooks, each of which will deal with one particular subject connected with that great creation, the Royal Navy. Our national literature has certainly lacked much in this respect. Such books as have heretofore been produced have almost invariably been of a character too scientific and technical to be of much use to the general public. The series now being issued is intended to obviate this defect, and when completed will form a description, both historical and actual, of the Royal Navy, which will not only be of use to the professional student, but also be of interest to all who are concerned in the maintenance and efficiency of the Navy.'—*Broad Arrow.*

'The series of naval handbooks edited by Commander Robinson has made a most hopeful beginning, and may be counted upon to supply the growing popular demand for information in regard to the Navy, on which the national existence depends.'—*Times.*

'Messrs. Bell's series of "Royal Navy Handbooks" promises to be a very successful enterprise. They are practical and definitely informative, and, though meant for the use of persons closely acquainted with their subjects, they are not so discouragingly technical as to be useless to the lay seeker after knowledge.'—*Bookman*

BELL'S CATHEDRAL SERIES.

Illustrated Monographs in Handy Size.

EDITED BY

GLEESON WHITE AND E. F. STRANGE.

In specially designed cloth cover, crown 8vo. 1s. 6d. each.

Already Published.

CANTERBURY. By HARTLEY WITHERS. 2nd Edition, revised. 36 Illustrations.
SALISBURY. By GLEESON WHITE. 2nd Edition, revised. 50 Illustrations.
CHESTER. By CHARLES HIATT. 24 Illustrations.
ROCHESTER. By G. H. PALMER, B.A. 38 Illustrations.
OXFORD. By Rev. PERCY DEARMER, M.A. 34 Illustrations.
EXETER. By PERCY ADDLESHAW, B.A. 35 Illustrations.
WINCHESTER. By P. W. SERGEANT. 50 Illustrations.
NORWICH. By C. H. B. QUENNELL. 38 Illustrations.
LICHFIELD. By A. B. CLIFTON. 42 Illustrations.
PETERBOROUGH. By Rev. W. D. SWEETING. 51 Illustrations.
HEREFORD. By A. HUGH FISHER. 34 Illustrations.

In the Press.

LINCOLN. By A. B. KENDRICK, B.A.
DURHAM. By J. E. BYGATE.
GLOUCESTER. By H. J. L. MASSÉ.
YORK. By A. CLUTTON BROCK, B.A.

Preparing.

WELLS. By Rev. PERCY DEARMER, M.A. ELY. By T. D. ATKINSON.
ST. DAVID'S. By PHILIP ROBSON. WORCESTER. By E. F. STRANGE.
SOUTHWELL. By Rev. ARTHUR DIMOCK.

CHICHESTER. CARLISLE. ST. PAUL'S. BRISTOL.
ST. ALBANS. RIPON.

Uniform with above Series.

BEVERLEY MINSTER. By CHARLES HIATT. [*Preparing.*

'The volumes are handy in size, moderate in price, well illustrated, and written in a scholarly spirit. The history of cathedral and city is intelligently set forth and accompanied by a descriptive survey of the building in all its detail. The illustrations are copious and well selected, and the series bids fair to become an indispensable companion to the cathedral tourist in England.'—*Times.*

'We have so frequently in these columns urged the want of cheap, well-illustrated and well-written handbooks to our cathedrals, to take the place of the out-of-date publications of local booksellers, that we are glad to hear that they have been taken in hand by Messrs. George Bell & Sons.'—*St. James's Gazette.*

'For the purpose at which they aim they are admirably done, and there are few visitants to any of our noble shrines who will not enjoy their visit the better for being furnished with one of these delightful books, which can be slipped into the pocket and carried with ease, and yet is distinct and legible.'—*Notes and Queries.*

NEW AND FORTHCOMING VOLUMES OF

BOHN'S LIBRARIES.

THE PROSE WORKS OF JONATHAN SWIFT. A New Edition, edited by Temple Scott, with an Introduction by the Right Hon. W. E. H. LECKY, M.P. In about ten volumes. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

'An adequate edition of Swift—the whole of Swift, and nothing but Swift—has long been one of the pressing needs of students of English literature. . . . . Mr. Temple Scott may well be congratulated on his skill and judgment as a commentator.'—*Athenæum.*

'From the specimen now before us we may safely predict that Mr. Temple Scott will easily distance both Roscoe and Swift. He deserves the gratitude of all lovers of literature for enabling Swift again to make his bow to the world in so satisfactory and complete a garb.'—*Manchester Guardian.*

'The re-issue is a worthy addition to Bohn's Libraries, and promises to be by far the most valuable edition of Swift's works yet published.'—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Vol. I.—A Tale of a Tub, The Battle of the Books, and other early works. Edited by Temple Scott. With Biographical Introduction by W. E. H. Lecky, M.P. With Portrait and Facsimile.

Vol. II.—The Journal to Stella. Edited by F. Ryland, M.A. With a Facsimile Letter and two Portraits of Stella.

Vol. III.—Writings on Religion and the Church. Edited by Temple Scott. With a portrait in photogravure after Jervas. [*In the press.*

THE WORKS OF GEORGE BERKELEY, Bishop of Cloyne. Edited by GEORGE SAMPSON. With a Biographical Introduction by the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, M.P. 3 vols. 5*s.* each. [*Vol. I ready.*

THE LAY OF THE NIBELUNGS. Metrically translated from the Old German Text by Alice Horton, and Edited by Edward Bell, M.A. To which is prefixed the Essay on the Nibelungen Lied, by Thomas Carlyle. 5*s.*

LELAND'S ITINERARY. Edited by LAURENCE GOMME, F.S.A. In several volumes. [*Preparing.*

GASPARY'S HISTORY OF ITALIAN LITERATURE. Translated by Hermann Oelsner, Ph.D. Vol. I. [*Preparing.*

MOTLEY'S HISTORY of the RISE of the DUTCH REPUBLIC. With Introduction by Moncure D. Conway, and Portrait of Motley. 3 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

THE CAMPAIGN OF SEDAN: The Downfall of the Second Empire, August–September, 1870. By George Hooper, Author of 'Waterloo; the Downfall of the First Napoleon: a History of the Campaign of 1815.' With General Map and Six Plans of Battle. New Edition. 3*s.* 6*d.*

COLLIER'S ANNALS OF THE STAGE TO THE RESTORATION. By J. Payne Collier, F.S.A. 2 vols. *In the press.*

COLLIER'S HISTORY OF ENGLISH DRAMATIC POETRY TO THE TIME OF SHAKESPEARE. 3 vols. [*Preparing.*

BOHN'S LIBRARIES

1847—1897.

Fiftieth Anniversary of Publication.

THE inauguration of this series of copyright works was the first attempt on the part of English publishers to provide good literature at a low price. It was commenced in 1847 by Mr. H. G. Bohn with the issue of his STANDARD LIBRARY, which consisted of reprints and translations of the classical literature of England, Germany, France, and Italy. The success which attended this was so great that Mr. Bohn was encouraged to extend the field, and he started the various 'Libraries' known as THE SCIENTIFIC, THE ILLUSTRATED, THE CLASSICAL, THE ANTIQUARIAN, &c. In every case the works were admirably printed on good paper, and furnished with illustrations, portraits, and maps of the highest quality. So important an influence has this series obtained in the advancement of English education, that there is hardly a library, public or private, the nucleus of which is not founded in 'Bohn.'

THOMAS CARLYLE said of it: '*I may say, in regard to all manner of books,* BOHN'S PUBLICATION SERIES *is the usefullest thing I know;*' and his friend EMERSON recognised its admirable purpose when he said: '*The translations of* BOHN'S LIBRARY *have done for literature what railroads have done for internal intercourse.*'

In 1864 Messrs. Bell & Sons acquired the series, and from time to time added new works, until to-day it includes over 770 volumes in all departments of literature, art, and science. With the progress of scholarship and research, Messrs. Bell & Sons have found that new editions and new translations were necessary, and these they have initiated, with the result that Bohn's Libraries are unrivalled for accuracy of text. As for the editorial work, the chief literary organ of America—the New York CRITIC—considers '*the Imprint of* BOHN'S STANDARD LIBRARY *is a guaranty of good editing.*'

Within late years the publishers have so far improved the paper, printing, and binding, that the volumes form handsome as well as essential additions to every library.

'An important body of cheap literature, for which every living worker in this country who draws strength from the past has reason to be grateful.'

Professor HENRY MORLEY.

'Messrs. Bell & Sons are still energetically pursuing their task of adding to and improving the famous series of Bohn's Libraries, which Thomas Carlyle pronounced to be "the usefullest thing I know," and are . . . constantly adding to the Libraries, in the new and certainly pleasanter form, reprints of Standard Works which no gentleman's library should be without.'—Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON in the *Daily Chronicle*.

BOHN'S LIBRARIES

STANDARD LIBRARY	361 VOLUMES.
HISTORICAL LIBRARY	23 VOLUMES.
PHILOSOPHICAL LIBRARY	21 VOLUMES.
ECCLESIASTICAL LIBRARY	15 VOLUMES.
ANTIQUARIAN LIBRARY	36 VOLUMES.
ILLUSTRATED LIBRARY	76 VOLUMES.
SPORTS AND GAMES	16 VOLUMES.
CLASSICAL LIBRARY	107 VOLUMES.
COLLEGIATE SERIES	10 VOLUMES.
SCIENTIFIC LIBRARY	44 VOLUMES.
ECONOMICS AND FINANCE	5 VOLUMES.
REFERENCE LIBRARY	30 VOLUMES.
NOVELISTS' LIBRARY	17 VOLUMES.
ARTISTS' LIBRARY	10 VOLUMES.
CHEAP SERIES	55 VOLUMES.
SELECT LIBRARY OF STANDARD WORKS	31 VOLUMES.

'Messrs. Bell are determined to do more than maintain the reputation of "Bohn's Libraries."'—*Guardian*.

'The imprint of Bohn's Standard Library is a guaranty of good editing.'

Critic (N.Y.)

'This new and attractive form in which the volumes of Bohn's Standard Library are being issued is not meant to hide either indifference in the selection of books included in this well-known series, or carelessness in the editing.'

St. James's Gazette.

'Messrs. Bell & Sons are making constant additions of an eminently acceptable character to "Bohn's Libraries."'—*Athenæum*.

'The seven hundred and forty-eight volumes of which the set consists form a collection of literature which, for general usefulness and convenience, is quite unequalled; and in their new form this convenience is decidedly increased.'

National Observer.

AN ALPHABETICAL LIST OF THE BOOKS CONTAINED IN BOHN'S LIBRARIES.

771 Volumes, Small Post 8vo. cloth. Price £164 6s.

Complete Detailed Catalogue will be sent on application.

Addison's Works. 6 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

Aeschylus. Verse Trans. by Anna Swanwick. 5*s.*

—— Prose Trans. by T. A. Buckley. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Agassiz & Gould's Comparative Physiology. 5*s.*

Alfieri's Tragedies. Trans. by Bowring. 2 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

Alford's Queen's English. 1*s.* and 1*s.* 6*d.*

Allen's Battles of the British Navy. 2 vols. 5*s.* each.

Ammianus Marcellinus. Trans. by C. D. Yonge. 7*s.* 6*d.*

Andersen's Danish Tales. Trans. by Caroline Peachey. 5*s.*

Antoninus (Marcus Aurelius). Trans. by George Long. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Apollonius Rhodius. The Argonautica. Trans. by E. P. Coleridge. 5*s.*

Apuleius, The Works of. 5*s.*

Ariosto's Orlando Furioso. Trans. by W. S. Rose. 2 vols. 5*s.* each.

Aristophanes. Trans. by W. J. Hickie. 2 vols. 5*s.* each.

Aristotle's Works. 5 vols. 5*s.* each; 2 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

Arrian. Trans. by E. J. Chinnock. 5*s.*

Ascham's Scholemaster. (J. E. B. Mayor.) 1*s.*

Bacon's Essays and Historical Works, 3*s.* 6*d.*; Essays, 1*s.* and 1*s.* 6*d.*; Novum Organum, and Advancement of Learning, 5*s.*

Ballads and Songs of the Peasantry. By Robert Bell. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Bass's Lexicon to the Greek Test. 2*s.*

Bax's Manual of the History of Philosophy. 5*s.*

Beaumont and Fletcher. Leigh Hunt's Selections. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Bechstein's Cage and Chamber Birds. 5*s.*

Beckmann's History of Inventions, 2 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

Bede's Ecclesiastical History and the A.S. Chronicle. 5*s.*

Bell (Sir C.) On the Hand. 5*s.*

—— Anatomy of Expression. 5*s.*

Bentley's Phalaris. 5*s.*

Berkeley's Works. (Sampson.) With Introduction by Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, M.P. 3 vols. [*Vol. 1 ready.*

Björnson's Arne and The Fisher Lassie. Trans. by W. H. Low. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Blair's Chronological Tables. 10*s.* Index of Dates. 2 vols. 5*s.* each.

Bleek's Introduction to the Old Testament. 2 vols. 5*s.* each.

Boethius' Consolation of Philosophy, &c. 5*s.*

Bohn's Dictionary of Poetical Quotations. 6*s.*

Bond's Handy Book for Verifying Dates, &c. 5*s.*

Bonomi's Nineveh. 5*s.*

Boswell's Life of Johnson. (Napier. 6 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

—— (Croker.) 5 vols. 20*s.*

Brand's Popular Antiquities. 3 vols. 5*s.* each.

Bremer's Works. Trans. by Mary Howitt. 4 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

Bridgewater Treatises. 9 vols. Various prices.

Brink (B. Ten). Early English Literature. 3 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

—— Five Lectures on Shakespeare. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Browne's (Sir Thomas) Works. 3 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

Buchanan's Dictionary of Scientific Terms. 6*s.*

Buckland's Geology and Mineralogy. 2 vols. 15*s.*

Burke's Works and Speeches. 8 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each. The Sublime and Beautiful. 1*s.* and 1*s.* 6*d.* Reflections on the French Revolution. 1*s.*

—— Life, by Sir James Prior. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Burney's Evelina. 3*s.* 6*d.* Cecilia. 2 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

Burns' Life by Lockhart. Revised by W. Scott Douglas. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Burn's Ancient Rome. 7*s.* 6*d.*

Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy. (A. R. Shilleto.) 3 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

Butler's Analogy of Religion, and Sermons. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Butler's Hudibras. 5*s.*; or 2 vols., 5*s.* each.

Cæsar. Trans. by W. A. M'Devitte. 5*s.*

Camoens' Lusiad. Mickle's Translation, revised. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Carafas (The) of Maddaloni. By Alfred de Reumont. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Carpenter's Mechanical Philosophy, 5*s.* Vegetable Physiology, 6*s.* Animal Physiology, 6*s.*

Carrel's Counter Revolution under Charles II. and James II. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Cattermole's Evenings at Haddon Hall. 5*s.*

Catullus and Tibullus. Trans. by W. K. Kelly. 5*s.*

Cellini's Memoirs. (Roscoe.) 3*s.* 6*d.*

Cervantes' Exemplary Novels. Trans. by W. K. Kelly. 3*s.* 6*d.*

—— Don Quixote. Motteux's Trans. revised. 2 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

—— Galatea. Trans. by G. W. J. Gyll. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Chalmers On Man. 5*s.*

Channing's The Perfect Life. 1*s.* and 1*s.* 6*d.*

Chaucer's Works. Bell's Edition, revised by Skeat. 4 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

Chess Congress of 1862. By J. Löwenthal. 5*s.*

Chevreul on Colour. 5*s.* and 7*s.* 6*d.*

Chillingworth's The Religion of Protestants. 3*s.* 6*d.*

China: Pictorial, Descriptive, and Historical. 5*s.*

Chronicles of the Crusades. 5*s.*

Cicero's Works. Trans. by Prof. C. D. Yonge and others. 7 vols. 5*s.* each. 1 vol., 3*s.* 6*d.*

—— Friendship and Old Age. 1*s.* and 1*s.* 6*d.*

Clark's Heraldry. (Planché.) 5*s.* and 15*s.*

Classic Tales. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Coleridge's Prose Works. (Ashe.) 6 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

Comte's Philosophy of the Sciences. (G. H. Lewes.) 5*s.*

—— Positive Philosophy. (Harriet Martineau.) 3 vols. 5*s.* each.

Condé's History of the Arabs in Spain. 3 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

Cooper's Biographical Dictionary. 2 vols. 5*s.* each.

Cowper's Works. (Southey.) 8 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

Coxe's House of Austria. 4 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each. Memoirs of Marlborough. 3 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each. Atlas to Marlborough's Campaigns. 10*s.* 6*d.*

Craik's Pursuit of Knowledge. 5*s.*

Craven's Young Sportsman's Manual. 5*s.*

Cruikshank's Punch and Judy. 5*s.* Three Courses and a Desert. 5*s.*

Cunningham's Lives of British Painters. 3 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

Dante. Trans. by Rev. H. F. Cary. 3s. 6d. Inferno. Separate, 1s. and 1s. 6d. Purgatorio. 1s. and 1s. 6d. Paradiso. 1s. and 1s. 6d.

—— Trans. by I. C. Wright. (Flaxman's Illustrations.) 5s.

—— Inferno. Italian Text and Trans. by Dr. Carlyle. 5s.

—— Purgatorio. Italian Text and Trans. by W. S. Dugdale. 5s.

De Commines' Memoirs. Trans. by A. R. Scoble. 2 vols. 3s. 6d. each.

Defoe's Novels and Miscel. Works. 6 vols. 3s. 6d. each. Robinson Crusoe (Vol. VII.) 3s. 6d. or 5s. The Plague in London. 1s. and 1s. 6d.

Delolme on the Constitution of England. 3s. 6d.

Demmin's Arms and Armour. Trans. by C. C. Black. 7s. 6d.

Demosthenes' Orations. Trans. by C. Rann Kennedy. 4 vols. 5s., and 1 vol. 3s. 6d.

—— Orations On the Crown. 1s. and 1s. 6d.

De Staël's Corinne. Trans. by Emily Baldwin and Paulina Driver. 3s. 6d.

Devey's Logic. 5s.

Dictionary of Greek and Latin Quotations. 5s.

—— of Poetical Quotations (Bohn). 6s.

—— of Scientific Terms. (Buchanan.) 6s.

—— of Biography. (Cooper.) 2 vols. 5s. each.

—— of Noted Names of Fiction. (Wheeler.) 5s.

—— Of Obsolete and Provincial English. (Wright.) 2 vols. 5s. each.

Didron's Christian Iconography. 2 vols. 5s. each.

Diogenes Laertius. Trans. by C. D. Yonge. 5s.

Dobree's Adversaria. (Wagner.) (2 vols.) 5s. each.

Dodd's Epigrammatists. 6s.

Donaldson's Theatre of the Greeks. 5s.

Draper's History of the Intellectual Development of Europe. 2 vols. 5s. each.

Dunlop's History of Fiction. 2 vols. 5s. each.

Dyer's History of Pompeii. 7s. 6d.

—— The City of Rome. 5s.

Dyer's British Popular Customs. 5s.

Early Travels in Palestine. (Wright.) 5s.

Eaton's Waterloo Days. 1s. and 1s. 6d.

Ebers' Egyptian Princess. Trans. by E. S. Buchheim. 3s. 6d.

Edgeworth's Stories for Children. 3s. 6d.

Ellis' Specimens of Early English Metrical Romances. (Halliwell.) 5s.

Elze's Life of Shakespeare. Trans. by L. Dora Schmitz. 5s.

Emerson's Works. 3 vols. 3s. 6d. each, or 5 vols. 1s. each.

Ennemoser's History of Magic. 2 vols. 5s. each.

Epictetus. Trans. by George Long. 5s.

Euripides. Trans. by E. P. Coleridge. 2 vols. 5s. each.

Eusebius' Eccl. History. Trans. by C. F. Cruse. 5s.

Evelyn's Diary and Correspondence. (Bray.) 4 vols. 5s. each.

Fairholt's Costume in England. (Dillon.) 2 vols. 5s. each.

Fielding's Joseph Andrews. 3s. 6d. Tom Jones. 2 vols. 3s. 6d. each. Amelia. 5s.

Flaxman's Lectures on Sculpture. 6s.

Florence of Worcester's Chronicle. Trans. by T. Forester. 5s.

Foster's Works. 10 vols. 3s. 6d. each.

Franklin's Autobiography. 1s.

Gesta Romanorum. Trans. by Swan and Hooper. 5s.

Gibbon's Decline and Fall. 7 vols. 3s. 6d. each.

Gilbart's Banking. 2 vols. 5s. each.

Gil Blas. Trans. by Smollett. 6s.

Giraldus Cambrensis. 5s.

Goethe's Works and Correspondence, including Autobiography and Annals, Faust, Elective Affinities, Werther, Wilhelm Meister, Poems and Ballads, Dramas, Reinecke Fox, Tour in Italy and Miscellaneous Travels, Early and Miscellaneous Letters, Correspondence with Eckermann and Soret, Zelter and Schiller, &c., &c. By various Translators. 16 vols. 3s. 6d. each.

—— Faust. Text with Hayward's Translation. (Buchheim.) 5s.

—— Faust. Part I. Trans. by Anna Swanwick. 1s. and 1s. 6d.

—— Boyhood. (Part I. of the Autobiography.) Trans. by J. Oxenford. 1s. and 1s. 6d.

—— Reinecke Fox. Trans. by A. Rogers. 1s. and 1s. 6d.

Goldsmith's Works. (Gibbs.) 5 vols. 3s. 6d. each.

—— Plays. 1s. and 1s. 6d. Vicar of Wakefield. 1s. and 1s. 6d.

Grammont's Memoirs and Boscobel Tracts. 5s.

Gray's Letters. (D. C. Tovey.) *[In the press.*

Greek Anthology. Trans. by E. Burges. 5s.

Greek Romances. (Theagenes and Chariclea, Daphnis and Chloe, Clitopho and Leucippe.) Trans. by Rev. R. Smith. 5s.

Greek Testament. 5s.

Greene, Marlowe, and Ben Jonson's Poems. (Robert Bell.) 3s. 6d.

Gregory's Evidences of the Christian Religion. 3s. 6d.

Grimm's Gammer Grethel. Trans. by E. Taylor. 3s. 6d.

—— German Tales. Trans. by Mrs. Hunt. 2 vols. 3s. 6d. each.

Grossi's Marco Visconti. 3s. 6d.

Guizot's Origin of Representative Government in Europe. Trans. by A. R. Scoble. 3s. 6d.

—— The English Revolution of 1640. Trans. by W. Hazlitt. 3s. 6d.

—— History of Civilisation. Trans. by W. Hazlitt. 3 vols. 3s. 6d. each.

Hall (Robert). Miscellaneous Works. 3s. 6d.

Handbooks of Athletic Sports. 8 vols. 3s. 6d. each.

Handbook of Card and Table Games. 2 vols. 3s. 6d. each.

—— of Proverbs. By H. G. Bohn. 5s.

—— of Foreign Proverbs. 5s.

Hardwick's History of the Thirty-nine Articles. 5s.

Harvey's Circulation of the Blood. (Bowie.) 1s. and 1s. 6d.

Hauff's Tales. Trans. by S. Mendel. 3s. 6d.

—— The Caravan and Sheik of Alexandria. 1s. and 1s. 6d.

Hawthorne's Novels and Tales. 4 vols. 3s. 6d. each.

Hazlitt's Lectures and Essays. 7 vols. 3s. 6d. each.

Heaton's History of Painting. (Cosmo Monkhouse.) 5s.

Hegel's Philosophy of History. Trans. by J. Sibree. 5s.

Heine's Poems. Trans. by E. A. Bowring. 3s. 6d.

—— Travel Pictures. Trans. by Francis Storr. 3s. 6d.

Helps (Sir Arthur). Life of Columbus. 3s. 6d.

—— Life of Pizarro. 3s. 6d.

—— Life of Cortes. 2 vols. 3s. 6d. each.

—— Life of Las Casas. 3s. 6d.

—— Life of Thomas Brassey. 1s. and 1s. 6d.

Henderson's Historical Documents of the Middle Ages. 5s.

Henfrey's English Coins. (Keary.) 6s.

Henry (Matthew) On the Psalms. 5s.

Henry of Huntingdon's History. Trans. by T. Forester. 5s.

Herodotus. Trans. by H. F. Cary. 3s. 6d.

—— Wheeler's Analysis and Summary of. 5s. Turner's Notes on. 5s.

Hesiod, Callimachus and Theognis. Trans. by Rev. J. Banks. 5s.

Hoffmann's Tales. The Serapion Brethren. Trans. by Lieut.-Colonel Ewing. 2 vols. 3s. 6d.

Hogg's Experimental and Natural Philosophy. 5s.

Holbein's Dance of Death and Bible Cuts. 5s.

Homer. Trans. by T. A. Buckley. 2 vols. 5s. each.

Hooper's Waterloo. 3s. 6d.

—— Sedan. 3s. 6d

Horace. Smart's Translation, revised, by Buckley. 3s. 6d.

—— A New Literal Prose Translation. By A. Hamilton Bryce, LL.D. 3s. 6d.

Hugo's Dramatic Works. Trans. by Mrs. Crosland and F. L. Slous. 3s. 6d.

—— Hernani. Trans. by Mrs. Crosland. 1s.

—— Poems. Trans. by various writers. Collected by J. H. L. Williams. 3s. 6d.

Humboldt's Cosmos. Trans. by Otté, Paul, and Dallas. 4 vols. 3s. 6d. each, and 1 vol. 5s.

—— Personal Narrative of his Travels. Trans. by T. Ross. 3 vols. 5s. each.

—— Views of Nature. Trans. by Otté and Bohn. 5s.

Humphreys' Coin Collector's Manual. 2 vols. 5s. each.

Hungary, History of. 3s. 6d.

Hunt's Poetry of Science. 5s.

Hutchinson's Memoirs. 3s. 6d.

India before the Sepoy Mutiny. 5s.

Ingulph's Chronicles. 5s.

Irving (Washington). Complete Works. 15 vols. 3s. 6d. each; or in 18 vols. 1s. each, and 2 vols. 1s. 6d. each.

—— Life and Letters. By Pierre E. Irving. 2 vols. 3s. 6d. each.

Isocrates. Trans. by J. H. Freese. Vol. I. 5s.

James' Life of Richard Cœur de Lion. 2 vols. 3s. 6d. each.

—— Life and Times of Louis XIV. 2 vols. 3s. 6d. each.

Jameson (Mrs.) Shakespeare's Heroines. 3s. 6d.

Jesse (E.) Anecdotes of Dogs. 5s.

Jesse (J. H.) Memoirs of the Court of England under the Stuarts. 3 vols. 5s. each.

—— Memoirs of the Pretenders. 5s.

Johnson's Lives of the Poets. (Napier.) 3 vols. 3s. 6d. each.

Josephus. Whiston's Translation, revised by Rev. A. R. Shilleto. 5 vols. 3s. 6d. each.

Joyce's Scientific Dialogues. 5s.

Jukes-Browne's Handbook of Physical Geology. 7s. 6d. Handbook of Historical Geology. 6s. The Building of the British Isles 7s. 6d.

Julian the Emperor. Trans. by Rev. C. W. King. 5s.

Junius's Letters. Woodfall's Edition, revised. 2 vols. 3s. 6d. each.

Justin, Cornelius Nepos, and Eutropius. Trans. by Rev. J. S. Watson. 5s.

Juvenal, Persius, Sulpicia, and Lucilius. Trans. by L. Evans. 5s.

Kant's Critique of Pure Reason. Trans. by J. M. D. Meiklejohn. 5s.

—— Prolegomena, &c. Trans. by E. Belfort Bax. 5s.

Keightley's Fairy Mythology. 5s. Classical Mythology. Revised by Dr. L. Schmitz. 5s.

Kidd On Man. 3s. 6d.

Kirby On Animals. 2 vols. 5s. each.

Knight's Knowledge is Power. 5s.

La Fontaine's Fables. Trans by E. Wright. 3s. 6d.

Lamartine's History of the Girondists. Trans. by H. T. Ryde. 3 vols. 3s. 6d. each.

—— Restoration of the Monarchy in France. Trans. by Capt. Rafter. 4 vols. 3s. 6d. each.

—— French Revolution of 1848. 3s. 6d.

Lamb's Essays of Elia and Eliana. 3s. 6d., or in 3 vols. 1s. each.

—— Memorials and Letters. Talfourd's Edition, revised by W. C. Hazlitt. 2 vols. 3s. 6d. each.

—— Specimens of the English Dramatic Poets of the Time of Elizabeth. 3s. 6d.

Lanzi's History of Painting in Italy. Trans. by T. Roscoe. 3 vols. 3s. 6d. each.

Lappenberg's England under the Anglo-Saxon Kings. Trans. by B. Thorpe. 2 vols. 3s. 6d. each.

Lectures on Painting. By Barry, Opie, and Fuseli. 5s.

Leonardo da Vinci's Treatise on Painting. Trans. by J. F. Rigaud. 5s.

Lepsius' Letters from Egypt, &c. Trans. by L. and J. B. Horner. 5s.

Lessing's Dramatic Works. Trans. by Ernest Bell. 2 vols. 3s. 6d. each. Nathan the Wise and Minna von Barnhelm. 1s. and 1s. 6d. Laokoon, Dramatic Notes, &c. Trans. by E. C. Beasley and Helen Zimmern. 3s. 6d. Laokoon separate. 1s. or 1s. 6d.

Lilly's Introduction to Astrology. (Zadkiel.) 5s.

Livy. Trans. by Dr. Spillan and others. 4 vols. 5s. each.

Locke's Philosophical Works. (J. A. St. John.) 2 vols. 3s. 6d. each.

—— Life. By Lord King. 3s. 6d.

Lodge's Portraits. 8 vols. 5s. each.

Longfellow's Poetical and Prose Works. 2 vols. 5s. each.

Loudon's Natural History. 5s.

Lowndes' Bibliographer's Manual 6 vols. 5s. each.

Lucan's Pharsalia. Trans. by H. T. Riley. 5s.

Lucian's Dialogues. Trans. by H. Williams. 5s.

Lucretius Trans. by Rev. J. S. Watson. 5s.

Luther's Table Talk. Trans. by W. Hazlitt. 3s. 6d.

—— Autobiography. (Michelet.) Trans. by W. Hazlitt. 3s. 6d.

Machiavelli's History of Florence, &c. Trans. 3s. 6d.

Mallet's Northern Antiquities. 5s.

Mantell's Geological Excursions through the Isle of Wight, &c. 5s. Petrifactions and their Teachings. 6s. Wonders of Geology. 2 vols. 7s. 6d. each.

Manzoni's The Betrothed. 5s.

Marco Polo's Travels. Marsden's Edition, revised by T. Wright. 5s.

Martial's Epigrams. Trans. 7s. 6d.

Martineau's History of England, 1800–15. 3s. 6d.

—— History of the Peace, 1816–46. 4 vols. 3s. 6d. each.

Matthew Paris. Trans. by Dr. Giles. 3 vols. 5s. each.

Matthew of Westminster. Trans. by C. D. Yonge. 2 vols. 5s. each.

Maxwell's Victories of Wellington. 5s.

Menzel's History of Germany. Trans. by Mrs. Horrocks. 3 vols. 3s. 6d. ea.

Michael Angelo and Raffaelle. By Duppa and Q. de Quincy. 5s.

Michelet's French Revolution. Trans. by C. Cocks. 3s. 6d.

Mignet's French Revolution. 3s. 6d.

Mill (John Stuart). Early Essays. 3s. 6d.

Miller's Philosophy of History. 4 vols. 3s. 6d. each.

Milton's Poetical Works. (J. Montgomery.) 2 vols. 3s. 6d. each.

—— Prose Works. (J. A. St. John.) 5 vols. 3s. 6d. each.

Mitford's Our Village. 2 vols. 3s. 6d. each.

Molière's Dramatic Works. Trans. by C. H. Wall. 3 vols. 3s. 6d. each.

—— The Miser, Tartuffe, The Shopkeeper turned Gentlemen. 1s. & 1s. 6d.

Montagu's (Lady M. W.) Letters and Works. (Wharncliffe and Moy Thomas.) 2 vols. 5s. each.

Montaigne's Essays. Cotton's Trans. revised by W. C. Hazlitt. 3 vols. 3s. 6d. each.

Montesquieu's Spirit of Laws. Nugent's Trans. revised by J. V. Prichard. 2 vols. 3s. 6d. each.

Morphy's Games of Chess. (Löwenthal.) 5s.

Motley's Dutch Republic. 3 vols. 3s. 6d. each.

Mudie's British Birds. (Martin.) 2 vols. 5s. each.

Naval and Military Heroes of Great Britain. 6s.

Neander's History of the Christian Religion and Church. 10 vols. Life of Christ. 1 vol. Planting and Training of the Church by the Apostles. 2 vols. History of Christian Dogma. 2 vols. Memorials of Christian Life in the Early and Middle Ages. 16 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

Nibelungs, Lay of the. Trans. by Alice Horton and Edward Bell, M.A. 5*s.*

Nicolini's History of the Jesuits. 5*s.*

North's Lives of the Norths. (Jessopp.) 3 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

Nugent's Memorials of Hampden. 5*s.*

Ockley's History of the Saracens. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Ordericus Vitalis. Trans. by T Forester. 4 vols. 5*s.* each.

Ovid. Trans. by H. T. Riley. 3 vols. 5*s.* each.

Pascal's Thoughts. Trans. by C. Kegan Paul. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Paull's Life of Alfred the Great, &c. 5*s.*

—— Life of Cromwell. 1*s.* and 1*s.* 6*d.*

Pausanius' Description of Greece. Trans. by Rev. A. R. Shilleto. 2 vols. 5*s.* each.

Pearson on the Creed. (Walford.) 5*s.*

Pepys' Diary. (Braybrooke.) 4 vols. 5*s.* each.

Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry. (Prichard.) 2 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* ea.

Petrarch's Sonnets. 5*s.*

Pettigrew's Chronicles of the Tombs. 5*s.*

Philo-Judæus Trans. by C. D. Yonge. 4 vols. 5*s.* each.

Pickering's Races of Man. 5*s.*

Pindar. Trans. by D. W. Turner. 5*s.*

Planché's History of British Costume. 5*s.*

Plato. Trans. by H. Cary, G. Burges, and H. Davis. 6 vols. 5*s.* each.

—— Apology, Crito, Phædo, Protagoras. 1*s.* and 1*s.* 6*d.*

—— Day's Analysis and Index to the Dialogues. 5*s.*

Plautus. Trans. by H. T. Riley. 2 vols. 5*s.* each.

—— Trinummus, Menæchmi, Aulularia, Captivi. 1*s.* and 1*s.* 6*d.*

Pliny's Natural History. Trans. by Dr. Bostock and H. T. Riley. 6 vols. 5*s.* each.

Pliny the Younger, Letters of. Melmoth's trans. revised by Rev. F. C. T. Bosanquet. 5*s.*

Plotinus: Select Works of. Tom Taylor's trans. (G. R. S. Mead.) 5*s.*

Plutarch's Lives. Trans. by Stewart and Long. 4 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

—— Moralia. Trans. by Rev. C. W. King and Rev. A. R. Shilleto. 2 vols. 5*s.* each.

Poetry of America. (W. J. Linton.) 3*s.* 6*d.*

Political Cyclopædia. 4 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

Polyglot of Foreign Proverbs. 5*s.*

Pope's Poetical Works. (Carruthers.) 2 vols. 5*s.* each.

—— Homer. (J. S. Watson. 2 vols. 5*s.* each.

—— Life and Letters. (Carruthers.) 5*s.*

Pottery and Porcelain. (H. G. Bohn.) 5*s.* and 10*s.* 6*d.*

Poushkin's Prose Tales. Trans. by T. Keane. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Propertius. Trans. by Rev. P. J. F. Gantillon. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Prout (Father). Reliques. 5*s.*

Quintilian's Institutes of Oratory. Trans. by Rev. J. S. Watson. 2 vols. 5*s.* each.

Racine's Tragedies. Trans. by R. L. Boswell. 2 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

Ranke's History of the Popes. Trans. by E. Foster. 3 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

—— Latin and Teutonic Nations. Trans. by P. A. Ashworth. 3*s.* 6*d.*

—— History of Servia. Trans. by Mrs. Kerr. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Rennie's Insect Architecture. (J. G. Wood.) 5*s.*

Reynold's Discourses and Essays. (Beechy.) 2 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

Ricardo's Political Economy. (Gonner.) 5s.

Richter's Levana. 3s. 6d.

—— Flower Fruit and Thorn Pieces. Trans. by Lieut.-Col. Ewing. 3s. 6d.

Roger de Hovenden's Annals. Trans. by Dr. Giles. 2 vols. 5s. each.

Roger of Wendover. Trans. by Dr. Giles. 2 vols. 5s. each.

Roget's Animal and Vegetable Physiology. 2 vols. 6s. each.

Rome in the Nineteenth Century. (C. A. Eaton.) 2 vols. 5s. each.

Roscoe's Leo X. 2 vols. 3s. 6d. each.

—— Lorenzo de' Medici. 3s. 6d.

Russia, History of. By W. K. Kelly. 2 vols. 2s. 6d. each.

Sallust, Florus, and Velleius Paterculus. Trans. by Rev. J. S. Watson. 5s.

Schiller's Works. Including History of the Thirty Years' War, Revolt of the Netherlands, Wallenstein, William Tell, Don Carlos, Mary Stuart, Maid of Orleans, Bride of Messina, Robbers, Fiesco, Love and Intrigue, Demetrius, Ghost-Seer, Sport of Divinity, Poems, Aesthetical and Philosophical Essays, &c. By various translators. 7 vols. 3s. 6d. each.

—— Mary Stuart and The Maid of Orleans. Trans. by J. Mellish and Anna Swanwick. 1s. and 1s. 6d.

Schlegel's (F.) Lectures and Miscellaneous Works. 5 vols. 3s. 6d. each.

—— (A. W.) Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature. 3s. 6d.

Schopenhauer's Essays. Selected and trans. by E. Belfort Bax. 5s.

—— On the Fourfold Root of the Principle of Sufficient Reason and on the Will in Nature. Trans. by Mdme. Hillebrand. 5s.

Schouw's Earth, Plants, and Man. Trans. by A. Henfrey. 5s.

Schumann's Early Letters. Trans. by May Herbert. 3s. 6d.

—— Reissmann's Life of. Trans. by A. L. Alger. 3s. 6d.

Seneca on Benefits. Trans. by Aubrey Stewart. 3s. 6d.

—— Minor Essays and On Clemency. Trans. by Aubrey Stewart. 5s.

Sharpe's History of Egypt. 2 vols. 5s. each.

Sheridan's Dramatic Works. 3s. 6d.

—— Plays. 1s. and 1s. 6d.

Sismondi's Literature of the South of Europe. Trans. by T. Roscoe. 2 vols. 3s. 6d. each.

Six Old English Chronicles. 5s.

Smith (Archdeacon). Synonyms and Antonyms. 5s.

Smith (Adam). Wealth of Nations. (Belfort Bax.) 2 vols. 3s. 6d. each.

—— Theory of Moral Sentiments. 3s. 6d.

Smith (Pye), Geology and Scripture. 5s.

Smollett's Novels. 4 vols. 3s. 6d. each.

Smyth's Lectures on Modern History. 2 vols. 3s. 6d. each.

Socrates' Ecclesiastical History. 5s.

Sophocles. Trans. by E. P. Coleridge, M.A. 5s.

Southey's Life of Nelson. 5s.

—— Life of Wesley. 5s.

—— Life, as told in his Letters. By J. Dennis. 3s. 6d.

Sozomen's Ecclesiastical History. 5s.

Spinoza's Chief Works. Trans. by R. H. M. Elwes. 2 vols. 5s. each.

Stanley's Dutch and Flemish Painters. 5s.

Starling's Noble Deeds of Women. 5s.

Staunton's Chess Player's Handbook. 5s. Chess Praxis. 5s. Chess Players' Companion. 5s. Chess Tournament of 1851. 5s.

Stöckhardt's Experimental Chemistry (Heaton.) 5s.

Strabo's Geography. Trans. by Falconer and Hamilton. 3 vols. 5s. each.

Strickland's Queens of England. 6 vols. 5s. each. Mary Queen of Scots. 2 vols. 5s. each. Tudor and Stuart Princesses. 5s.

Stuart & Revett's Antiquities of Athens. 5*s.*

Suetonius' Lives of the Caesars and of the Grammarians. Thomson's trans. revised by T. Forester. 5*s.*

Sully's Memoirs. Mrs. Lennox's trans. revised. 4 vols. 3*s.*

Swift's Prose Works. With Introduction by W. E. H. Lecky. 10 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each. [*Vols.* 1 *&* 2 *ready.*

Tacitus. The Oxford trans. revised. 2 vols. 5*s.* each.

Tales of the Genii. Trans. by Sir Charles Morell. 5*s.*

Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered. Trans. by J. H. Wiffen. 5*s.*

Taylor's Holy Living and Holy Dying. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Terence and Phædrus. Trans. by H. T. Riley. 5*s.*

Theocritus, Bion, Moschus, and Tyrtæus. Trans. by Rev. J. Banks. 5*s.*

Theodoret and Evagrius. 5*s.*

Thierry's Norman Conquest. Trans. by W. Hazlitt. 2 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

Thucydides. Trans. by Rev. H. Dale. 2 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

—— Wheeler's Analysis and Summary of. 5*s.*

Thudichum's Treatise on Wines. 5*s.*

Trevelyan's Ladies in Parliament. 1*s.* and 1*s.* 6*d.*

Ulrici's Shakespeare's Dramatic Art. Trans. by L. Dora Schmitz. 2 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

Uncle Tom's Cabin. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Ure's Cotton Manufacture of Great Britain. 2 vols. 5*s.* each.

—— Philosophy of Manufacture. 7*s.* 6*d.*

Vasari's Lives of the Painters. Trans. by Mrs. Foster. 6 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

Virgil. Trans. by A. Hamilton Bryce, LL.D. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Voltaire's Tales. Trans. by R. B. Boswell. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Walton's Angler. 5*s.*

—— Lives. (A. H. Bullen.) 5*s.*

Waterloo Days. By C. A. Eaton. 1*s.* and 1*s.* 6*d.*

Wellington, Life of. By 'An Old Soldier.' 5*s.*

Werner's Templars in Cyprus. Trans. by E. A. M. Lewis. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Westropp's Handbook of Archæology. 5*s.*

Wheatley. On the Book of Common Prayer. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Wheeler's Dictionary of Noted Names of Fiction. 5*s.*

White's Natural History of Selborne. 5*s.*

Wieseler's Synopsis of the Gospels. 5*s.*

William of Malmesbury's Chronicle. 5*s.*

Wright's Dictionary of Obsolete and Provincial English. 2 vols. 5*s.* each.

Xenophon. Trans. by Rev. J. S. Watson and Rev. H. Dale. 3 vols. 5*s.* each.

Young's Travels in France, 1787–89. (M. Betham-Edwards.) 3*s.* 6*d.*

—— Tour in Ireland, 1776–9. (A. W. Hutton.) 2 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

Yule-Tide Stories. (B. Thorpe. 5*s.*

THE ONLY AUTHORISED AND COMPLETE WEBSTER.

WEBSTER'S
INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY.

Medium 4to. 2118 pages, 3500 illustrations.

Prices: Cloth, £1 11s. 6d.; half-calf, £2 2s.; half-russia, £2 5s.; full-calf, £2 8s.; full-russia, £2 12s.; half-morocco, with Patent Marginal Index, £2 8s.

Also in 2 vols. cloth, £1 14s.; half-calf, £2 12s.; half-russia, £2 18s. full-calf, £3 3s.

In addition to the Dictionary of Words, with their pronunciation, etymology, alternative spellings, and various meanings, illustrated by quotations and numerous woodcuts, there are several valuable appendices, comprising a Pronouncing Gazetteer of the World; Vocabularies of Scripture, Greek, Latin, and English Proper Names; a Dictionary of the noted Names of Fiction; a Brief History of the English Language; a Dictionary of Foreign Quotations, Words, Phrases, Proverbs, &c.; a Biographical Dictionary with 10,000 Names, &c.

SOME PRESS OPINIONS ON THE NEW EDITION.

'We believe that, all things considered, this will be found to be the best existing English dictionary in one volume. We do not know of any work similar in size and price which can approach it in completeness of vocabulary, variety of information, and general usefulness.'—*Guardian.*

'A magnificent edition of Webster's immortal Dictionary.'—*Daily Telegraph.*

Prospectuses, with Specimen Pages, on application.

WEBSTER'S
BRIEF INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY.

With 800 Illustrations. Demy 8vo., 3s.

A Pronouncing Dictionary of the English Language, Abridged from Webster's International Dictionary.

With a Treatise on Pronunciation, List of Prefixes and Suffixes, Rules for Spelling, a Pronouncing Vocabulary of Proper Names in History, Geography and Mythology, and Tables of English and Indian Money, Weights, and Measures.

LONDON: GEORGE BELL & SONS, YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

G29180-17

3 2044 019 054 964